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Turkish Vistas by Land and Sea

BY LOTHROP STODDARD
Author of "Balkan Glimpses," etc.

TRAVEL in Turkey is beset with difficulties. The main gateway to the country is Constantinople, yet even to reach Constantinople is not the easiest of matters. The new Nationalist government inherits the old suspicion of foreigners and adds thereto a few novel suspicions of its own. Perhaps this cautious attitude is justified, perhaps not. In any event, the traveller in Turkey feels from the first that he is being carefully scrutinized and that each prospective move of his is a matter for weighty official consideration.

Any journey outside Constantinople and its immediate environs, even on the main travel-routes, requires elaborate official formalities. For each trip special permission must be obtained—and obtained not from the local authorities but from the central government, which (be it remembered) is no longer at Constantinople but at Angora, in the heart of Asia Minor. From this remote and somewhat mysterious spot orders emanate in due course, and then, after a round of visits to many police bureaus, one acquires a formidable-looking document in Turkish script, and is at liberty to proceed.

My first Turkish journey led me to the heart of things—to Angora itself. In company with another American I left Constantinople one morning in early autumn, crossed the Bosphorus, and took the Angora train at Haidar Pasha, the terminus of the Anatolian Railway. This railway terminus is worthy of mention; it is distinctly symbolic of conditions in Turkey to-day. A massive structure, built by the Germans as the western end of their "Bagdad" line, it was thoroughly bombed by British airmen during the Great War, so that its upper portions are in ruins while the lower parts have been repaired and are in working order. There you have, in miniature, the picture of present-day Turkey—a land frightfully ravaged by a whole series of wars, where recent ruins lie on every hand and where reconstruction has barely begun.

The journey to Angora is no picnic. The running time is twenty-six hours; the cars are old, dirty, and infested with a dense and aggressive local population; and the traveller must take with him his own food and water. Fortunately my companion and I had been able to engage an entire compartment, so that within our small domain we could run things as we chose, boiling tea, laying down barrages of insect powder to keep the savage tribes at bay, and snatching some slumber stretched out upon the seats. We were the only Occidentals upon the train; in fact, we saw no European or American face until our consul greeted us at the Angora station. Westerners are rare birds in the Turkish hinterland to-day.

Despite its discomforts, the trip was highly interesting. In its early stages it was distinctly charming. Skirting the northern shore of the long Gulf of Ismid, we had a continuous panorama of deep-blue water backed by the majestic range of the Bithynian Alps, which rise steeply from the southern shore. Even after leaving the gulf, the train skirted an extensive lake with a background of distant

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mountains far off on the northern horizon. Thus far the country was well watered and with a fairly abundant vegetation even at this the dryest season of the year. The only trouble was that the water is badly controlled, causing much swamp-land, a breeding-ground of Anatolia's chief curse—malaria.

Presently, however, the coast lands were left behind, and we encountered the mountain barrier that runs like a giant rampart around the entire peninsula of Asia Minor, shutting off the moist sea-winds from the interior plateau, and condemning it to relative sterility. Up and up the train panted, the vegetation growing scantier and the air dryer with every mile. It was among the foot-hills that we entered the broad belt of devastation which runs inland clear to the outskirts of Angora itself. These barren hills and sterile uplands were the sombre theatre of the ferocious drama played for three bitter years between Greek and Turk, in which the Greek finally went down in sudden and utter ruin. Not so sudden, however, but that the beaten Hellene left grim traces of his retreat. Throughout that entire belt of country—a belt averaging one hundred to two hundred miles—the retreating Greek armies left behind them a veritable wilderness of destruction. Not a town or a village was spared, the railway-lines were thoroughly destroyed, and the herds of sheep and goats which form a large part of the country's wealth were driven off or slaughtered. It is a melancholy experience to ride for nearly twenty hours through such a sombre land where one sees little but ruins. Where nature herself is so stern it is pathetic to see man's poor efforts against a harsh environment thus brought to naught by the hand of his fellow man.

Morning found us rolling across the inland plateau—a weird desert country, with magnificent vistas across sterile brown plains to gray, eroded hills and bare, grim mountains. The morning lights were beautiful, softening the hard outlines with those ethereal tints which only the desert can bring. The air was intensely dry and really cold, but an hour or two after sunrise the temperature rose rapidly, and by the middle of the forenoon it was very hot, with a glare extremely trying to the eyes. Despite its general desert character, there were considerable changes in the scenery which gave it an interesting variety. For a considerable time we passed through a *mesa* country strangely reminiscent of our own arid West. Also, one does not have to know history to see that many regions must have enjoyed a much better climate even within historic times. Centuries of systematic deforestation, completed by the wholesale pasturing of great herds of sheep and goats on the denuded slopes, have decreased the rainfall and washed the soil from the hills and mountains into the valleys. Yet even to-day there must be considerable subsurface water, because, although I passed through the country at the dryest time of the year, every torrent bed had occasional pools. The trouble is that these waters are entirely uncontrolled, so that what water there is forms patches of marsh and tiny swamps, useless for agriculture and mere producers of malaria. At present the country is almost uninhabited, but this is evidently due to the late war and the Greek devastation. It was pitiful to pass the ruins of villages, at best only low huts of sun-dried bricks and now mouldering into the desert dust from which they sprang. Here and there rough attempts at restoration had been made, but the task had only just begun, and the population must be far below what it was before the war. Some progress has, however, been made in replacing live stock, for we passed large flocks of sheep and pure white Angora goats whose glistening fleeces stood out brilliantly against the dun desert background.

The latter part of the trip was decidedly trying. We were several hours late, so instead of arriving at Angora in the forenoon it was mid-afternoon before we reached our destination. By that time the heat and glare of the desert had become almost unbearable. During most of this time the train had to go at a snail's pace owing to the bad condition of the road-bed and the rails. Both had been systematically damaged by the Greeks, and the Turks had not yet had time for thorough repairs. Many of the rails were only a few feet long—short lengths

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salvaged from rails torn up by the Greeks and warped by fire. Aside from the railway, transportation in these regions is of the most primitive description. The principal vehicle is a rough cart with solid wooden wheels. Instead of wooden sides, a huge bag of thick black camel's hair is stretched to wooden posts set in the cart-frame, serving as a container for whatever is transported. The carts are drawn by small but sturdy oxen, and bump slowly over the appalling tracks that serve for roads, the ungreased wooden axles emitting shrieks which can be heard a mile away. The other form of transport is the camel. Long strings of them can be seen plodding silently across the plains, giving a final touch to the desert panorama.

It was mid-afternoon when, through the quivering heat-haze, we got our first sight of Angora. Seen from a distance across the plain, the city looks decidedly impressive, built as it is upon a high hill and spreading thence downward toward the flat lands about, across which winds a sluggish, half-dried river losing itself in patches of malarious marsh. The fact of the matter is that there are three or four distinct Angoras. On the summit of the hill stands the old town, girt by dull-red walls and curious pointed bastions. Below these walls the hill slopes sharply downward, forming the location of what used to be a second town, also surrounded by a line of walls. This quarter was, however, almost entirely destroyed by fire a few years ago, so that to-day little remains save crumbling ruins. Below the second line of walls (which also are in a very ruinous state) lies the lower town, typically Turkish, with houses mostly built of wood and plaster, and narrow, tortuous streets, filthy, evil-smelling, and inches deep in choking dust which the autumn rains would presently transform into sticky mud. Finally, on the very outskirts of the plain is what may be termed the "new" town, the recent creation of the central government which has made Angora its capital. Here one finds a number of buildings constructed on European lines—government offices, barracks, and the small but trim "Parliament" House. Here, again, one finds certain "modern improvements"—a few graded streets with curbstones and set shade-trees, a fairly good restaurant, and a small park where, of an evening, parliamentary deputies, army officers, and government officials sit around café tables smoking and sipping coffee or cooling sherbets.

All this doubtless sounds poor and crude, but we must judge it, not by Western standards but against its local background. We must always remember that the Turkish Nationalist government chose Angora for its capital as a strategic refuge from its enemies, that until recently it was continually at war, and that at one time the Greeks were so near that the boom of cannon could be heard in Angora's streets. We must also remember that Angora is one of the smaller provincial cities of Asia Minor, far more backward and primitive than Konia, Kaisarieh, or some other cities of the Anatolian hinterland. At present the government is making commendable efforts to render Angora habitable for persons with European standards. A good-sized hotel, a club, and some blocks of bungalows and apartment-houses are actually in course of construction, and a year hence Angora will probably offer travellers the basic amenities of civilized existence. To-day the Western visitor who is not lucky enough to be put up at our consulate (as I was) must sleep in a railway-car at the station, the local "hans" or inns being too filthy and verminous to be thought of save as a last resort.

Despite extreme heat, glare, dust, and other discomforts, I look back upon my stay in Angora as one of the most interesting weeks I have ever spent. The range of impressions and experiences was certainly very wide. For one thing, I was privileged to meet and converse with most of the Turkish Nationalist leaders, notably with that dynamo of human energy and iron resolution, Mustapha Kemal Pasha. Again, the various quarters of the city were extraordinarily different in their appearance. Starting from the more or less Western-appearing "government" quarter, a short walk would bring me to a section which might almost have been in Central Asia—a region of hard-baked open spaces, low hovels, and crumbling walls of sun-dried brick, and fat cakes of camel-dung drying for fuel. An-

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other turn in my rambles would take me into narrow, tortuous alleys with old wood-and-plaster Turkish houses, quaintly gabled and with low, iron-studded doors. Most interesting of all was the old town high up on the summit of the hill. Here, by contrast, I passed through narrow gates in the massive walls and found myself in the shadow of the remote past. Angora "old town" is built almost exclusively from the ruins of Greco-Roman Ancyra—a really great city, more extensive than its modern successor. Everywhere, even out on the plain, one comes across classic remains, but it is upon the hilltop that one fully realizes what a fine city Ancyra must have been. There evidently was the acropolis, and it must have been a mass of stately buildings, since from their ruins the massive walls and houses of Angora "old town" have been raised. The Turkish architects took their materials just as they lay to hand, the result being a most extraordinary jumble—huge foundation-stones, inscription tablets, marble altars, sections of columns, even hollow stone drain-pipes, built pell-mell to form a wall, perhaps topped along its upper courses with layers of Turkish brick. Since even the present town is more or less dilapidated, one gets the strange sensation of ruins amid ruins. From the mouldering keep of the Turkish fortress I had a most marvellous view of the surrounding country—the city (or rather cities) below, the broad plain, the barren, sombre ranges of enclosing mountains, and all mellowed in a gorgeous sunset, with splendid purples, mauves, and blues such as the desert alone can bestow.

The journey back to Constantinople was without special incident, albeit more agreeable from the mere fact that we were going downward from the arid uplands into moister, cooler, and more fertile regions. I shall not soon forget the agreeable sensation which I experienced at dawn next day when, waking from my uneasy slumbers, I put my head out of the window, saw a sky overcast with clouds, sniffed moisture, and then felt upon my face a drop or two of rain. Dusty though even the coast lands were at that season, they seemed to me veritable bowers of luxuriant greenery after a week of the desert. Likewise, after Angora, Constantinople appeared a perfect metropolis, although as a matter of fact the poor old city is terribly run down after more than a decade of war and neglect, with shabbiness and disrepair the rule, and fully a quarter of the city lying in ruins as the result of the disastrous fires which have ravaged it during the past few years.

A final week in Stambul and I started on my next journey, this time by sea. I chose one of those leisurely but very comfortable Italian coasting steamers, which amble along the Anatolian and Syrian shores, putting in at many ports for cargo and such passengers as may choose this slow but agreeable method of travel. Sailing one cool autumn afternoon, with the fresh Black Sea breeze blowing crisply down the Bosphorus, I looked my last upon Stambul's marvellous, minaret-crowned silhouette against the sunset glow, and steamed out into the Marmora Sea. Next morning we were in the Dardanelles, dotted with transports and freighters proceeding with the British evacuation—for these were the transition days when the Allies were making ready to turn over to the Turk the keys of his own house once more. And mighty keys they are, those sun-scorched hills of Europe and Asia, guarding the winding blue ribbon of water which nature has laid down as the highway between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. Then out into the Ægean, with the high profiles of storied islands rising before my eyes: Imbros, Tenedos, and, far away, the loom of distant Samothrace. Seen from afar, the "Isles of Greece" seem all that the poets would have us believe, but at closer range one feels a sharp disillusionment. Here, as nearly everywhere in this part of the world, centuries of misgovernment and reckless abuse of natural resources have had sad consequences. Those islands, which in classic times were crowned with fine forests and well watered, are to-day bare, sterile rocks, rising bleakly from the blue sea. All that day the ship threaded her way between mountainous islands and the mountain wall of the Asia Minor mainland, which here, as in so many instances, reaches the sea with no intervening foothills or coastal plains.

Next morning we reached Smyrna, of dreadful memory. Smyrna lies at the

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bottom of a noble gulf which runs far inland, guarded by majestic but terribly bleached bare mountains. Even at a distance one notes something strange about the city, and as one approaches nearer the reason becomes plain. Almost the entire water-front is a fire-scorched ruin. Since most of the buildings were of stone the walls still stand, but the gaping windows, twisted iron girders, blackened chimneys, and piles of débris make up a truly ghastly sight. Although I saw Smyrna a whole year after its disaster, the ruins looked almost as though they had been stricken yesterday. Very little rebuilding has been done. Here and there some rough repairing strikes a fresher note, but the general tone of the place is sombre in the extreme. Having provided myself at Angora with landing permits for Turkish ports, I went ashore without difficulty, though none of my fellow passengers were allowed similar privileges. Here, as elsewhere in Turkey, travel is a matter of grave difficulty and special favor.

Once ashore the full magnitude of Smyrna's ruin becomes apparent. For an hour or more I wandered about silent, blackened streets, picking my way amid piles of half-cleared rubbish. For blocks I would not meet a soul, not even a stray cat or dog. The burned district is truly an abode of desolation. Through our consul I met several members of the foreign colony, and they all told me how depressing was the atmosphere, especially to those who had known the gay, busy life of Smyrna before it had been stricken down. The Turkish officials whom I met were full of plans for reconstruction, and expressed optimism, but few of the foreigners shared this hopeful spirit, at least as regards the immediate future. The full extent of the Smyrna disaster can be grasped only by ascending the summit of the high hill overlooking the city. From that vantage-point I obtained a magnificent panorama of mountain, sea, and sky, the whole drenched in the warm rays of an afternoon sun. But the sunlight seemed to turn gray when I looked downward and gazed over the city far below. Right across from the sea-front to the slopes of the enclosing hills stretched a broad band of absolute desolation, the ruins showing grim and bleak even in miniature and through the softening perspective of distance. It reminded me of Pompeii or of Saint-Pierre de Martinique; I could hardly realize that this destruction was caused, not by a convulsion of nature, but by the hand of man. Once more the tragedy, the ferocity, the infinite loss wrought by recent wars in the Near East was brought home to me. And is the war series even yet over for these turbulent lands? I doubt it. Too many of the omens which one reads to-day denote fresh troubles in store.

Leaving Smyrna next morning we spent the next day threading our way through the picturesque Sporades archipelago, and the following morning found us in Rhodes. Rhodes is a story in itself, magnificently situated in the blue sea, with the massive Anatolian mountain wall looming across the wide strait which sunders it from the mainland. Although Rhodes has been only twelve years under Italian rule, it has already attained a strongly Italian character, and the Turkish imprint is fading fast under the torrent of wealth and energy which Italy is pouring into this corner of her colonial domain. Judging by all material evidence, Italy has no intention of abandoning Rhodes. On the contrary, she seems intent on making it the corner-stone of her sphere of influence in the eastern Mediterranean. For the present, to be sure, the triumph of Turkish nationalism renders all thoughts of footholds on the Asia Minor mainland the vainest of illusions. But—the Orient is in flux, the wheel of destiny may turn rapidly, and meanwhile Italy is intrenched at Rhodes, protected by a "silver streak" of sea which, in the absence of sea-power, no Turkish army, however victorious, can cross.

A night's run from Rhodes brought my ship to the Turkish port of Adalia, a charming old Turkish town situated in the bight of a wide gulf and backed by magnificent mountains. Bare and desolate as they appear, these mountains pour down their waters in the rainy season and saturate the low plateau behind Adalia, endowing it with perennial springs which, even at this dryest season, pour over the low cliffs in foaming waterfalls sheer into the sea. This makes Adalia a sort of oasis in a thirsty land, with the murmur of

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running streams in its streets and quaint old Turkish fountains here and there. Back of the town is a fine plain, capable of intensive cultivation, though at present producing only a tithe of its possibilities. The Italians marked out Adalia as their sphere of influence at the close of the war, when Asia Minor was so gaily carved up (on paper) among the European Powers. In fact, Adalia was garrisoned by Italian troops for two years. To-day that seems ancient history. The Turk is back in the saddle, the local Christian population (chiefly Greeks) has been expelled, and Adalia is taking its place in the new nationalist state, Turkish to the core.

A short day's steaming brought me to Cyprus, which, like Rhodes, is another island once Turkish and now under foreign control. For nearly half a century Cyprus has been a British colony, and after this relatively long period the effects of British rule are clearly apparent. Even from the ship the country looks different: more fertile, better wooded, with clean, prosperous, well-built port towns strangely reminiscent of the British West Indies. The population is almost wholly Greek, and one sees practically no Englishmen about; but British signs and British goods displayed in the shops mark Cyprus plainly as within that half-indefinable politico-economic organism known as the "British Empire."

Another night's steaming and we reached Mersina, the last Turkish port to the eastward. Mersina lies under the shadow of the Cilician Taurus. It is the commercial outlet to the rich plain of Adana, which stretches away to the northeastward, rimmed by a faint line of mountains. A modern port town, Mersina is neither picturesque nor inviting. It is intensely hot and suffers much from malaria exhaling from the near-by marshy plains. Occupied by the French as part of their Syrian mandate at the close of the Great War, Mersina, like Adalia, is a monument to Europe's retreat before triumphant Turkish nationalism. The Turk is to-day indeed master in his own house. From Thrace to the Syrian marches the writ of Angora runs undisputed. Favored by Europe's continued disunion, the Turk has perhaps the finest opportunity in his history—certainly the finest in two hundred years. What use will he make of it? Who knows?

Sleep Well

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

SLEEP well! Beside you in the grave to-day
Half of my childhood's memories I lay
With you who shared them, you whose friendship made
Their happiest hours, whether as we played
Or worked together. When I said to you
In after years "A garden," then you knew
The self-same vision that appeared to me,
Your mother's garden, flower, and bush, and tree.
Or if we spoke of "Toys," they were our own
Still in our thought, though broken and outgrown;
And "Sweet Briar" meant the rose-bush arching there
Before your door, whose branches now show bare
Against the drifting snow: Spring will restore
Its loveliness, but you return no more.
Locked in the silence of your quiet breast
You take these memories with you to your rest
And our long friendship; who then shall I tell
This the first grief you have not shared? Sleep well!

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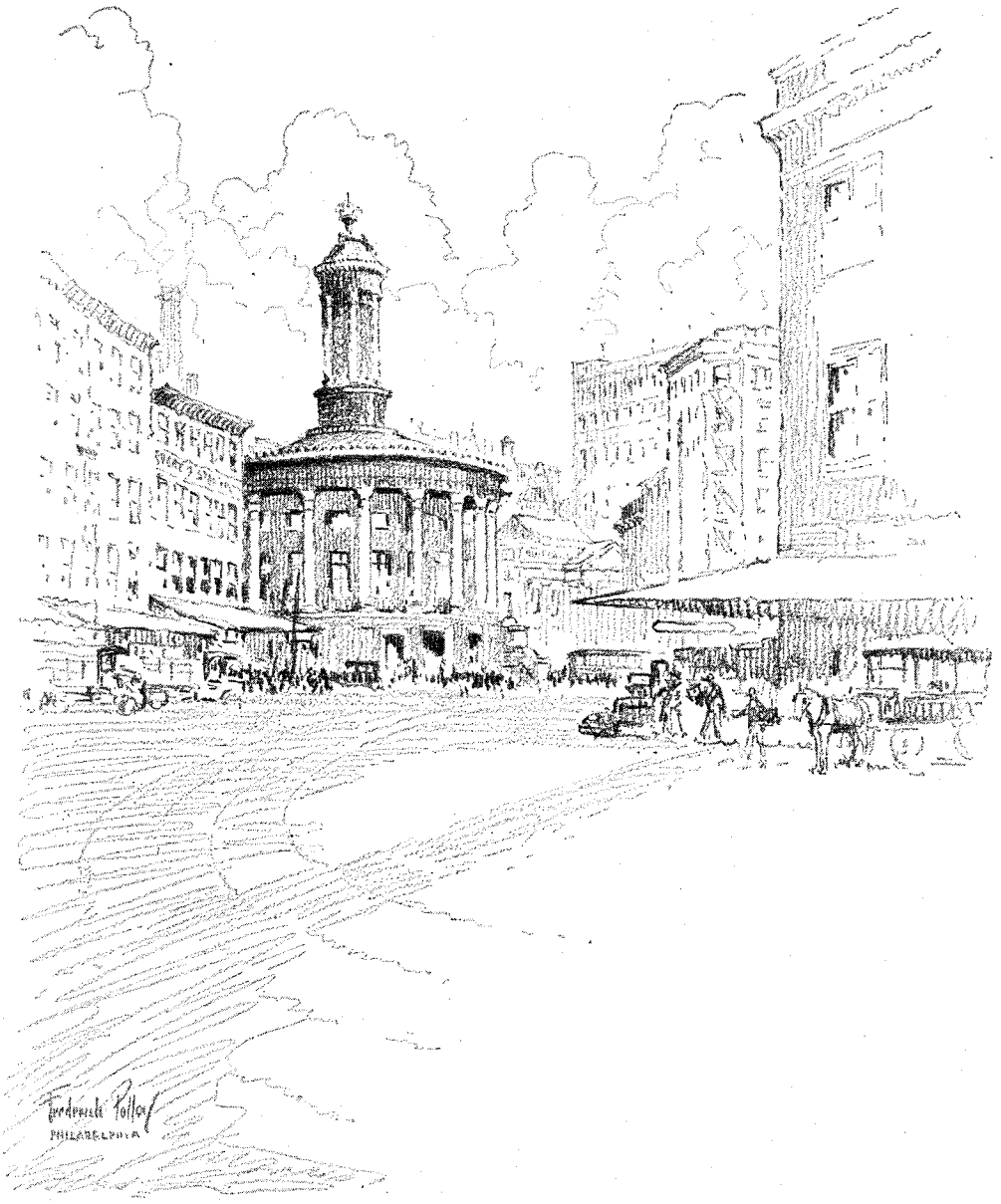

The old Stock Exchange building on Dock Street.

Philadelphia

Eight Sketches by Frederick Polley

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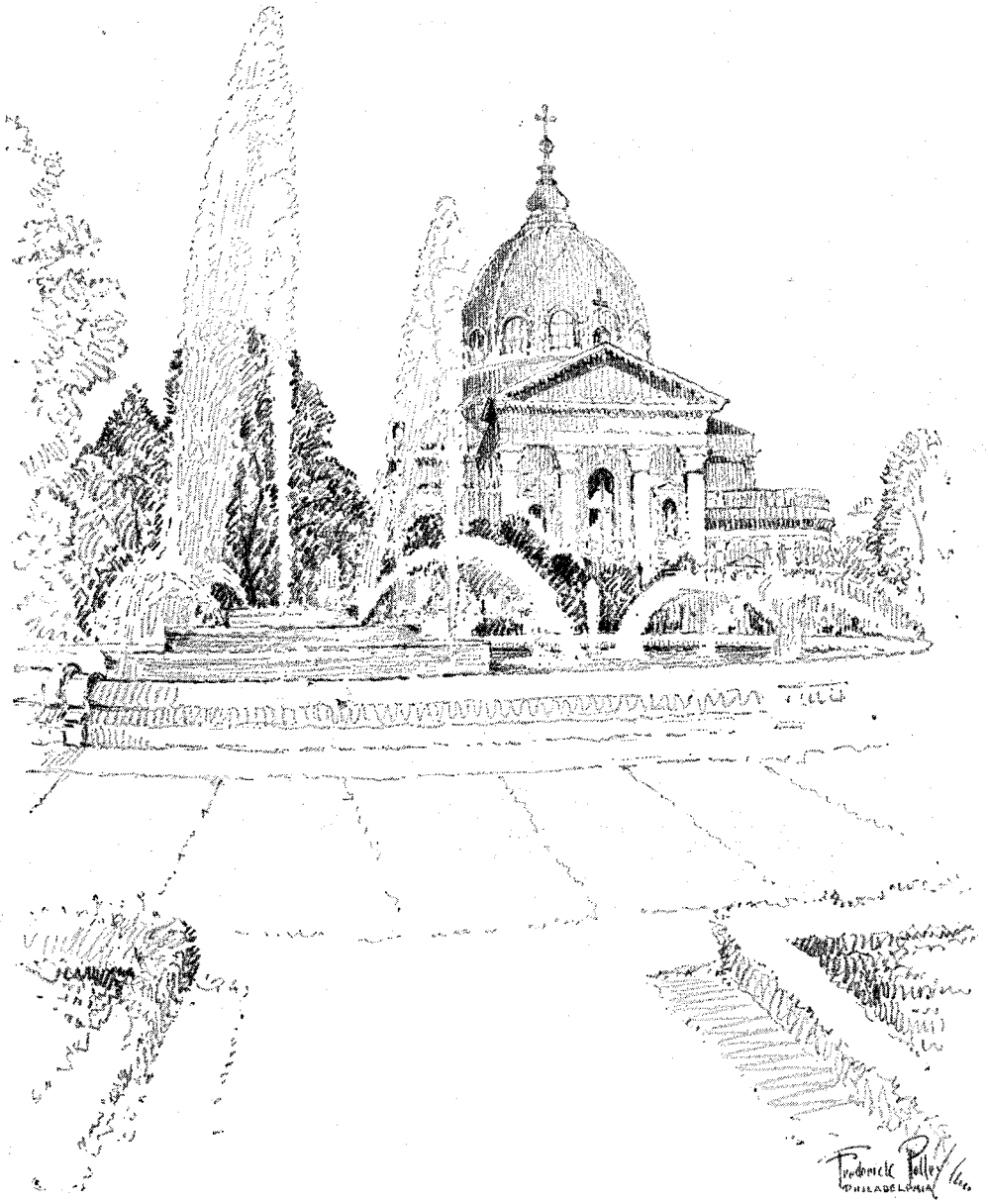

Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul and fountain in Logan Square.

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Rittenhouse Square, showing Holy Trinity Church tower.

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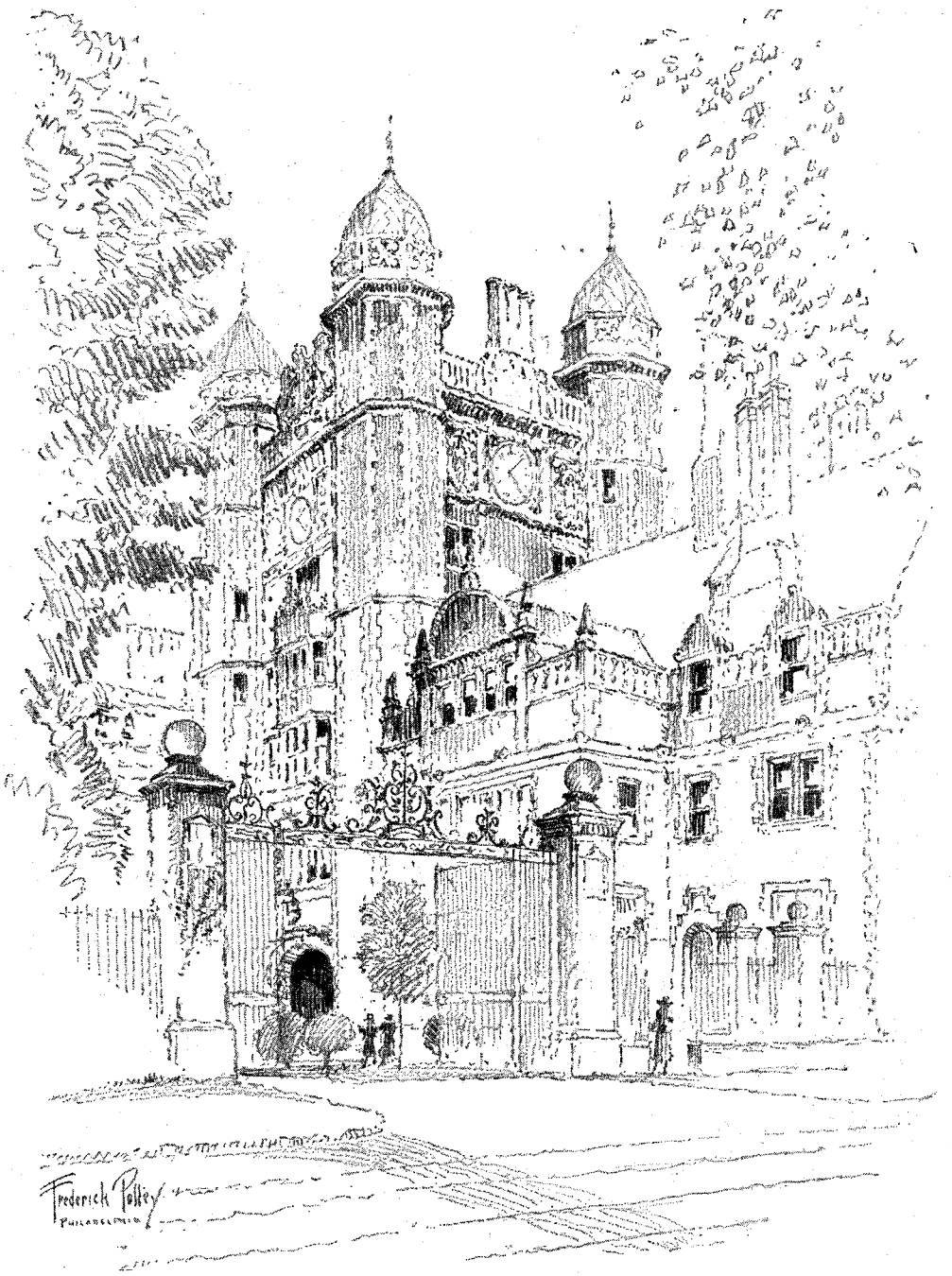

Provost towers, entrance to dormitories and courtyards, University of Pennsylvania.

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Independence Hall from Sixth Street.

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Old houses at Second and Walnut Streets.

The tablet on the house marks the site where John Drinker was born in 1680, the first child born in Philadelphia.

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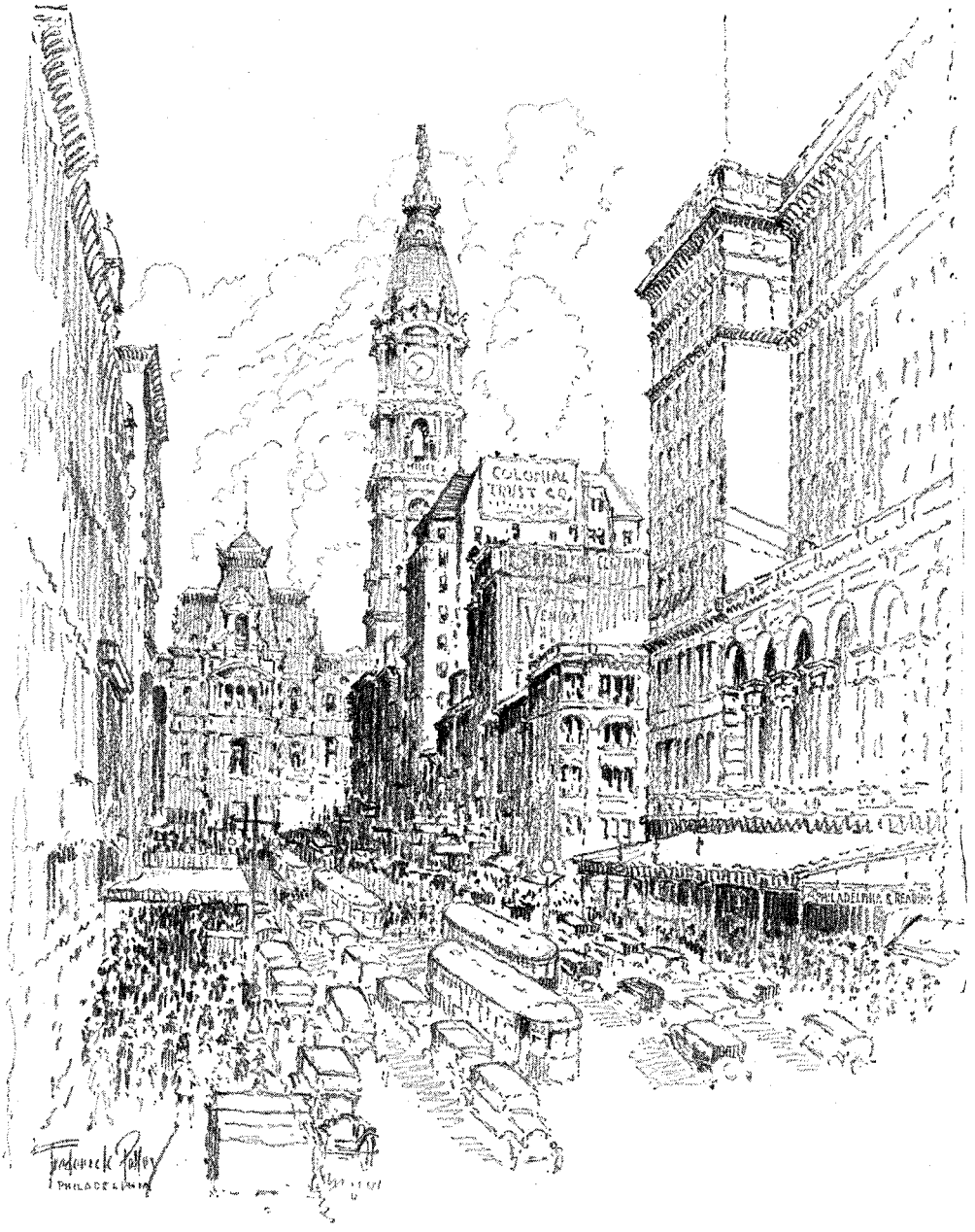

Market Street west from Eleventh Street, showing City Hall tower and Reading terminal.

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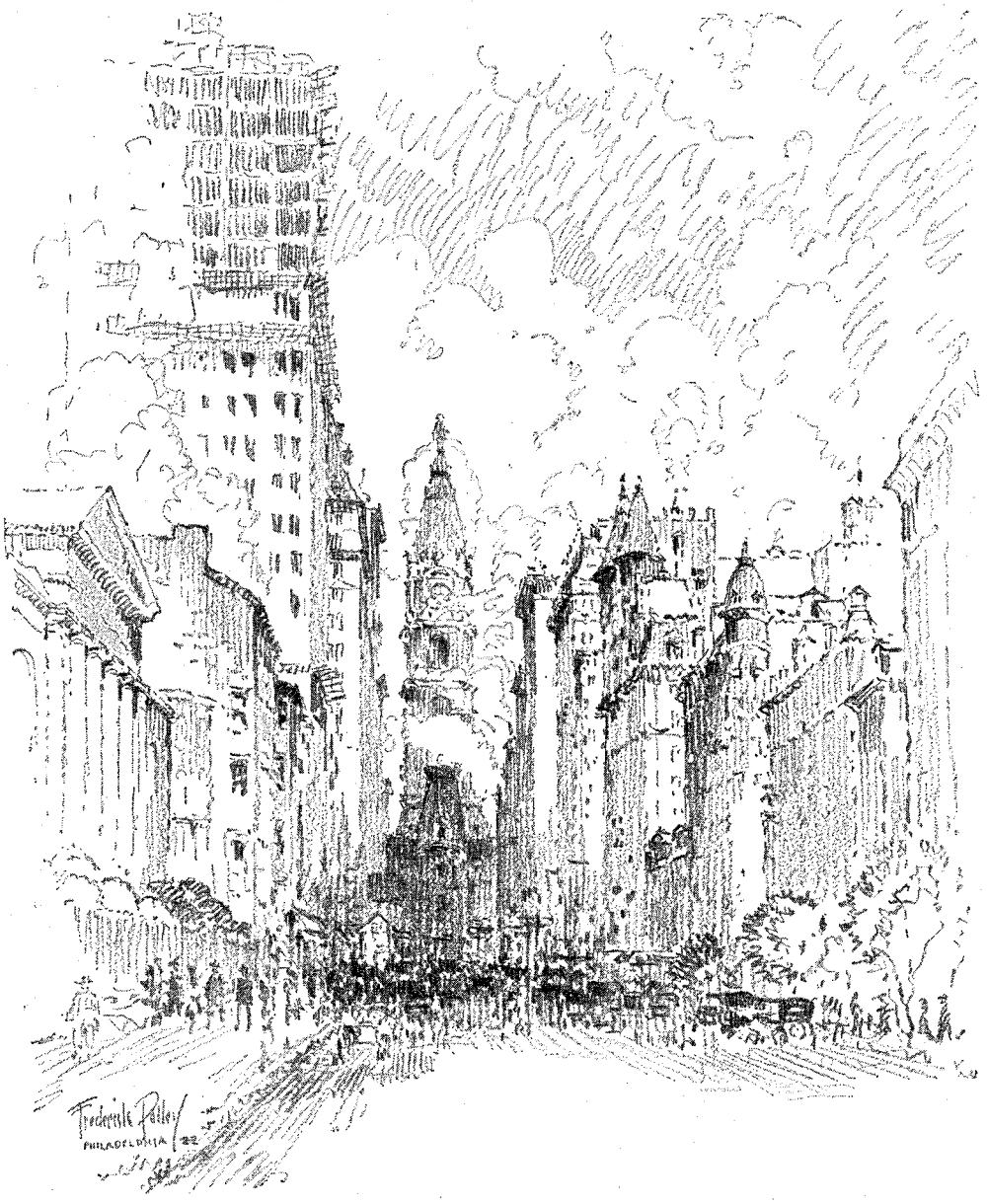

Broad Street at Pine, looking north, near the School of Industrial Art.

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The Railroad Problem Up to Date

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN
Editor of *The Railway Age*

THE World War and its aftermath have presented to the American people new problems and increased the complexity and difficulty of some with which they were wrestling already. No other of their great problems has had its factors changed, its difficulty and complexity enhanced, more than the railroad problem.

It had been the subject of much investigation, discussion, and legislation before the war. A joint Congressional committee of which the late Senator Newlands, of Nevada, was chairman was engaged for some years in getting the views of leaders of all classes of the people regarding the transportation situation and the changes needed in laws regulating the railroads. It seemed a consensus of opinion regarding the way to solve the railroad problem was being approached.

But the United States entered the war before Senator Newlands's committee made a final report. Our participation in it resulted in government operation of the railways for over two years. This caused or accelerated important changes of opinion, many of which found expression in the Transportation Act of 1920, under which the railways were returned to private operation.

The period of inflation and feverish seeming prosperity in which the Transportation Act was passed suddenly, just after railway rates had been raised to the highest level in thirty years, was brought to a close by a violent business reaction and the most headlong fall of prices ever known. There have followed further changes of opinion regarding railway matters. Numerous members of Congress are now trying to frame and get passed legislation which will give effect to abruptly formed new opinions.

Some of the differences between the legislation which was considered by the Newlands committee before the war and the proposed legislation being considered by committees of Congress now show how certain factors of the railroad problem have changed. Then the railways were trying to get relief from laws held by the Supreme Court to prohibit even "reasonable" consolidations. Now they are trying to avoid legislation which would compel them all to consolidate into a few huge systems. Then those who believed the railways were "overcapitalized" were urging the Interstate Commerce Commission to expedite its valuation of them. Now that the commission actually has made a "tentative" valuation, some of those who formerly advocated a valuation are seeking legislation to get it reduced, while the railways, which originally opposed the valuation legislation, are now opposed to its being changed.

While some factors of the railroad problem have changed, however, it is still fundamentally the same problem. From one point of view it was, and still is, principally the problem of providing the country with sufficient means of transportation. From another point of view it was, and still is, principally the problem of so regulating the railways as to promote an equitable distribution of wealth and incomes. Looming in the background, now as in the past, is the question of government ownership.

The great changes in the railway situation which have been caused by the war and its aftermath may be illustrated by a few statistics. In 1917, before the wartime government operation of the railways, their earnings averaged $11,000,000 a day. In the first eight months of 1923 they were $17,300,000 a day. In 1917 operating expenses were $7,750,000 a day; in the first eight months of 1923, $13,500,000—much more than total earnings in 1917. Operating expenses consist chiefly of wages. They, in 1917, were $4,800,000

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a day; in eight months of 1923, more than $8,000,000—more than all operating expenses six years ago. In 1917 taxes were $500,000 a day; in 1923, about $900,000. These figures reflect in part an increase in railroad business. They reflect in greater part the wide differences between pre-war and post-war wages, prices of materials and fuel, and passenger and freight rates.

It is an old saw that whatever goes up must come down. But imponderable economic things, like physical things having different specific gravities, do not go up and come down with equal rapidity. That is one outstanding reason for the railroad problem in its present form.

It happened back in 1906, the year effective regulation of railways was begun by the Federal Government, that there began, although nobody knew it then, a slow, steady general increase in the prices of commodities, which dragged wages up with it. This slow advance continued until late in 1915. Then the war caused prices to go up with unprecedented rapidity, farm products leading the procession. The railways began in 1908 to seek advances of their rates, but by 1916 and 1917 they had been forced down to the lowest level ever reached. The first real general advance of rates was made under government operation in May, 1918. During the rest of the war, and after its termination, prices and wages, including those paid by the railways, continued to increase, while rates stood still. In consequence, the government incurred large deficits in operating the railways, which constantly increased until it returned them to their owners in 1920.

Public opinion demanded that the railways be returned to private operation. Congress was confronted with some momentous facts which largely determined the provisions it wrote into the Transportation Act under which they were returned. This law has since been the object of much bitter criticism. The struggle over railway regulation in the present Congress arises from a wide-spread demand for the repeal of certain of its provisions. It is, therefore, pertinent and important to recall some of the important facts with which the nation's lawmakers were confronted in 1919 and early in 1920.

One of them was that the way the railways had been regulated before the war had caused a serious decline in their development. Another was that they would all quickly become bankrupt after being returned to private operation unless strong measures were adopted to prevent it. The deficit under government control had averaged almost $50,000,000 a month, and at its termination was running at the rate of about a billion dollars a year; and railway employees were clamoring for another advance in their wages. Within a few months after its creation by the legislation of 1920 the Railroad Labor Board actually did grant the employees an advance of almost three quarters of a billion dollars a year.

Congress, and also apparently the public, were convinced that on the return of the railways to private operation a large advance in rates would be necessary, and that if their growth and development were to be revived as the welfare of the nation demanded the laws governing the regulation of their rates must be changed.

Before the war the States had been free to make rates within their borders as they saw fit as long as the rates could not be shown to discriminate directly against interstate commerce or to be confiscatory; and many States had hewn as close to the line of confiscation as they dared. The Interstate Commerce Commission is simply an agent of Congress, which had given it virtually no instructions except to fix reasonable *maximum* rates; and the commission apparently had proceeded on the assumption that as long as it made rates that were not unfairly discriminatory or actually confiscatory it had done its duty.

Experience had shown that rates which were not low enough to be confiscatory might be low enough to drive investors away from the railway business. Congress, therefore, wrote into the Transportation Act provisions intended not only to cause advances in rates which would be sufficient to save the railways from general bankruptcy but to establish principles of rate-making the application of which would revive and stimulate the development of the country's transportation system.

Seldom has any important Federal legislation been passed with the support of a more nearly unanimous public sentiment than was the Transportation Act. Sel-

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dom has any important legislation been passed after more investigation, deliberation, and discussion. Including the hearings conducted by the Newlands committee, these investigations, deliberations, and discussions had extended over a period of six years. Seldom has any important legislation been carried in Congress by larger majorities. The vote in the House was 250 to 150, and in the Senate 47 to 17. Party lines were disregarded. The act was passed by a Republican Congress and signed by a Democratic President.

Six months later—at the end of August, 1920—the Interstate Commerce Commission granted the largest advance in rates ever made. It was opposed and criticised by very few persons. More important organizations of shippers appeared for than against it. It made the average freight rate about 70 per cent higher than in 1906, when effective regulation of railways began; but the government index showed that the average wholesale price of all commodities was 158 per cent higher than in 1906. It was generally conceded that the railways needed the money, and that, with commodity prices so high, the traffic could bear the rates.

It looked for a while as if a new "era of good feeling" had been reached and the railroad problem was solved. People talked about the Transportation Act being in the railroad field what the Federal Reserve Act was in the banking and currency field.

And then the heavens opened, the rains descended, and the floods came; and the railways ever since have been wondering whether their house will stand. Their statisticians soon discovered that the advance in rates made was not sufficient, with the operating expenses prevailing in 1920, to enable the roads to earn the 6 per cent on their "tentative valuation" to which the Interstate Commerce Commission had held they were entitled. At about the same time the retreat of commodity prices, which had begun some time before, became a rout. From the middle of 1920 to the middle of 1921 the wholesale prices of all commodities declined an average of 42 per cent. The prices of farm products declined an average of 47 per cent. Wheat dropped from $3.00 a bushel to $1.17. The traffic of the railways descended from the highest level ever reached to the level of five years before. The loss of business, together with the continuance of peak costs, menaced half the roads with bankruptcy, although their rates were the highest in years.

It cannot now be questioned that if the rates had been substantially reduced at that time most of the railroads would have been forced into receivership. It is equally certain, however, that to the maintenance of the rates during the terrible depression of 1921 is mainly due the antipathy to the Transportation Act, and especially the famous Section 15-A, which developed among certain classes and in certain sections, and which is now a serious threat to the law's existence.

This Section 15-A is the very heart of the Transportation Act. Other provisions—those relating to the issuance of securities, to consolidations, and to arbitration of labor controversies—are important; but it was Section 15-A that was adopted to carry out the principal purposes of the law. And Section 15-A is the real storm centre now.

Its passage was due to the evidence regarding the decline of the development of the railways before the war that had been presented to Congress in such impressive array. A law passed in 1913, of which Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, was the author, had directed the Interstate Commerce Commission to make a valuation of all the railways. Section 15-A of the Transportation Act instructed the commission to make a "tentative valuation," which was to be based on all the information then available—especially that gathered under the La Follette law—and to be used in regulating rates until a final valuation was completed. Until March 1, 1922, the commission was directed to consider 5½ per cent on this tentative valuation as the measure of a "fair return" for the railways, and each large group of them, although it might let them earn 6 per cent. After March 1, 1922, the commission was directed itself to determine from time to time what percentage on the valuation would be "fair" and then try to so fix rates as to give the railways an opportunity to earn the amount determined.

In arriving at the "fair return" and

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fixing the rates, the commission was directed to allow its judgment to be influenced by two vitally important considerations. One was whether the railways were being "honestly, economically, and efficiently" managed. The other was the need of the people of the United States for adequate development of their facilities of railroad transportation. The commission was to regard as a "fair return," not one which would merely avoid unconstitutional confiscation, but one large enough to cause adequate expansion of the railroads. It was further provided that every individual railway which in any year earned more than 6 per cent on its valuation should pay one-half of the excess over to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The foregoing states in non-technical language the purport and purpose of the famous Section 15-A. In directing rates to be fixed which would allow the railways to earn a "fair return upon fair value" it merely put into statutory form the constitutional law of the country as interpreted by the Supreme Court. But in requiring the commission to see that both interstate and State rates were so fixed as to promote adequate development of means of transportation it imposed on it a duty which never before had been expressly imposed upon it or any other regulating body, either by the Constitution or legislation. For this reason, the adoption of Section 15-A was the announcement by Congress of a new and important change of public policy in the regulation of railways.

The commission in 1920 placed upon the railways a tentative valuation of $18,900,000,000—over one billion dollars less than their "property investment account," but almost two billion dollars more than their capital securities outstanding in the hands of investors. It held that a "fair return" upon this valuation until March 1, 1922, would be 6 per cent. It later held that after that date 5¾ per cent would be a "fair return."

Rates not being speedily reduced after the great fall of prices late in 1920, the Transportation Act, and especially Section 15-A, was assailed as responsible for their maintenance. Although the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission stated that the "tentative valuation" had been based mainly on information gathered under the La Follette Valuation Act, the Transportation Act was blamed for its having been made, and the valuation was attacked as excessive by five to seven billion dollars. It was charged that Section 15-A "guaranteed" to the railways a fixed return of 6 per cent on this alleged inflated valuation, which they must be allowed to earn regardless of business and transportation conditions, and that this was the reason why rates were not reduced. The farmers in the grain-growing West suffered in 1921 with especial acuteness from the fall of prices and other adverse conditions, and the sentiment among them regarding freight rates and the Transportation Act became positively violent.

Developments soon threw light on the validity of these criticisms of the Transportation Act. The railways in 1921 earned an average of only 3⅓ per cent on the valuation. Obviously, if they actually had been "guaranteed" either 5½ or 6 per cent the commission could not have reduced their rates; but late in 1921, the commission, holding that there was no "guarantee," ordered reductions of 16 to 21 per cent in rates on grain, grain products, and hay, and the railways voluntarily reduced the rates on all other farm products 10 per cent. Although the railways still were not earning the so-called "guaranteed" return, the commission put into effect on July 1, 1922, a reduction of 10 per cent in the rates on all other freight; and the railways ended the year 1922 with a net return on the valuation of 4.14 per cent. On September 1, 1923, three years had elapsed since the termination of the real guarantees given the railways under government operation. The average return earned in this entire three years was 4 per cent. If they had been "guaranteed" throughout this time the returns the commission had held would be "fair" their net operating income in the three years would have been $3,200,000,000. It actually was a billion dollars less.

Since the depths of the depression were reached in 1921 many important changes in business conditions have occurred. The prices of most commodities have advanced. The prices of many agricultural

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products have shared in this advance—notably cotton, tobacco, sheep, and wool. Freight rates have been reduced. In consequence the prices of most commodities are now actually higher compared with freight rates than before the war. In spite of complaints that rates, especially on farm products, were "more than the traffic could bear," the railways actually transported to market in 1921, and again in 1922, the largest volume of farm products ever shipped, and in 1923 handled the largest total freight business ever known.

In 1916 and 1917 the net return—"net operating income"—of the railways averaged $2,800,000 a day. In the three years ending on September 1, 1923, after the Transportation Act was passed, it averaged only $2,100,000 a day. Obviously, allowing the railways to earn large profits since the Transportation Act was passed has not kept rates up, since the profits earned have been less than they were before. Here are the real reasons why rates have stayed up:

Between December, 1917, and February, 1920, under government operation, the operating expenses of the railways increased $6,200,000 a day. They have since been reduced $800,000 a day; but $5,400,000 a day of the increase that occurred under government operation still remains. In addition, since 1917, the taxes of the railways have been increased about $450,000 a day. Restoration of pre-war rates must obviously wait as long as pre-war expenses and taxes are exceeded by over $5,800,000 a day.

The reductions of freight rates made since 1921 have averaged 13 per cent, and last year saved shippers over $700,000,000. They have been larger on grain and grain products than on any other commodities. But the prices of some farm products, especially wheat, have not increased as much in proportion since 1921 as those of most commodities, and their producers are still suffering from adversity. Furthermore, impressions regarding important matters made upon the minds of large numbers of people in such years of distress as 1921 are likely to be deep and lasting. There is still a strong sentiment among the farmers, especially in the West, that freight rates are too high and that the Transportation Act makes them so in order to let the railways earn large profits. In consequence so-called "radical" statesmen are clamoring for repeal of the Transportation Act and demanding a large reduction of the valuation and net return of the railways as a means of bringing down rates.

We are thus brought to what is the real heart of the present railroad problem. This is the question of what net return the railroads should be allowed to earn with which to pay interest and dividends. Most of those who discuss this question regard it from two entirely different standpoints. On the one side are those who claim the railways have no "right" to earn a return upon as large a valuation as the Interstate Commerce Commission has made. On the other side are those who, while maintaining that the railways have a "right" to earn the return authorized by the commission, advance as the principal argument for letting them earn it the claim that if they are restricted to less they will be unable to provide the country with adequate transportation. The former premise their argument mainly upon a theory of the way the wealth and income of the nation should be divided between the owners of railway securities and the rest of the people. The latter premise their argument mainly upon the proposition that the policy of regulation adopted should be determined not by what may theoretically seem "fair," but by what apparently needs to be done to promote the public interest.

Senator Brookhart, of Iowa, claims the valuation should be based upon the market value of railway securities; that their market value in 1920, when the tentative valuation was made, was only twelve billion dollars, and that, therefore, the valuation of approximately nineteen billion dollars made was seven billion dollars too large. But the market value of railway securities in 1920 was the lowest ever reached for the obvious reason that government operation had resulted in the railways incurring large deficits and made their financial future extremely uncertain.

Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, and others who participated, on his invitation, in the Federal Conference on Railroad Valuation held in Chicago last summer, adopted resolutions criticising the Interstate Commerce Commission because it

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had not ascertained the actual investment in the railroads and based the valuation upon it. The railway companies, they claimed, are entitled to earn a "fair return" only on what their properties have actually cost them. The commission, they asserted, had arrived at such a large valuation because it had considered mainly what it would cost to reproduce the properties. Spokesmen for the La Follette group assert that the actual cost of the railways has been only thirteen to fifteen billion dollars.

This argument has serious weaknesses. The assertion that the railways have cost only thirteen to fifteen billion dollars is a mere guess. The accounts of the railways indicate that their cost has been about twenty-one billion dollars; but the Interstate Commerce Commission, after years of investigation, has found that what they have cost is not ascertainable—which is not surprising, since they have been under construction and development almost a hundred years. Furthermore, the Supreme Court of the United States repeatedly, and even three times within the last year, has held that the valuation of a railroad or other public utility cannot constitutionally be based merely on its cost. Many factors must be considered, including its estimated actual cost, the increase in the value of its land, the probable cost of reproducing it at up-to-date wages and prices, and so on. The valuation law, written by Senator La Follette himself, requires the Interstate Commerce Commission to consider all elements of value, including, specifically, cost of reproduction. The commission stoutly maintains it has done this.

Suppose, however, the valuation should be reduced six or seven billion dollars. First, what would be the effect upon rates? As a practical matter, this is the important question. It is to bring rates down that a reduction of the valuation is advocated. In 1923 it took approximately 85 per cent of the total earnings of the railways to pay their operating expenses and taxes. No change in the valuation would affect operating expenses or taxes at all. Therefore, only 15 per cent of the earnings—and rates—would be affected. If the valuation were wiped out completely the resulting reduction of rates would be only about 15 per cent. If it were reduced one-third—almost as much as Senator Brookhart advocates—the reduction of rates would be only 5 per cent. The average rate on wheat from the Dakotas to Minneapolis, and from points in Kansas to Kansas City, is less than 10 cents a bushel. Therefore, a reduction of 5 per cent in the rates from the great wheat-growing sections to the nearest large central markets would average less than one-half cent a bushel. The export rate on wheat from Hutchinson, Kansas, to Galveston is 27 cents. A reduction of 5 per cent for this long haul would be about one and one-half cents a bushel—less than the average daily fluctuation in the market price.

Similar illustrations showing that the largest conceivable reduction of the valuation would have but little effect on freight rates might be multiplied endlessly. The total cost of railroad transportation to an average American family of 4.3 persons in 1923 was about 66 cents per day. The reduction of 5 per cent in rates that would be effected by reducing the valuation one-third would save the average family 3.3 cents a day—about enough to buy one first class postage stamp and a stick of chewing gum.

But while the reduction of rates thus effected would not be of much value to each of the 110,000,000 people among whom it would be diffused, it would have a vital effect upon the railway companies and the owners of their securities. The reason is simply this: The entire reduction of rates effected in this way would come out of the net return the railways are allowed to earn. Now, while a reduction of one-third in their valuation would reduce all their rates an average of only 5 per cent, *it would reduce the net return the railways are allowed to earn with which to pay interest and dividends by 33⅓ per cent.*

Let us now look at the matter from the standpoint of those who contend that the question of what net return the railways should be allowed to earn is not merely one of theoretical "rights," but mainly one of public expediency. The question of how large a valuation the railways have a "right" to have placed on their properties is, as a matter of fact, a question of constitutional law—a judicial question—and can be finally settled only by the

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Supreme Court of the United States. The question of what net return they must be allowed to earn if they are to be enabled to furnish the nation all the railroad service it will need is an economic question, and must—or should—be determined on economic considerations. Past experience, and the conditions actually to be dealt with, will alone throw light on it.

What was the actual experience—what were the conditions—which caused Congress in 1920 to put in the Transportation Act the provision requiring that, in determining the net return it would let the railways earn, the Interstate Commerce Commission should consider the need of the people of the United States for an adequate increase in facilities of transportation? Up to the end of 1917—when government operation of the railways was begun—the rates of the railways had been subject to effective regulation by State and Federal authorities for about ten years. In five of these years the return the railways had earned, calculated on the basis of the "property investment" shown by their books, had averaged 5.50 per cent; and the return earned in these years had resulted in an investment being made in improving and expanding railway properties averaging $705,000,000 a year. In five other years of that decade the return the railways had earned, calculated in the same way, had averaged 4.5 per cent a year; and the return earned in these years had resulted in an investment being made in railway properties averaging only $425,000,000 a year—or 40 per cent less. There was no escape from the conclusion that the net return earned mainly determined the amount of new capital invested from year to year.

During this period—and especially the latter part of it—the physical development of the railways had rapidly declined. The increase in railway mileage in the ten years before 1911 averaged about 4,500 miles a year; in 1916, for the first time in the history of the country, less mileage was built than was torn up; and this has been true in every year since. The increase in the number of locomotives in the ten years before 1911 was 2,400 a year, and in freight cars about 70,000 a year; while in 1915 and 1916 there were declines in the number of both. From 1916 on, serious shortages of transportation were constantly recurring.

What light does this pre-war experience throw on the economic question of what net return the railways need to earn now? The commission holds they are entitled to earn 5¾ per cent on the valuation. This is equivalent to 5½ per cent on their property investment account, which was the basis of calculation before the valuation was made. Ten years' experience before the war showed that when the railways earned less than 5½ per cent on their property investment their development declined so much that they became unable satisfactorily to handle the nation's business. Like all other business concerns, they must, in order to sell bonds and stocks, pay higher rates of interest and dividends now than before the war. They have no way to raise large amounts of new capital with which to buy additional locomotives and cars, build new tracks and enlarge terminals except by selling bonds and stocks. Consideration of pre-war experience and present conditions makes unavoidable the conclusion that they must be allowed to earn an average return of at least 5¾ per cent on their valuation if they are to be able to sell enough bonds and stocks to raise and invest during the next ten years the three-quarters of a billion to one billion dollars of new capital annually which the Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry of Congress and all authorities that have studied the subject agree they must raise and invest if they are to keep abreast of the demands of the country's industry and commerce.

In the light of this actual experience and these actual conditions, what may we reasonably conclude would be the effect of reducing their valuation as much as seven billion dollars, which is widely advocated? A return of 5¾ per cent on the thirteen billion dollar valuation left would be $748,000,000. This would be equivalent to 3½ per cent on their present property investment, or relatively less than they have ever earned since complete statistics have been kept except in one year of the depression following the panic of 1893 and in the years 1921 and 1922. This permanent reduction of the return they were allowed to earn would soon bankrupt a large part of the railways

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and render practically all of them unable to pay any dividends on their stocks. It would make it impossible for them to sell any new bonds and stocks, and would therefore stop all increases in their capacity for handling traffic.

But production and commerce cannot increase without a corresponding increase of transportation service; and the wealth and income of the nation cannot increase without an increase of production and commerce. Between 1904 and 1912, long before the inflation caused by the war, the increase in the wealth of the people of the United States averaged eight billion dollars a year. That vast increase of wealth was due to the growth of production and commerce. This growth of production and commerce could not have occurred if in the decade before 1912 the carrying capacity of the railways had not been actually doubled by an increase of 60 per cent—or six billion dollars—in the investment in their properties.

The facts which have been presented disclose a situation so paradoxical as to raise the question whether any great national economic problem can be solved by a policy of government regulation of industry which necessarily is determined mainly by public opinion. Railroad transportation is costing the American people six million dollars a day more than in 1917. This increase in earnings is being consumed by increases of operating expenses and taxes. There is no mystery about the increase of operating expenses. Most of it is due to the fact that wages of labor and prices of fuel and materials are double what they were in 1917. None of the increase in earnings is going to the owners of railroad securities. The "net operating income," from which interest and dividends are paid, is less than in 1917, although the investment in the railways is larger. But there is no great popular uprising, no great political agitation, in the West or elsewhere, to help the managements of the railways reduce their operating expenses—almost two-thirds of which consist of wages—or their taxes, which are levied by government authorities and have for some years amounted to more than the total dividends paid by them. The drive is being directed against their net income.

A movement purporting to be intended to secure large reductions of rates, but which is directed almost wholly against the net income of the railways, amounting to only between one-sixth and one-seventh of the total amount of the rates charged and collected, manifestly is largely political, and might be regarded as equally inconsistent and futile. But while it may be inconsistent, it is easily conceivable that it may not be futile. Regulation of the railways which should permanently reduce their net income, as is contemplated by those who advocate reducing their valuation by one-third or more, would absolutely stop their development and probably make continuance of private ownership and management impossible. Indeed, experience before the war, which mainly dictated the provisions of the Transportation Act, showed that a much less restrictive policy than that now being advocated was sufficient then to bring the development of the railways almost to a stop.

While all those who now advocate a drastic reduction of railway valuation do not favor government ownership, it is significant that this policy is advocated by practically every person, publication, and organization in the country that does advocate government ownership. Many hundreds of thousands of farmers, especially in the West, have been influenced to participate in the agitation for reduction of the valuation and of the net return the railways are allowed to earn by the representation that this would bring about large reduction of rates. What change in their attitude will occur, if they are convinced that the policy they have been supporting does not lead toward substantial reductions of rates, but does lead toward government ownership?

This is a very interesting and important question. Organized labor apparently is in favor of government ownership. The American Federation of Labor and most of the railway brotherhoods have declared for it. Business men are almost unanimously opposed to it. The farmers hold the balance of power and will in the long run determine the future of railway regulation and, in doing so, the future of railway ownership and management.

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"Tailing up" is mighty hard, and the critter is never grateful.—Page 157.

Winter Months in a Cow Camp

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

Will James says of his cowboy articles and drawings: As the cowboy speaks is the way I'd like the article published; it's the only way I can write it for one thing, and what's more pure English wouldn't just fit in this case. I am a cowboy (proud to say) and what I'm drawing or writing is not from what I've studied but from what I've lived, and long before I ever had any intentions of ever being anything but a cowboy—I'm still one, but too many fighting broncs put me in the discard, and it cheers me up some to be able to put on paper or canvas what I've lived and seen.

IT took me a long time to figger out anywheres near of what I'd done with my summer's wages. I know I'd bought me a few winter clothes and paid out for a couple of weeks of livery stable board for my horse; then the hotel bill besides some real fancy meals had took a lot of my money. I'd bought the rounds when my turn came and stepped out with the boys, and even though I was breathing sober steady ever since I hit town, I couldn't for the life of me make out how that money went so fast. I'd saved it careful too that summer before, even rode my old saddle and made it do till the shipping was done, so I could manage to live a life of ease for the few winter months.

Riding them winter months didn't strike me as anything cheerful no more, and I thought that this once I'd be able to hole in comfortable for that snowy cold period; but my pockets sprung a leak, and being that I couldn't get no comfort of what was past and spent, I begins to look into the future and wonders what cow outfit would hire a cowboy this time of year. I'm running the irons of the outfits I know of through my mind and looking into the future real deep, when I raises up straight in my bed, and looks out of the hotel window to see snow, coming down and adding up on the fourteen inches already on the level. Yep! I figgers the range will be needing riders.

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I finds myself whistling some as I clean up, and somehow and another when I comes down the steps into the hotel lobby it don't look like much to me. There's a few tinhorn gamblers with the "hop head" complexion sticking around, and a couple of fat slick-looking gents a swapping jokes by the big stove. I steps up to the bar, gets me a eye opener on my looks and sashays out in the dining room where I figgers on throwing a bait to hold me till I reaches my next stopping place.

My ham and eggs is down to half when old Tom Meyers, superintendent of the "hip-O" steps up and asks how I'm setting. "Pretty fair," I says and don't tell him none of my plans, thinking that he's full handed anyway. I don't show where I'm at all interested when he says he's needing of a man at "Stone Pile" camp. "It's mean weather out right now," I says, "and I'm afraid I'm getting kinda soft, but how much are you paying?"

With a month's wages handed to me in advance I pays my bills at the hotel, bar, and stable (they hadn't been running long) and it feels kinda good to be riding out again even if the snow was deep and more of it was coming. My horse was a sniffing of it and lining out full of life. After the long spell in the stall he was glad to be out and going somewhere, and somehow I wasn't a bit sorry either.

A couple of days and along what I figgered to be about sundown (it was still snowing and the wind was coming up) I reaches the camp where I'm to get my winter horses and ride from. There's three or four rolls of bedding belonging to boys what'd *stayed to town* for the winter (same as I'd figgered on doing) and I uses one of 'em till I can get my own roll.

There's two ranch hands at the camp shovelling hay to near a thousand head of "hospital cattle" (weak stock), besides a cook and a rider not counting me, and the next morning when I sniffs and smells the bacon from my bunk I know that I've settled down to some tall hard work.

It's still dark when I saddles my horse and lines out. I'd rode that country many times before and knowed how and where the cattle was running. The dry stock was in good condition, outside the few old stuff an cows with calves and "leppies" (orphant calves) what are to be brought in and fed.

Along about noon I have a few bunches spotted what had weak ones in and starts back for camp, cutting 'em out as I go and driving 'em along making about a mile an hour. Them being weak and the snow being deep it ain't long till they begin to get tired, and me knowing that the less I rush 'em the better time I'll make, I'm driving 'em easy and keeps 'em just barely moving. As the driving is kept up and the cattle want to rest they begin to spread like a fan, heading all directions and I have a hard time keeping 'em together; but taking it real easy manages to get 'em a half a mile closer to camp, when a couple of dogies on the outside begin to get on the "prod" (fight), which means it's time for me to quit.

I had twelve head in that bunch and it took me six hours to drive 'em about five miles. It was way after dark when I dropped 'em and hit for camp, and I still had a good ten miles to go.

It takes me three days to bring 'em in, and at the end of the third and late again finds me pushing a mighty weak, tired bunch of dogies through the gates of the feed yard at the camp and headed for the big shelter sheds. Half of 'em was wanting to fight but when they see the hay what was spread and waiting for 'em they kind of forgot I was around and went to eating.

For a spell that kind of work kept on. There was days, when we'd be drifting with the herds and the blizzard a howling full force, when you could hardly see your hand in front of you and the only way you knowed the direction you was headed was by the wind. If that wind switched to another direction without you knowing of it (you wasn't apt to know in the blinding storm) you was running good chances of getting lost unless you run acrost some landmark what told of your whereabouts.

The snow drifted and piled high but in drifting it cleared some ridges, and there's where the strong cattle along with the range horses was finding their feed.

Then the weather cleared and stayed a steady cold. Me and the other cowboy had covered the whole country and hazed in all what needed feed; riding was getting easy.

And one day when we hear of a dance

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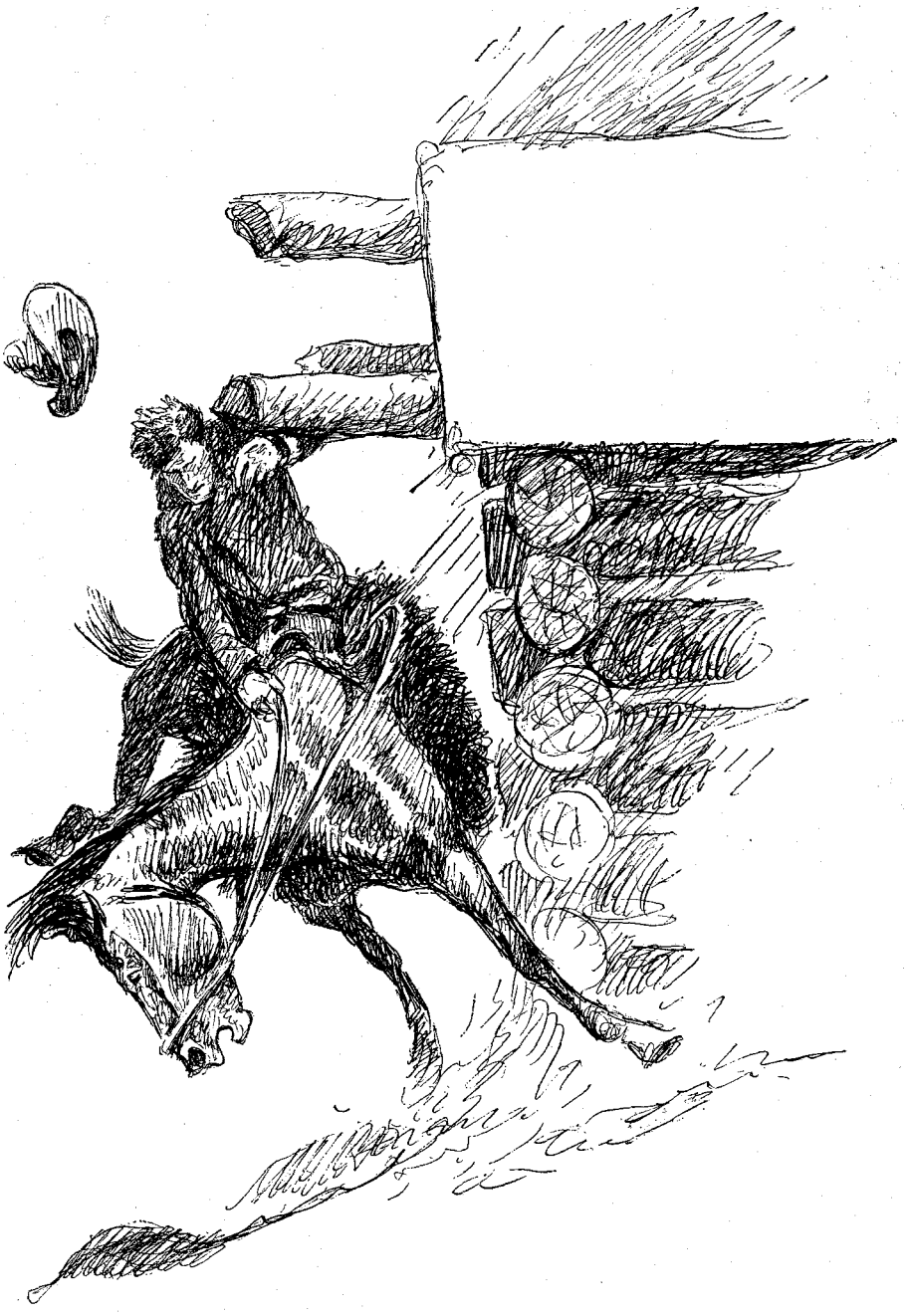

My bronc was "high-lifed"—goes to bucking and near hooks me on the corner of the stable as he goes by.—Page 156.

what was going to be pulled off at the crossing we figger there could be no better time for it to happen; so saddling up our private ponies us two boys and the cook set out for the crossing forty miles away. Too bad the ranch hands couldn't come, being they had to shovel so much hay *every day,* no more and no less, but they

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was good enough to let the cook go, remarking that if they couldn't get away they wouldn't keep anybody else from it.

We covered that forty miles and got to the other end in plenty time for the big midnight feed. We had our ears all wrapped up to keep 'em from freezing off, but, along with the coyotes howling to the moon, we could hear old Darb a see-sawing on his fiddle and somebody else calling the dance a half a mile before we reached the house.

Lights was in every room and the smoke was coming straight up through three different chimneys; so we spurred up our ponies and rode towards the stack yards where we turned 'em loose.

We just enters the house as we hear a "tag" dance announced and by the time our chaps, spurs, and extra clothes are took off it's half over, but not too late to tag a couple of hombres, take their ladies and dance some till *we* got tagged ourselves. When the dance was through the blood was beginning to circulate some, and by the time we shook hands all around we was more than ready to help keep things cheerful.

Half the crowd was cow-punchers from everywhere, a few cowmen with their families, from the oldest down to the weaner (what was left in the bedroom but made itself heard now and again) then a few boys from town what sleighed over and brought a few girls along. There was about six men to each lady, and it was always a wonder to me how the supposed to be weaker sex could tire the men even at that, but they did, and the fatter they was the longer they stayed.

The big feed at midnight and specially that coffee was a life saver to most of us what come in late; and when the fiddler resumed his playing there was no quitting till daybreak. The ladies all disappeared then, and us boys would take the floor and go on with the stag dance; if "fire-water" was around that stag dance was apt to be kind of rough and end up in wrestling matches.

Games and tricks of all kinds are tried; none are easy but some are done, and when that lags down there may be two young fellers in the corner what'd been visiting the bottom of the manger too often and arguing or betting on riding; more bets are put in from the outside crowd just to make things interesting.

The bunch all heads for the corrals and a wall-eyed rangy bronc is led out, saddled, straddled and with the bawling of that bronc bucking away with a whooping rider fanning him, the crowd hollering "stay with him, cowboy" or the like, the sun is coming up, the ladies are waking and the end of the doings have come.

Breakfast is spread and all hands, after partaking of the bait, are talking of hitting the trail. Ponies are caught, harnessed or saddled, and with a lot of howdedo the crowd is leaving for their home grounds.

My bronc was "high-lifed" as I go through the corral gate and bucks right through the calf pen, same as it wasn't there, near hooking on the corner of the stable as he goes by; but a mile further on he cools down some and the boys catch up with me.

We're riding along a ways, when Dan remarks, "I feel something in the air." A light breeze had sprung up from the west, and come to think about it, it felt a whole lot as if a chinook was headed our way, and as we ride on that breeze keeps a-getting warmer and stronger. The deep snow was already beginning to show the effects and sagging as the warm wind et its way through.

The next day as I ride out of camp the chinook is blowing for sure, and when I strikes the first bunch of cattle I found them to be as I was afraid I would. They'd been strong and rustling fine a few days before; they'd been on their feet steady through the cold weather, not hankering to lay down in the snow, and the exercise kept the blood circulating; but the chinook had took the snow off a few spots on the ridges and at them spots is where I finds most of the stock laying down and all the life out of 'em.

They was hardened to the cold and the sudden warmth left 'em so weak that only half of 'em can get up as I rides in on 'em. I spends a couple of hours helping the weakest ones by "tailing 'em up," and steadying 'em some afterwards so they can navigate. I'm working hard cause I know that when the chinook quits blowing and it gets cold again them cattle what are down now will get stiff and

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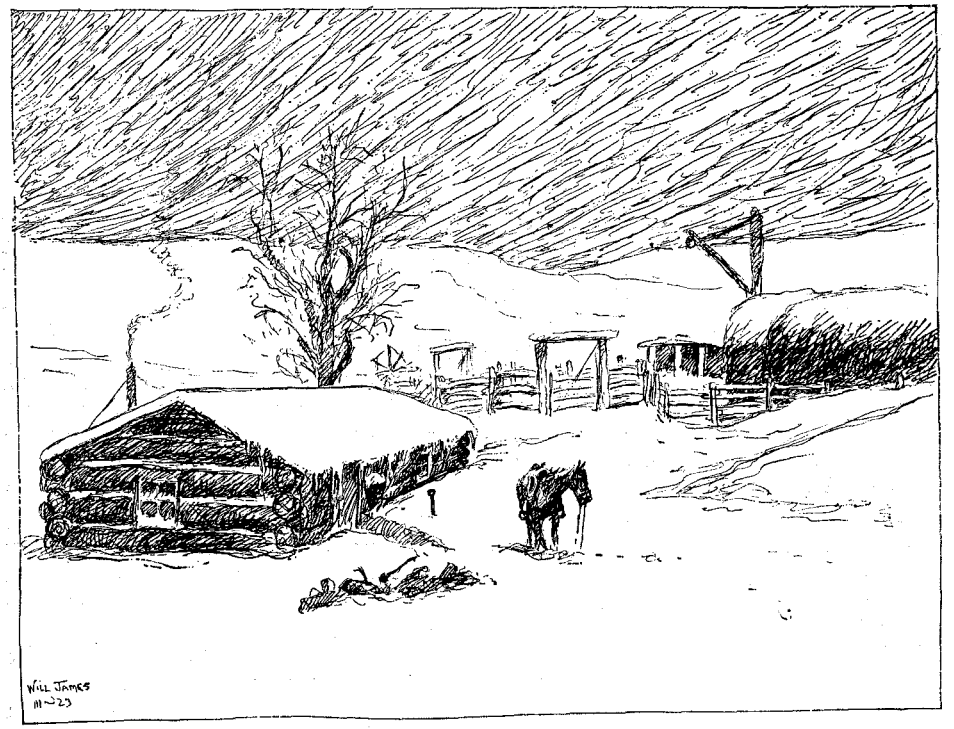
cramped, the blood'll quit circulating and the critters' legs will be plumb useless, which leaves 'em good only for coyote bait.

"Tailing up" is an awful hard and ungrateful job too, the critter treats you the same as if you was a bear or a wolf what's come to eat her alive, and proceeds to try and hook you, and, wild-eyed, bellers in your ear how she'd like to tear you up. You help her along and she struggles to get on her feet, not so that she might be able to rustle and live but just to get a chance to run you down. Sometimes she works hard enough that she forgets what she was going to do when she did get on footing again, and if you can sneak away using her body to keep her from seeing you and get on your horse before she sees, everything may be O. K.; but, if she happens to turn her head and glance back as you're making your get-away, she might remember what she wanted to do to you a while ago *and try it.* She'll let out a bellering war whoop and forget that she's kinda shaky in the knees, and is apt to turn and try to get to you too quick, which makes her do a spraddling nose dive. Down again, and there to stay unless you help her up once more and make a success of your getting away.

I've tailed up one critter as often as half a dozen times before I could leave without her taking after me and falling down again. Then I'd have to hang my coat (when I had one with me) over her horns and blindfold her that way till I'd get to my horse. Once in the saddle I'd ride by her, get the coat back and be away before she'd know what happened.



Stone Pile Camp.

Well, I kept a riding the bare ridges that day and getting cattle on their feet and moving. The next day was the same and the chinook was still a blowing and eating up the snow. Half of it is already melted away and water is running down the coulees to the creeks, making 'em the size of rivers. Any stranger would of thought sure that spring'd come sudden, but I knowed the cowmen was losing sleep for worrying, more afraid of the harm the hard freeze would do to the stock after

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the chinook'd left than the chinook itself could do while it was blowing.

Along about the middle of the afternoon I meets with the other rider; I sees he's near all in as he pulls up his horse and goes to rolling a smoke, but he's smiling some as he remarks that these winter jobs sure do get aggravating at times. We had pretty well all of our cattle up and a going again and it was about time, cause we could feel the air getting cooler and the breeze was shifting to the north. The snow'd quit melting and the creeks was getting down to creek size again. "I'm thinking to-night is going to put a crimp in some of the stock," Dan says as we start out for some draws to the west where we figgered to find the few bunches of cattle we'd missed in our circles.

It's good and dark by the time we head our horses towards camp and it was getting colder every minute. The wet snow was freezing through solid and in lots of places the top crust would hold our horses. "I wouldn't be surprised," I says, "but what the Old Man (meaning the superintendent) might have to either ship the stock south to pull 'em through the winter, that is if they can make it to the railroad, or else ship some feed in and haul it out here to 'em; that would be some expensive too. The bad shape the range is in now with all the good feed buried in solid ice, something'll sure have to be done or else the outfit'll find itself with more cowboys than cattle when spring does come."

"Sure," Dan says, "and for my part I wouldn't mind hitting south with the stock cause I feel like I could stand some warmer climate myself." And rubbing his ears he puts his horse into a lope remarking that we'd better be drifting if we want anything to eat that's warm.

The Cypress Cattle Company was running over thirty thousand head of cattle; three thousand of 'em was at Stone Pile camp where Dan and me was riding, the rest was at other cow camps, and a big herd at the home ranch where there was other riders and hay shovellers looking after 'em. At our camp there was enough hay put up the summer before to feed and pull through the winter about fifteen hundred head of stock. The other fifteen hundred was supposed to rustle. They could easy enough and come out strong in the spring after any average winter, cause the stock what was left out on the range to rustle through was all dry stuff and steers. Cows with calves and weaners and all old or weak stock was fed from the start of the bad weather till spring breakup.

The weather kept clear and cold; the little glass tube outside our camp by the door was saying from thirty to thirty-five below, and had been keeping that up for about a week. Lucky, we thought, the wind wasn't blowing then or every critter would of froze stiff where they stood. We kept on bringing in the weakest and only them what really needed feed the most. There was many more should been brought in but the last week made us fill the feed yards, so that it wouldn't be wise to bring them in. There was enough hay to feed fifteen hundred head till spring and it was better, we thought, to keep on feeding just them and take a chance on letting the stronger pull through on the outside, than feed two thousand or more and run out of hay at the wrong time and lose 'em all.

It didn't look like there was going to be any shipping done either way. No super or cow boss showed up to see how the stock was coming and we figgered that old timers like they was, and never forgetting the days when there wasn't a hoof fed, they'd decided to take a chance like they'd done many a winter before and hope that the weather would change in some way in time to save the stock. And as luck would have it the weather did change.

It was near three weeks since the chinook'd come, and left the range a field of ice and crusted snow with the few bare spots that helped some keeping the cattle alive. The willows on the creek bottoms and the sage was all et down to the ice, and, outside of the few branches what was too big for them to tackle, the country was clean as a whistle. There was little bunches of range horses here and there and even though they was having a hard time of it, it was some easier for them cause they could paw out their feed where the critter could only root with her nose. But along the trails the horses would make where they pawed up the hard snow and broke the crust with their hoofs, you could see

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the cattle following and picking what the horses would leave.

Big hunks of crusted snow had been pawed out and turned up for the feed underneath, but as they was loosened the grass came out with the hunks and left only bare ground.

The stock had so little feed in 'em that it looked like their flanks was near touching the back-bone, but the most of 'em was strong and if it hadn't been for that chinook they would now be in good shape.

Anyway the weather changed and for the best. We didn't think it for the best at first cause the change was for *another chinook* and they as a rule don't leave nothing but bone piles unless they come late in the spring, and this was only February. For forty-eight hours it blowed warm. Dan and me was doing our bestest riding, and tailing up for all we was worth every critter what had to be helped on her feet. We'd remark that it'd be for the last time cause we was sure afraid of what the cold that most always follows a chinook would do to 'em.

It started clouding up before the chinook quit, and that's when our hopes come back. The snow was most all gone to water and running down the draws; the country was left bare and brown and the cattle weaker than ever, but feed aplenty was in sight and easy to get at, and clouding up as it was with the wind dying down gives us to understand that there won't be no real cold weather coming right soon anyway.

It stayed warm and in a couple of days it started to snow, kinda wet at first, but she stuck and kept on a coming, slow but sure and steady. The cloudy weather was with us for a good two weeks and gradually getting colder, when it cleared again and the thermometer went down to ten below. There was near a foot of snow on the ground again and the cattle was having a hard time rooting down to the feed, but the slow drop of the thermometer and the chance at some feed before the snow came recuperated 'em some. A few more had to be brought in and we did it, taking big chances of running out of hay too soon.

I can see by the signs in the snow where she'd stopped and made a stand.—Page 160.

And then another six inches of snow piled up on top of the foot already down which makes us and the hay shovellers do a heap of figgering as to how we was going to pull the stock through. The hay was fed and handled real careful but it was dwindling away fast; two thousand of the hungry critters was in the feed pens eating up the hay what was supposed to carry not over fifteen hundred head.

And by all appearances it looked like the "hospital stuff" would have to be fed another six weeks before we could call 'em pulled through. Dan and me was doing

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our darnedest not to bring in any more than we could help and coaxing 'em along to stand up and rustle where they was, but there was times right along every day when we'd have to come in with a few more.

Spring was late, it still looked like the middle of winter and we had to contend not only with the usual few winter calves but spring calves was beginning to pop up here and there and showing their little white faces. The daggone coyotes was the only animal getting fat, and it sure used to do my heart a lot of good to keel one of 'em over just when he'd be doing some tall sneak on some poor little feller of a calf when his mammy was too far away or too weak to get there in time to do any protecting.

Like one day riding along and keeping tab on the weak ones as usual, I runs across a cow-track in the snow. A little baby calf was trying mighty hard to keep up with her and a little further on there's two other kinds of tracks joins in and follows. They're big tracks, too big for coyotes, and I concludes they must be gray wolves. Now I know that as a rule wolves wouldn't tackle them only maybe just for the want to kill, or when horses is getting scarce.

Anyway, I know *I* sure like to get 'em *anytime I can* no matter what they're after, and spurs up on the trail, the 30–30 carbine right in my hands and the business end of it pointed straight ahead. Daggone 'em, they *are* after that cow and calf. I can see that plain enough by the signs in the snow where she'd stopped, made a stand and went on for some place (I figgered) where she could back up alongside a cliff or something, and have only one side to watch from.

I can see the wolves are only after a little excitement cause they could of killed both her and the calf right there and then if they'd wanted to. Instead they just let her go and kept on aggravating her as she went. I thought to myself if they're so rearing for excitement, I'd sure be glad to oblige 'em that way when I catches up.

The trail heads on for the foot-hills; I'm keeping my horse into a high lope, and slacks up only when topping ridges, so I won't bump into the little party and queer things before I can get into action. I want to see them before they see me.

I finally spots 'em a half a mile to the right. There's a ridge between us, and soon as I get a peek of their whereabouts and the lay of the land, what little I showed of myself is out of sight again. I seen where the mother'd found a good spot to make her *last stand*, and, even tho' she knowed how the fight was going to end, she was sure making use of the rim-rock she'd backed up against, and bellering for help that didn't seem to come.

Hell bent for election I follows up the draw I'm in to where I figger I'd better hoof it the rest of the way. There was no wind to give me away, and I manages to crawl up to within fifty yards of the fighting bunch, taking in at a glance all what'd been going on while I'm looking down the rifle sights.

The wolves are enjoying themselves so much that they're not on the look-out as they generally are. They had the cow down and letting her last as long as they could without allowing the fight to get too monotonous. Her head and horns are still a going and mighty dangerous to anything what comes near. The poor little calf was all together as yet, and off a ways, plumb helpless and watching, too young to know for sure what to do. The wolves had figgered him not worth while to fool with right then. They'd fix his mammy first, spend a few minutes with him afterwards, and then go on to the next victim.

And right there I stopped one of 'em with a bullet right through him from shoulder to shoulder. The other started to run and I lets him have a pill too, but he kept on a running, dragging two useless hind legs; his back was broke. A couple more shots what don't seem to affect him none and I gets my horse, takes after him, and brings him back, limp, with a bullet between his ears.

I gathers up little Johnny (calf), puts his dying mammy out of misery, and being I'm not very far from camp I don't stop to skin the wolves right then but takes 'em in as they are. Tying their hind legs together I throws 'em over the back of the saddle, gets on myself and pulls the little "leppy" up in front of me. My horse don't quite agree to all the load and spe-

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cially objects to wolves, but I finally talks him into being good enough to take us the little ways to camp.

Two more weeks gone, and it still looks and feels like the middle of winter, when by rights of season the range ought to be getting bare of snow and the grass showing a little green; and worse yet, the hay is all gone and fed up, every speck of it.

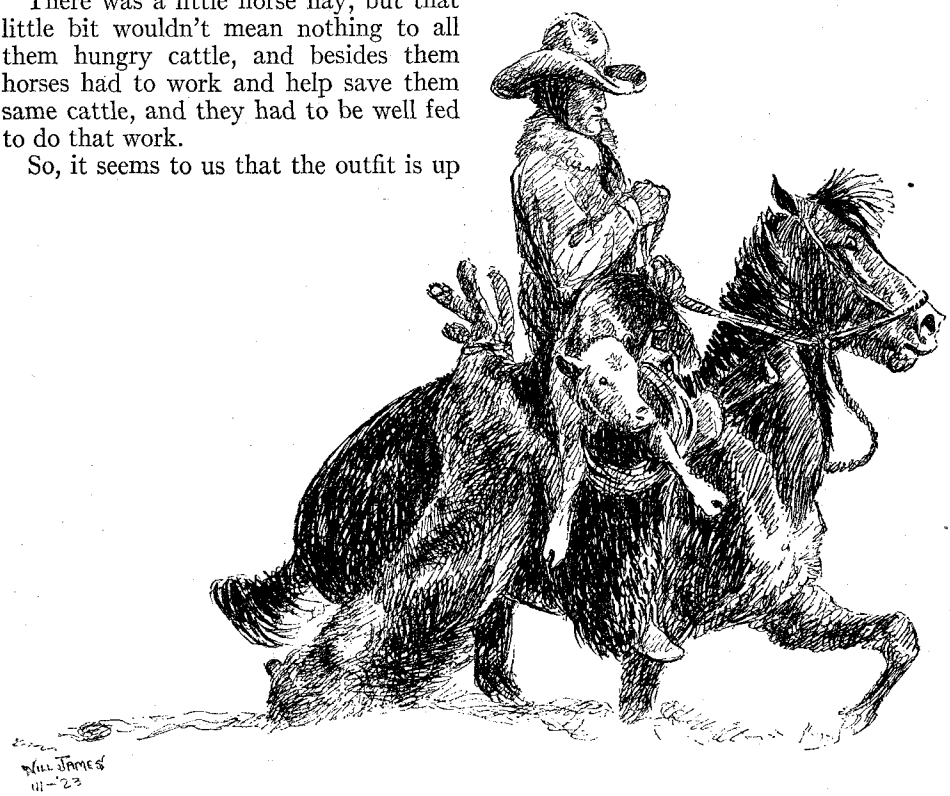
There was a little horse hay, but that little bit wouldn't mean nothing to all them hungry cattle, and besides them horses had to work and help save them same cattle, and they had to be well fed to do that work.

So, it seems to us that the outfit is up against it for sure. We know that no hay can be bought nowheres around, being they've all got their own stock to save and running short themselves. Dan and me had just about give up thinking of some way out, when of a sudden it comes to me, and I remembers of how one time up in Alberta a cowman saved his stock and pulled 'em through in good shape with a six-horse team and a drag (or snow-plough).

No more thought of than tried. There was enough harness in the stables to hook up thirty head of horses, and two teams on hand and ready; but we wanted two six-horse teams to do the work and we was short eight head; so Dan and me hits out looking through every bunch of horses on the range for anything what had collar marks, and any of 'em what had was run in and put to work. It didn't matter whether they belonged to the outfit or not.

Two V-shaped drags was made out of heavy logs with thick planks nailed on the outside so it'd push the snow away on both sides and clean. We get the teams all hooked up, straightened around, and we're ready to go. It worked fine, and the grass wherever we went and drug was easy to get. The snow hadn't drifted any and was no thicker in the draws than on the ridges, so we worked the draws and found plenty of the good strong feed our cattle was needing so bad.

We had to cover a lot of country and keep a going so that they'd all get some; but the exercise and rustling, along with



My horse don't quite agree to all the load and specially objects to wolves.—Page 160.

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that feed they was getting, made 'em some stronger, and it wasn't but a few days when the cattle all knowed what them V-shaped logs dragging along meant.

The strongest ones would follow 'em right up for a ways, and we'd come down the same draw but on the other side. The leaders would stop and feed, leaving the weaker cattle have a chance as we come by.

That'd been going on for about two weeks; the stock wasn't picking up no fat but they was making out all right. The ranch-hands handled the drags and Dan and me was riding, still bringing a few weak ones from the outside stuff every once in a while.

May was getting near now and sure enough spring ought to show itself pretty quick if it's going to show up at all; but as Dan remarked to me and says, "Bill, this damn country ain't got no spring or summer to speak of; it's eight months winter and four months cold weather," and I begins to think he was right.

But the days was getting longer and the sun stronger, and pretty soon it begins to get warmer, and after a while I notices at the edge of where the snow'd been scraped off that the grass was getting green. It looked so good that I come near eating some.

Then one morning as I'm saddling up, a light breeze hits me, and it's coming from the southwest. After that it didn't take long; it started to melt and get warm but not so warm that it'd weaken the cattle too much. The snow-plough was put away and instead of bringing in weak stock any more we'd spend our time tailing up what few felt the effects of the coming warm weather.

We was beginning to see little white and brockle-faced calves sunning themselves everywhere and their mammies right close was filling up on the half green buffalo grass, picking up steady on fat and strength.

The gray wolves was hitting out for the tall timber and the coyotes had to be satisfied with gophers once more.

Spring had come.

It wasn't but a few days when the cattle all knowed what them V-shaped logs dragging along meant.—Page 162.

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An Intimate Portrait of R L S by His Stepson, Lloyd Osbourne

[A NEW and personal portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson is presented by his stepson, and collaborator on several novels, Lloyd Osbourne, who shared his life from 1876 until its end in 1894, and who for the first time gives his impressions and recollections. Osbourne has grouped his impressions round what might be called the pivotal years of Stevenson's life, and, in a series of vivid little vignettes of the great author at different ages, traces the developments and changes of his character. The chapters begin with "Stevenson at Twenty-six," and end with "The Death of Stevenson," at forty-four. This is the last of four numbers.]

IV

STEVENSON AT FORTY-THREE

THE photographs of Vailima show a large and rather gaunt, barnlike house, disappointingly lacking in picturesqueness. But the photographs, omitting nearly everything save the house, and often taken before the second half was added, convey a very false impression. Not only was it far more attractive than it looks, but it should be visualized in relation to its site, which was superb.

In front, sparkling above the leafy treetops, was the vast horizon of the sea; behind was the primeval forest; on one side, rising almost as sheerly as a wall, and densely wooded to its peak, was Mount Vaea; on the other the blue mountains of Atua in the distance. Not another house was visible; not a sign of cultivation except our own; Vailima seemed to stand alone on the island.

Directly in front of the house was a lawn, marked for two tennis-courts, and separated from the green paddock beyond by a long, dry-stone wall, which stretched in either direction for about a quarter of a mile. Both in this paddock, and on the land about the house were—here and there—magnificent trees, a hundred and fifty feet in height, which had been spared in clearing away the original forest, and so enormously buttressed at the base that they were eight or ten yards in circumference. A stream on one side of the clearing splashed musically in a series of cascades, and ended—as far as we were concerned—in a glorious pool, as clear as crystal, in which we bathed.

There were mango-trees, round, dense, and faultlessly symmetrical; glossy-leafed breadfruits, lemon-trees, orange-trees, and chiramoyas, with their prickly misshapen fruit, the size of a man's head; avocados with their delicious "pears"; cacao, with its bright-red pods sprouting out of its trunk; exquisitely scented *moso'oi* trees, peculiar to Samoa, with their yellow, leaf-like flowers that bloomed thrice a year; pandanus, with their big red seeds that, strung with a sweet-smelling wild creeper called *laumaile*, were the favorite necklaces of the Samoans; and of course in profusion were the cocoanut palms and bananas, which with the breadfruits were in time to supply us with such a large part of our needs.

There were hedges of double hibiscus, perpetually in bloom, and studded thickly with crimson flowers, three inches across; hedges of fragrant lime-trees and so luxuriant that we gave away limes by the sackful; hedges of citrons; stately wild orange-trees with hard, uneatable fruit, which, cut open, could be used as soap, especially for the hair which it made soft and silky; fences of living *fao* posts, which took root and sprouted into trees; *vineula*, with its pungent little transparent fruit; guavas; love-apples; papaias; *pasio* on arbors, with a fruit more delicious than

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strawberries; pineapples weighing from five to eighteen pounds; sweet potatoes that once planted continued to grow and spread without further care; pumpkins similarly growing like weeds; and below the verandas plants of jasmine, tuberoses, and gardenias of a suffocating sweetness.

But it would be wrong to think of these as all jumbled together. They were not. In Vailima there was always a sense of spaciousness; of a big and lordly house set in a park; of wide vistas open to the sea and the breeze. About it all was a rich, glowing, and indescribable natural beauty, which never failed to cause a stranger to exclaim aloud; and being six hundred feet above the sea it had a delightfully fresh climate for so hot a country. The nights were usually cold, especially in the early hours of the morning, and a blanket was essential. Our simple thermometer—a bottle of cocoanut-oil—seldom failed to solidify nightly, which implied fifty-six degrees Fahrenheit.

Within the house the visitor's astonishment grew. Not only was the main hall extremely large, where a hundred people could dance with ease—but, as R L S had imported all his Bournemouth furniture, and much from his father's big house in Edinburgh, one might have thought oneself in civilization, and not thousands of miles away on a remote island of the South Pacific. Pictures, napery, silver—all were in keeping, and except for the rack of rifles and the half-naked servants the illusion was complete; and to realize it to the full it must be remembered that all the other white people, even the highest officials, lived in a rather makeshift way, with the odds and ends they had picked up at auction, and very comfortlessly. Every official term ended in an auction; often I would mark some attractive glasses or coffee-cups, or whatever it was, and say to myself: "I must buy those in when they are sold."

In contrast, the dignity, solidity, and air of permanence of Vailima was impressive. It dominated the country like a castle. Chiefs came from the farthest parts of Samoa just to gaze at it, and to be led in a hushed and awe-stricken tour of its wonders. When a Samoan said, "Like the house of Tusitala," he had reached the superlative. And in this setting, and soon familiar with the language, Stevenson gradually grew into a great feudal chieftain whose word carried weight in a great part of Samoa. I shall dwell but little on this animated and picturesque aspect of his life; of this literary Rajah Brooke, reaching out for empire; it is better told in his own letters, which are so vivid and full. But I should like to elucidate them a little—particularly in regard to the cost of it all.

Stevenson made a very large income, and spent it all on Vailima. His letters often show much anxiety about money, and some of his intimate correspondents lectured him severely on his extravagance. Often he lectured himself, as the assiduous Stevensonian well knows; often in moments of depression he called Vailima his Abbotsford, and said he was ruining himself like Scott. But his concern ought not to be taken too seriously. Much of the money spent on Vailima was in the nature of capital investment, and once completed—had he never written another line—he could have lived there comfortably, and in no lessened state, on his income from royalties. Moreover, at his mother's death he was to come into a very considerable inheritance from his father. While Vailima was undoubtedly a fantastic extravagance, it was at least within his means, and he had nothing really to fear from the future had he lived.

In recent years people have surprised me by asking, usually in a lowered voice: "Wasn't Stevenson very morose? Did he not have violent outbreaks of temper when it was unendurable to live with him? Was that life in Vailima as idyllic as it has been represented to us?"

Like all slanders there is a germ of truth in this. There were times when Stevenson was terribly on edge with nerves; when he would fly into a passion over nothing; when jaded and weary he would give way to fits of irritability that were hard indeed to bear. But it must be remembered that he was one of the most unselfish, lofty-minded, and generous of men; there was no pettiness in him—nothing ignoble or mean. He was no petulant sick man raging at his family because one of his comforts had been overlooked. Rather was it the other way. He cared nothing for risk or danger, and

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went into it with an appalling unconcern. Of all things he hated most were anxious efforts to guard his health or make him comfortable. Once I tried to put a mattress on the bare boards he slept on. It was like disturbing a tiger! The mattress almost went out the window. Such passions were not without their humor, and afterward Stevenson was often as ready to laugh over them as we.

How could any one hold the least resentment against such a sorely tried and heroic man, whose repentances were as impulsive as his outbreaks? No, the sad part of life in Vailima was the consciousness of that physical martyrdom; of that great, striving heart in so frail a body; the sight of that wistful face, watching us at tennis, which after but a single game had ended—for him—in a hemorrhage; the anguish which underlay that invincible optimism, and which at rare moments would become tragically apparent; the sense of a terrible and unequal struggle; the ineffable pity swelling in one's breast until it became almost insupportable.

That was the shadow on Vailima.

But it would be a mistake to think we were not gay. It was usually a very jolly party that sat round the big table; laughter abounded, and Stevenson in general was in excellent spirits. It was a point of honor with any of us going down to Apia to bring back a budget of news, and the merrier the better. And the little town, to any one with a sense of humor, brimmed over with the ridiculous. One of its brightest phases was an old rascal without a penny to his name who used to write under the imposing letter-head of "The South Sea Trading and Plantation Company," to an endless series of wholesale houses, asking for shipments on credit. Scarcely a ship came in without a consignment from some victimized firm, and the loot—for it was nothing else—was sold at auction under a tree for half nothing. Consignments of ladies' hats; ten thousand ore-sacks in one shipment; tinned rabbit, agricultural machinery, peanut roasters, cutlery, window-shades, garden furniture, school-desks—all was grist to the South Sea Trading and Plantation Company, which no storming consul nor outraged municipal president was ever able to curb.

If any one became hopelessly insolvent in Apia it was often the custom to give him a municipal position, and divide his pay amongst his creditors. There was no prison for whites, and any one condemned at a stately consular trial became forthwith a white elephant, and had to have a cottage rented for him, with all its ensuing absurdities. When one man became quite sure he was the rightful Duke of York, "the Beach" could think of no solution except to pass the hat round and ship him off to Sydney—from which he promptly came back! Of such was our news, varied with a social and political gossip as entrancing as that of a great capital. Strangers would listen amazed at so much vivacious talk, especially were some great chief present and taking part, and wonder how we could find so much entertainment in a place that to them seemed the end of the world.

That Stevenson sometimes chafed against his enforced exile is only too true. There are passages in his letters that read very pathetically. But had his health improved, and had he returned to Europe, would he really have been content in some more pretentious "Skerryvore" or "La Solitude"? I cannot think so. His life of feudal splendor in Samoa would have seemed twice as resplendent in the retrospect, and in some French or Italian villa I believe he would have broken his heart to return. Samoa filled his need for the dramatic and the grandiose; he expanded on its teeming stage, where he could hold warriors in leash, and play Richelieu to half-naked kings. He had been touched by that most consuming of all ambitions—statecraft—and there was in him, hardly realized but emerging, the spirit of a great administrator, slowly bringing order out of chaos, and finding immeasurable joy in the task.

Sir George Grey, one of the greatest of English proconsuls, appreciated this, when he said so earnestly at parting with Stevenson: "Go back; fight on, and never lose heart—for your place is in Samoa, and you must never think of leaving it."

Stevenson may not have been always happy in Vailima, but of one thing I am sure; he was happier there than he could have been in any other place in the world.

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THE DEATH OF STEVENSON

STEVENSON had never appeared so well as during the months preceding his death, and there was about him a strange serenity which it is hard to describe, for in quoting from his talks I might easily convey a sense of depression and disillusionment that would read like a contradiction. I think he must have had some premonition of his end; at least he spoke often of his past as though he were reviewing it, and with a curious detachment as though it no longer greatly concerned him.

"I am the last of Scotland's three Robbies," he said once. "Robbie Burns, Robbie Fergusson, and Robbie Stevenson —and how hardly life treated them all, poor devils! If ever I go back I shall put up a stone to poor Fergusson on that forgotten grave of his."

Then he repeated the words in broad Scots as though their cadence pleased him:

"Scotland's three Robbies!"

On another occasion he said to me: "I am not a man of any unusual talent, Lloyd; I started out with very moderate abilities; my success has been due to my really remarkable industry—to developing what I had in me to the extreme limit. When a man begins to sharpen one faculty, and keeps on sharpening it with tireless perseverance, he can achieve wonders. Everybody knows it; it's a commonplace, and yet how rare it is to find anybody doing it—I mean to the uttermost as I did. What genius I had was for *work!*"

Another observation of his comes back to me: "A writer who amounts to anything is constantly dying and being reborn. I was reading 'Virginibus' the other day, and it seemed to me extraordinarily good, but in a vein I could no more do now than I could fly. My work is profounder than it was; I can touch emotions that I then scarcely knew existed; but the Stevenson who wrote 'Virginibus' is dead and buried, and has been for many a year."

Another: "How the French misuse their freedom; see nothing worth writing about save the eternal triangle; while we, who are muzzled like dogs, but who are infinitely wider in our outlook, are condemned to avoid half the life that passes us by. What books Dickens could have written had he been permitted! Think of Thackeray as unfettered as Flaubert or Balzac! What books I might have written myself! But they give us a little box of toys, and say to us: 'you mustn't play with anything but these.'"

Another: "The *bourgeoisie's* weapon is starvation. If as a writer or artist you run counter to their narrow notions they simply and silently withdraw your means of subsistence. I sometimes wonder how many people of talent are executed in this way every year."

Another: "We don't live for the necessities of life; in reality no one cares a damn for them; what we live for are its superfluities."

Another: "The saddest object in civilization, and to my mind the greatest confession of its failure, is the man who can work, who wants to work, and who is not allowed to work."

Several times he referred to his wish to be buried on the peak of Mount Vaea. Although it was on our property and was always conspicuously in our view, Stevenson was the only one of us who had ever scaled its precipitous slopes. But in spite of his request I never could bring myself to cut a path to the summit. I knew it would be a terrific task, but this was not my real objection. I shrank, as may be imagined, from the association with his death that it involved. What was it but the path to his grave? And to work on it was unutterably repugnant to me. Thus in spite of his vexation I always contrived to evade his desire.

In the late afternoons as some of us played tennis in front of the house he would walk up and down the veranda, and I began to notice how often he stopped to gaze up at the peak. It was specially beautiful at dusk with the evening star shining above it, and it was then he would pause the longest in an abstraction that disturbed me. I always tried to interrupt such reveries; would call to him; ask him the score; would often drop out

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of a game in order to join him and distract his attention. It is a curious thing that his previous illnesses, which might so easily have concluded in his death, caused me less anguish than the look on his face as he now stared up at Vaea. I think it was the realization that he meant to fight no longer; that his unconquerable spirit was breaking; that he was not unwilling to lie on the spot he had chosen and close his eyes forever.

Yet life for us all had never been more pleasant; Samoa was enjoying one of its rare spells of peace; the English man-of-war *Curaçoa* had lain so long in port that her officers had become very much our friends, and were constantly staying with us. There were about sixteen of them, and they made a delightful addition to our society; and with several R L S was really intimate. He was working hard on "Weir of Hermiston," and was more than pleased with his progress. He was well. Why, then, should his glance linger so persistently on the peak of Vaea, and always in that musing way?

It troubled me.

One evening after dinner he read the first chapters of "Weir" aloud. I had my usual pencil and paper for the notes I always took on such occasions, but that night I made none. It was so superbly written that I listened to it in a sort of spell. It seemed absolutely beyond criticism; seemed the very zenith of anything he had ever accomplished, it flowed with such an inevitability and emotion, such a sureness and perfection, that the words seemed to strike against my heart. When he had finished I sat dumb. I knew I should have spoken, but I could not. The others praised it; lauded it to the skies; but I was in a dream from which I could not awake. I poured out a whiskey and soda for myself, and sat there like a clod, looking at the ceiling.

Then the party broke up, and we dispersed on our different ways to bed; I out of doors, to go to my own cottage a few hundred yards away. I had hardly passed the threshold of the door, however, when I heard Stevenson behind me. He was in a state of frightful agitation; was trembling, breathless, almost beside himself.

"My God, you shall not go like that!" he cried out, seizing me by the arm, and his thin fingers closing on it like a vice. "What! Not a single note, not a single word, not even the courtesy of a lie! You, the only one whose opinion I depend on, and all you can say is: 'Good night, Louis!' So that is your decision, is it? Just 'Good night, Louis,'—like a blow in the face!"

The bitterness and passion he put into these words are beyond any power of mine to describe.

Then he went on in the same appalling key of reproach while I listened like the criminal I felt I was. Never had he been so humiliated; never had he been so intolerably insulted. He was no child who had always to have his lollypops; he could brace himself for any criticism, no matter how damning. But the contempt of silence! That sitting there and saying nothing! The implication that it was too bad even to discuss. All that preparation to take notes, and then not a damned word! Unworthy even of notes, was it? Good God, it was more than he could bear!

Put yourself in my place; try to imagine my feelings; I who had been so carried away by "Weir" that this was the ironical climax! Oh, that idiotic silence! What had possessed me? I had known all the while it was inexcusable, yet I had sat there looking at the ceiling, oblivious of the author and thinking only of the book.

Then I tried to tell him the truth, but with difficulty, realizing how unpardonably I had hurt his pride, which was really much more concerned than the question of my judgment. That it was a masterpiece; that never before had he written anything comparable with "Weir"; that it promised to be the greatest novel in the English language.

We were in the dark. I could not see his face. But I believe he listened with stupefaction. The reaction when it came was too great for his sorely strained nerves; tears rained from his eyes, and mine, too, streamed. Never had I known him to be so moved; never had I been so moved myself; and in the all-pervading darkness we were for once free to be ourselves, unashamed. Thus we sat, with our arms about each other, talking far

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into the night. Even after thirty years I should not care to divulge anything so sacred as those confidences; the revelation of that tortured soul; the falterings of its Calvary. Until then I had never conceived the degree of his daily suffering; the petty, miserable dragging ailments that kept him in a "perpetual torment." He spoke of the "physical dishonor"; of the "degradation" of it; of moments when he had longed for death. To me his heroism took on new proportions, and I was thankful I had refused an important post in order to stay with him. "It will not be for long," he said.

At parting he told me to remind him of this talk if we should ever have the slightest misunderstanding again; but while such was its meaning, no words can convey the tenderness of its expression—the softened voice, the eyes suffusing in the starlight, the lingering clasp of the hand. That night of "Weir" evokes the most affecting of all my recollections.

H. M. S. *Curaçoa*, with all those good friends on board, left us in November; and the weather, as though in mourning, broke in deluges of rain. The wet season, as it is called, begins in November, and with it a heat and stickiness, an oppressiveness, lifelessness, and debilitation that make this period of the year something to dread. But we were fortunate in having a pleasant intermission for the 13th—R L S's birthday—when we gave a great Samoan party, which, including the retainers and hangers-on—an inseparable part of such an entertainment—brought up over a hundred people. Then the rain poured again, and kept pouring until the beginning of December, when there was another sunny interval. After dinner on the evening of the second, R L S, who was in excellent spirits, surprised us by proposing we should play some games.

"We are getting horribly dull up here," he said. "Everybody sticks round a lamp with a book, and it is about as gay as a Presbyterian mission for seamen. Let's play a game I have just thought of."

The game consisted of each in turn entering the room, and in pantomime, with any accessories we could lay our hands on, portraying one of our friends or acquaintances for the others to guess at. We started a little self-consciously; none but R L S was very eager about it; but in a short time we were wildly hilarious and continued the pastime with shouts of laughter. R L S excelled every one; there was a touch of Harry Lauder in his broad, rich characterizations and in the exuberance of his own pleasure in them. We kept at it long after our usual bedtime, and our good nights were said amid giggles of recollection. It was one of the most amusing evenings we had ever spent in Vailima—and was Stevenson's last.

The next day I had some business in Apia, and did not return until late in the afternoon. The weather had been so good that I left word to have one of the tennis-courts mown and remarked; but as we no longer needed two, since the *Curaçoa* had gone, I had told my men to ignore the second except to cut the grass. I regretted my decision when I saw what they had done, which had been to inscribe the unused lawn with my Samoan name L O I A in gigantic white letters, covering the entire court! It had the silliest look. What a spectacle for any supercilious officials, paying a formal call! But there it was, flattering and absurd, and supposed to be a pleasant surprise for me!

R L S was dictating some of "Weir" to my sister, and they both seemed glad to stop and listen to the budget of news I had brought up. But first I led them to the window and showed them the lawn, the sight of which—and of my annoyance—sent them off into peals of laughter. Then after a little talk, which, looking back on it, I recall as even gayer than usual, I went over to the cottage to change and have a plunge in the pool. I was away perhaps an hour or more—when I heard a curious stir in the house and a voice calling my name. Tragedy always has its own note. The intonation was sufficient to send me in startled haste across the way.

Stevenson was lying back in an armchair, unconscious, breathing stertorously and with his unseeing eyes wide open; and on either side of him were my mother and sister, pale and apprehensive. They told me in whispers that he had suddenly cried out, "My head—oh, my head!" and then had fallen insensible. For a while we fanned him, put brandy to his lips, strove in vain to rouse him by speak-

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ing. We could not bring ourselves to believe he was dying. Then we had a cot brought down, and, taking him in my arms —it was pitiable how light he was—I carried him to it and extended him at length. By this time the truth was evident to us; that he had had an apoplectic stroke. His reddened face and that terrible breathing were only too conclusive.

I had our fastest horse saddled and brought to the door—"Saumaiafe," a blood mare that had won several races—and off I went at breakneck speed for the doctor in Apia. I was lucky in finding him—a short, thick-set, rather portly German, with most of his face hidden in gray whiskers and not unlike the portraits of Von Tirpitz. At my urging—I simply would not tolerate any denial—he timidly mounted my horse, giving me the little black bag he dared not carry himself. With this in my hand I ran after him through the town, hoping to find a tethered horse on the way. Sure enough there was one, and in an instant I was on it and galloping off while its astonished owner, emerging from a bar, gazed after me with amazement. Soon overtaking the doctor we went on together at a speed miserably disproportionate to the suspense I was in, while he gravely questioned me, and muttered "Ach, ach!" in none too hopeful a tone.

Stevenson was still breathing in that dreadful way. The doctor looked down at him long and earnestly and then almost imperceptibly shook his head.

"A blood clot on the brain," he said. "He is dying."

In half an hour, at about eight in the evening, Stevenson was dead.

On leaving, the doctor said to me in a low and significant voice: "You must bury him before three to-morrow."

Misunderstanding my look of horror he murmured something more in the way of explanation. But I was thinking of that path to Vaea; that path I had never made; of Stevenson's wish which I had always thwarted. Were he to be buried on the summit that path had to be made between dawn and three o'clock the next day. It seemed impossible, but I said to myself: "It has to be done! It has to be done!" I had failed the living, but I would not fail the dead. In desperation I sent out messengers to several of my closest friends —chiefs whom I relied on like brothers. I needed two hundred men at dawn, and explained the urgency. But the axes, the bush knives, the mattocks, picks, spades, and crowbars? Vailima had no more than sufficient for thirty, and I doubted if the chiefs could equip as many more. In bitter perplexity I went back to consult my mother, who reminded me we should also need some kind of mourning for these men.

By this time the news of R L S's death had spread far and wide, and Samoan messengers were beginning to arrive from every direction, facilitating our task. The upshot of it was that we had one of the shops opened in the town, and arrangements made to bring up the necessary tools as well as hundreds of white singlets, and dozens of bolts of black cotton cloth. Two yards of this wide, black cotton would suffice to make a *lavalava*, as the kilt-like Samoan garment is called; and in these and white-cotton undershirts our Vailima retainers would make a creditable appearance, and one which they would consider appropriate.

Mr. Clarke, one of our missionary friends, arrived to volunteer his invaluable services, and to him was confided the duty of finding a coffin and having it sent up at dawn; he was also given a list of those who were to be specially invited for the funeral next day at two o'clock. The suddenness of this planning was almost overwhelming; we were half distracted by it; the only serene and untroubled face was that of Tusitala, lying there at peace.

Late that night we washed his body and dressed it in a soft white linen shirt and black evening trousers girded with a dark blue silk sash. A white tie, dark blue silk socks, and patent-leather shoes completed the costume. The sash may sound extraordinary, but it was the custom to wear sashes in Samoa. Indeed, the whole costume seems to call for some explanation. Except for the short white mess jacket, which was omitted, it was our usual evening dress; though it is impossible to recollect why this was chosen in preference to the white clothes ordinarily worn in the daytime. Possibly it was decided by those patent-leather shoes,

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which R L S had always liked so much, and which showed off his slender and shapely feet to such perfection.

Stevenson had never cared for jewelry of any kind; except for his studs and sleeve-links he had nothing but a plain silver ring, which we left on his finger. This was the ring with which he had plighted his troth with my mother so many years before and similar to the one she always wore herself; perhaps they had not been able to afford gold in those early days, or may have preferred the homely peasant silver from some association connected with it. I gazed at it with moistened eyes, this symbol of bygone romance which had come so far to lie at last on Vaea.

Placing the body on our big table, we drew over it the red English ensign, twelve feet long and proportionately broad, that we habitually flew over the house. Then candles were lighted, and a little party of our Samoans, begging us to retire, took on themselves the self-appointed duty of spending the night beside the bier. They were all Roman Catholics, and at intervals intoned Latin prayers in unison. There was a wonderful beauty in the cadence of that old, old tongue, so sonorous, so impressive, and so strange to hear on such lips. All that night as I tried to sleep the murmur of it was in my ears.

Before dawn Vailima began to seethe with men, one little army after another marching up with its chiefs. I went out and greeted them, and then we had a little council together—these tall, grave men, so understanding and so used to command, who quietly apportioned the work between themselves and lost no time in fruitless discussion. Tusitala's wish would be obeyed; it was as sacred to them as it was to me. In turn, they volunteered their assurance that by two o'clock the path would be ready and the grave dug on the summit of Vaea.

All that morning the still air was broken by the crash of trees; the ringing sound of axes, the hoarser thud of mattocks and crowbars pounding on rocks. But the men themselves had been warned to make no sound; there was none of the singing and laughter that was such an inseparable part of concerted work. Silent, glistening with sweat and in a fury of effort, each strove with axe or bush knife, with mattock, spade, or pick to pay his last tribute to Tusitala. I made my way through them to the summit, my heart swelling at such determination, and chose the spot for the grave. The view from it was incomparable; the rim of the sea, risen to the height of one's eyes, gave a sense of infinite vastness; and it was all so lonely, so wild, so incredibly beautiful, that one stood there awestricken.

All that morning Stevenson's body lay in state, and in succession chief after chief arrived to pay his last homage. Each carried an *ie tonga*, one of those priceless old mats so finely woven that they are as soft and pliable as a piece of silk, and which are valued in the degree of their antiquity. With an *ie tonga* in his hand each chief advanced alone, and, stopping within a dozen feet of the body, addressed it as though it were alive. It was a touching rite, and some of the speeches were exceedingly eloquent. One old chief, whom I had never seen before and whose harsh features and sullen expression impressed me at first very unfavorably, brought the finest mat of all, and made a speech that moved every one to tears. He had a voice of magnificent range, the diction of a most accomplished orator, a power of pathos I have never heard equalled.

"Samoa ends with you, Tusitala," he concluded in a peroration of tragic intensity. "When death closed the eyes of our best and greatest friend, we knew as a race that our own day was done."

An unexampled number of fine mats were brought and laid on Stevenson's body; so many that the flag was entirely heaped with them; and amongst them some so ancient that they were almost black and needed care in handling. Samoans have nothing more precious. *Ie tonga* represent jewelry, riches, social position; some specially famous have individual names; some in conferring exalted rank are an inseparable part of native nobility; murders have been committed for them; families squabble furiously over their disposition, beginning feuds that last for generations. Yet the irony is that they are of no practical worth whatever, and are never so coveted as

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when almost falling to pieces with age. Ours we returned afterward to all the various donors. Knowing their value we had not the heart to retain them when we left Samoa.

At two o'clock the coffin was brought out by a dozen powerful Samoans, who led the way with it up the mountain. Directly behind were thirty or forty more men, who at intervals changed places with the bearers. It was a point of honor with them all to keep their heavy burden shoulder-high, though how they contrived to do so on that precipitous path was a seeming impossibility. A party of a score or more white people followed, interspersed with chiefs of high rank. Behind these, again, were perhaps two hundred Samoans, all in the white singlets and black *lavalavas* which had been given them for that day of mourning.

The sun shone mercilessly; the heat was stifling; but of course our own feeling was one of thankfulness that rain had not intervened. A heavy rain in Samoa is a veritable cloudburst. We should never have been able to make the path had it rained, and the whole interment would have been robbed of its dignity and beauty. But the heat made it a terrible climb for some of our guests. There was one elderly white man who I thought would never reach the summit alive. We knew him but slightly; were surprised, indeed, to see him; I doubt if Stevenson had ever spoken to him more than half a dozen times.

"I am going on if it kills me," he said, deaf to all our entreaties to turn back. "I venerated Stevenson; he shall not be laid in his grave without my last tribute of respect."

With mottled face, shirt half open, gasping for breath and occasionally lying down while we fanned him, he persevered with an almost irritating obstinacy. But I really believe it did kill him, for the poor fellow was ill for a month afterward and then died. There were others who looked almost as spent, but who were animated by a similar resolution. The photographs of Mount Vaea, like all photographs of mountains, diminish its height; it would be easy for one who has seen it only in pictures to get a very mistaken impression. From Vailima to the summit is a most formidable ascent for sedentary people unaccustomed to exercise.

We gathered about the grave, and no cathedral could have seemed nobler nor more hallowed than the grandeur of nature that encompassed us. What fabric of men's hands could vie with so sublime a solitude? The sea in front, the primeval forest behind, crags, precipices, and distant cataracts gleaming in an untrodden wilderness. The words of the Church of England service, movingly delivered, broke the silence in which we stood. The coffin was lowered; flowers were strewn on it, and then the hurrying spades began to throw back the earth.

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

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Trapping the Nerve-Impulse

BY E. NEWTON HARVEY
Professor of Physiology, Princeton University, Author of "The Nature of Animal Light"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DIAGRAMS

IN human society, communication is either by transportation or transmission. We post a letter, which is carried to its destination in due course of time; or we call our friend on the telephone, speaking the information, which is instantly transmitted. The human organism, the individual, likewise possesses these two means of connecting the various parts of his body.

There are the hormones, chemical messengers, definite substances, drugs if you like, produced in one part of the body, which are carried in the blood stream to some other organ upon which they exert their specific effects. Chemical co-ordination and regulation result.

For example, our muscles, during rapid exercise, produce large quantities of carbon dioxide, which, passing into the blood, is carried to the respiratory centre in the brain and stimulates it to greater activity. Breathing becomes more rapid, and the excess of carbon dioxide in the blood thereby eliminated. The muscles have posted a letter, which is received and acted on by the respiratory centre. So each ductless gland in the body sends its message to some other organ through this common postal system of the individual.

But more important still, the body has its telephone-wires, the nervous system, by which messages are transmitted far more rapidly and efficiently. Chance contact with a needle-point causes our finger to be drawn back automatically and instantly. Nervous co-ordination and regulation result. Little do we realize the complicated series of events which follow one another in the performance of even so rapid and simple an act as this.

Again, the image of some object on our retina produces an effect in the optic nerve which is carried to the brain. There appear sensations, the consciousness of that retinal image, memories, "airy thoughts like purple birds that shine and soar."

What is the nature of this influence in the nerve, the go-between of the objective and subjective world? While some question, and others affirm, the reality of thought-transferrence between the living, and many insist on spiritualistic communication with the dead, let us examine that type of nervous activity, borne along pathways that are known and subject to every query that an active mind may devise. We call it the nerve-principle, nerve-force, nerve-energy, nerve-wave, perhaps best the nerve-impulse. Despite the apparent mystery of the process and the minute size of nerve-fibres, it is safe to say that more is known about the nerve-impulse than any other subject in physiological neurology. But this information has not come at a bound.

The ancients thought our nerves were tubes through which flowed a gas, the "animal spirits," or a liquid, the "nerve-juice." It is now quite certain that nothing flows, but something is transmitted. Galvani, in 1786, identified the impulse with electricity, since nerves could be stimulated by electric currents. DuBois Reymond, in 1843, discovered an electric current, the "action current," which accompanied the passage of a nerve-impulse. This was thought to confirm the idea that a nerve-impulse was identical with electricity. Even those physiologists of the time who were opposed to the identity of electricity and nerve-impulses, nevertheless believed that the nerve-impulse moved with the velocity of light, and stated that we should never be able to measure the velocity of the nerve-impulse in the short distances available in the body of an animal. In 1852 Von Helmholtz actually measured the rate of the

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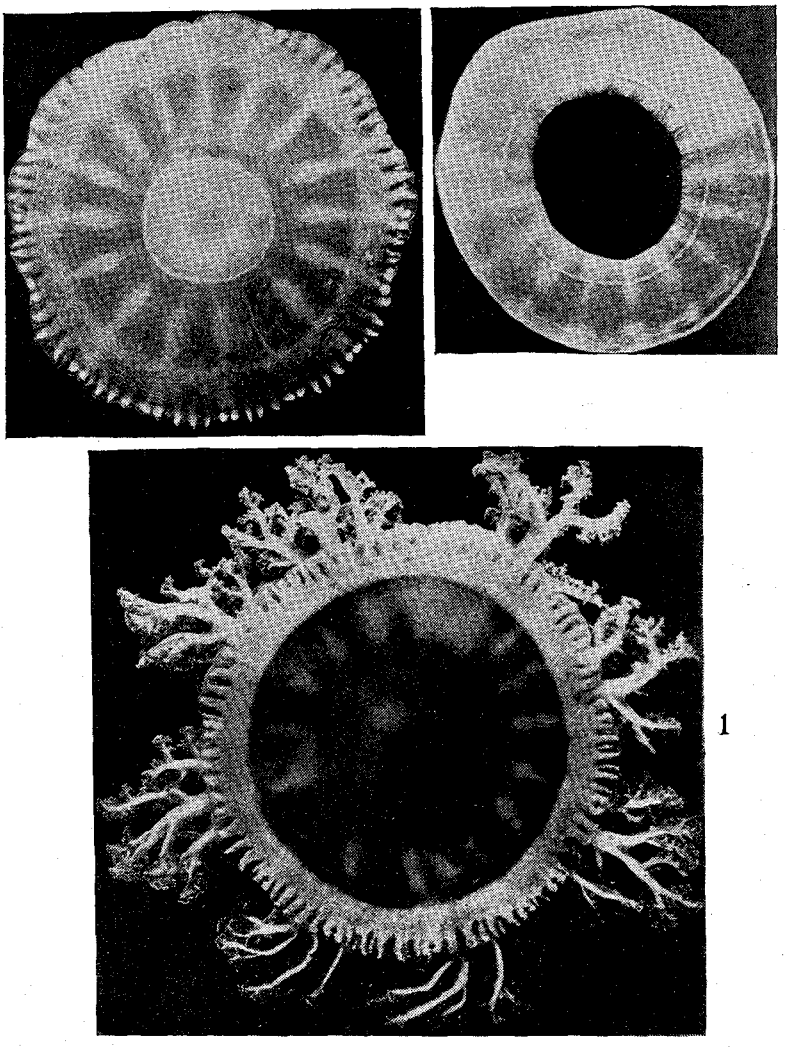

Fig. 1. The lower photograph shows the living jelly-fish, *Cassiopea*, with its feeding tentacles attached. In the upper left, the tentacles have been removed, leaving a disk of nerve-muscle tissue with sense-organs around the margin. In the upper right, the sense-organs have been removed and the disk cut in the form of a ring to entrap the nerve-impulse. (After Mayor.)

impulse in a frog, and found that its velocity was quite finite and relatively slow, eighty-eight feet per second, far slower in fact than the velocity of sound. Thus, the investigation of nerve-impulses was placed on a scientific basis, for when we can measure a thing, we can talk about it intelligently.

The rate in man was later found to be four hundred and twenty-six feet per second, nearly five times as fast as the frog. Other animals possess nerves whose impulses move at different rates. In invertebrates the rate is unusually slow, and in some forms the nervous structure is such as to allow not only a determination of the speed of the nerve-impulse but a study of the effects of temperature, anæsthetics, or fatigue on the rate of the impulse with an accuracy and simplicity quite unparalleled in biological research.

By an ingenious bit of scientific machination the late Doctor Alfred G. Mayor, director of the Tortugas Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, obtained nerve tissue in a jelly-fish which

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for all practical purposes is hundreds of miles in length. Moreover, the impulse could be watched as it progressed because of the contraction of muscles associated with the nerve tissue. First observed in 1905, Doctor Mayor's experiment and others following called attention to such extraordinarily favorable material for study of nerve-impulses that this jelly-fish, *Cassiopea* by name, deserves to go down in physiological history as classic, along with the frog and the turtle.

The animal, shown in Fig. 1, lives in the calm waters of a moat surrounding old Fort Jefferson near the Tortugas Laboratory, off the Florida coast. Its nervous system is most primitive, a mere network of nerve tissue spread over the flattened concave disk of the animal. Underneath the nerves is a layer of muscle tissue, circular and radial muscles, whose contraction pushes the jelly-fish through the water by a series of pulses. The nerves connect with sense-organs along the edge of the disk, in which stimuli arise that pass over the nerve network and in turn stimulate the muscles. Thus the creature progresses by a series of contractions like the beating of a heart.

That the sense-organs are really centres of origin for stimuli can be shown by cutting them away from the disk. All spontaneous movement of the jelly-fish then ceases. We now have a flat disk of living nerve-muscle tissue which remains perfectly quiescent unless stimulated in some way.

Suppose we cut the disk into the shape of a ring, like a doughnut (Fig. 1), and then stimulate some portion of the ring. Two nerve-impulses, visible as two waves of muscle contraction, now start off passing around the ring in opposite directions, as shown in Fig. 2. They meet at the far edge of the ring and block each other. This is an interesting fact in itself, that two nerve-impulses in collision block each other.

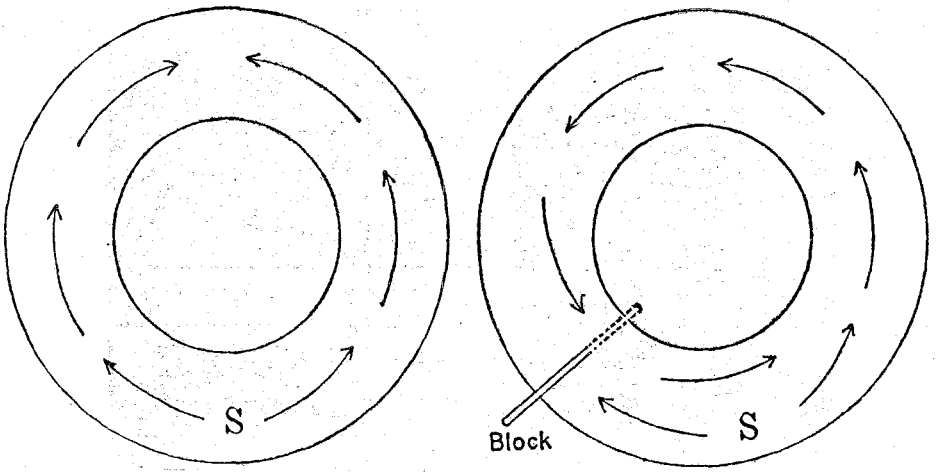

Fig. 2. Diagram to show by arrows the course of nerve-impulses in a ring of *Cassiopea* tissue when stimulated at *S*. In the left diagram neither impulse is blocked, but in the right diagram one impulse is blocked by pressure with a glass rod. (*After Harvey.*)

But suppose we could block one of the two impulses moving in opposite directions about a ring before they met and blocked each other. The unblocked impulse would now meet no obstacle and would pass around the ring continuously in one direction. As it passed, the muscles would contract, and we could thus watch its progress.

Such an experiment can readily be performed by pressing on the tissue with a glass rod while stimulating at *S*, Fig. 2. Pressure on a nerve will block nerve-impulses in the nerve. This is what happens when our foot goes to sleep. Pressure on the foot-nerves blocks impulses, and so our foot feels numb and muscles in the foot cannot be moved.

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By pressure, the nerve-impulse moving around the ring to the left is blocked. The rod is then lifted so that the impulse passing around the ring to the right meets no block, and continues moving round and round in one direction. We have entrapped a nerve-impulse! There is nothing to stop it, and theoretically it might go forever. It is quite possible to record the passage of such a nerve-wave on a piece of smoked paper wound on a revolving-drum, as shown in Fig. 3.

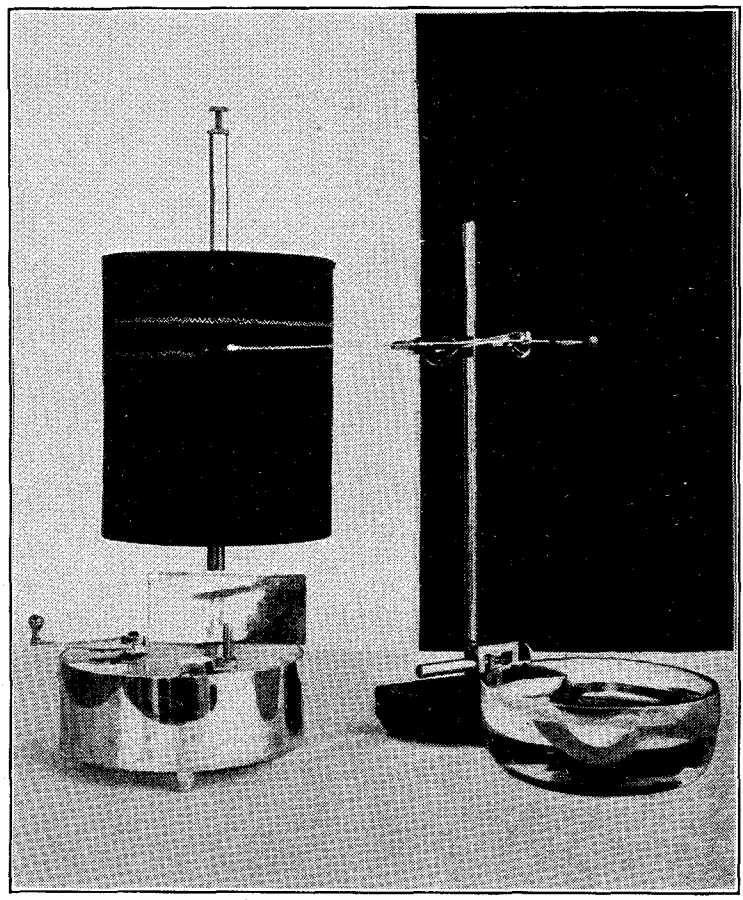

Fig. 3. Method of recording graphically the rate of nerve-impulses. Each time an impulse passed around the ring of *Cassiopea* tissue in the glass dish, contraction of muscle pulls a light lever, which in its turn writes on smoked paper covering a drum, turned by clock-work. (After Mayor.)

I have actually succeeded in keeping such rings with nerve-impulses moving for eleven days without a stop and with no marked change in the rate of the nerve-impulse, which travelled in all four hundred and fifty-seven miles. At the end of eleven days the muscles were so fatigued that contraction was hardly visible, but the nerve-impulse appeared to be as strong as ever. Here is potential immortality of the nerve-impulse.

One might suppose that *Cassiopea* tissue would decay in eleven days. Not so; on the contrary, the missing parts begin to regenerate, and it is the partial reformation of the sense-organs which generate other impulses that finally block the entrapped wave. Otherwise the impulse might travel considerably farther.

A very important conclusion can be drawn from the above experiment; namely, that an impulse belongs in the group of self-propagative disturbances which travel without decrement. It may be

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compared to a wave of combustion in a trail of gunpowder rather than sound in air or wave disturbances in water. Sound and water waves die out; they become fainter and smaller the farther they travel, and the distance they do travel is a function of their original intensity.

Not so with the nerve-impulse. It can be shown that if we study the effect on nerve-fibres of a series of stimuli, gradually increasing in strength, we find that only when the stimulus reaches a certain value will it stimulate. But the nerve-impulse which results is the maximum nerve-impulse we can get. Stronger stimuli will not result in the propagation of a larger disturbance or a more rapidly moving disturbance. This is the "All or none law." The nerve-fibre responds completely or not at all.

We should expect such a law if the propagation of the impulse were the result of "local action." Let us return to combustion in a trail of gunpowder. Suppose we touch a trail of gunpowder at one end with a series of wires, each wire a little hotter than the last wire, corresponding to our stronger and stronger stimulus of nerve. The gunpowder will not burn until touched with a wire which is quite hot (quite a strong stimulus), but once started burning the heat from one portion of gunpowder starts (stimulates) a second portion, and this starts a third, and so on all along the trail. A wave of combustion passes. Just so in the nerve: a local stimulus results in a disturbance which stimulates the next portion of the nerve, and this stimulates the next portion, and this stimulates a third portion, and so on along the nerve.

Fortunately we know more about the nerve-impulse than the mere fact that it proceeds without decrement. Galvani realized that electric currents would stimulate nerves. He also proved, later rediscovered for nerve by DuBois Reymond, that stimulated muscles gave rise to electric currents, "action" currents, small currents it is true, but easily detectable.

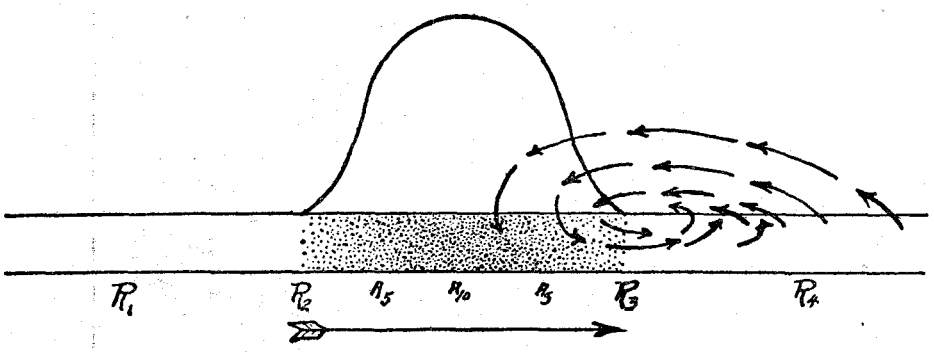

Fig. 4. Diagram of electric whorl (direction of current shown by short arrows) about a nerve-fibre, along which an impulse is moving in the direction of the long arrow. The stippled region (R_2–R_3) is the active region occupied by the nerve-impulse at any instant of time. At the next instant of time the electric whorl (action current) will have stimulated the next segment of nerve (R_4). Thus an impulse is propagated by local action. (After Lillie.)

One of the regular experiments of the physiological laboratory is to lay the nerve of a frog connected to its muscle over the exposed beating heart of the frog. Each time the heart-muscle beats, an "action" current appears which stimulates the nerve lying across the heart. This impulse is then carried to the muscle, which contracts. It is a remarkable sight to see the frog's muscle contracting in unison with the beating heart. This action current of heart-muscle can be used in diagnosing heart diseases, and, when recorded graphically, as is done in hospitals, is called the electrocardiogram.

An electric current will stimulate a nerve, and a nerve when stimulated gives rise to an electric current. Is there not some significant connection here? Why may it not be the action current which stimulates the portion of nerve next to

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that where it appears? This second action current would then stimulate the next segment of nerve, and so on, the propagation of a nerve-impulse being merely the propagation of a series of action currents, each preceding segment of nerve stimulating electrically the next succeeding segment of nerve. This local action theory of propagation is a self-regenerative process, and would proceed over any length of nerve without decrement.

There seems very little doubt but that this takes place in the nerve. Despite what I have said, we are not to think of nerve-impulses as identical with electric currents flowing in a wire. The distinction is this: by convention we say that current flows from positive to negative, and in a wire one end is positive and the other negative. It is not the case that one end of the nerve is positive and the other negative. There is no current flowing in a resting nerve, but if we stimulate a nerve, the part locally stimulated becomes negative to all other parts; then this negative region is propagated along the nerve. At any moment we have a *local* electric current in the form of a whorl about the impulse, as shown in Fig. 4. As the impulse passes, the negativity of this one region we are considering disappears. The region recovers its original condition, but the electric whorl is propagated as the nerve-impulse along succeeding segments of the nerve. We now see why two nerve-impulses moving together from opposite directions block each other. The currents in the two whorls flow in opposite directions so that one whorl compensates the other and no current remains to stimulate the next segment of nerve.

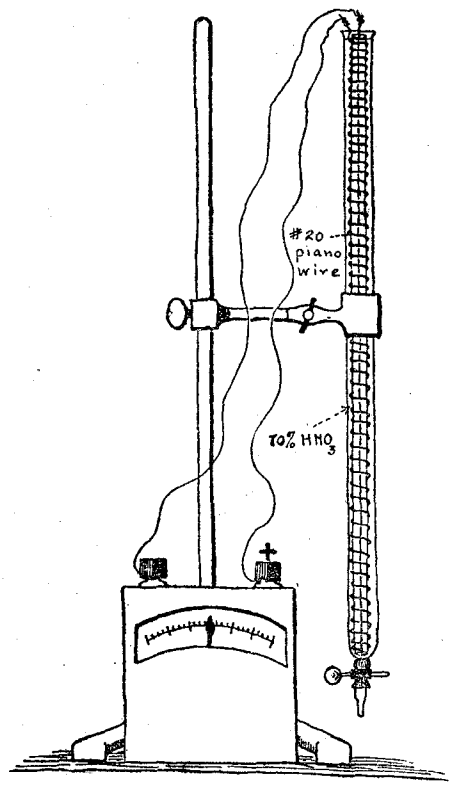

Fig. 5. An artificial nerve, made of a spiral of passive iron wire in nitric acid. Touching one end with a piece of active iron will cause a wave of activation to pass along the spiral, which may be seen to move with the eye because of a change in color of the iron, or may be detected by movement of the galvanometer needle. Such a wave of activation is strikingly analogous to the nerve-impulse. (After Spaeth.)

The "local action" theory of the nerve-impulse has been thoroughly developed by R. S. Lillie of the Nela Research Laboratories, Cleveland, who has pointed out an inorganic analogue to the transmission of the nerve-impulse which very closely parallels the findings of nerve physiology. The same propagation without decrement of an electrical disturbance may take place along an iron wire.

Iron and zinc are base metals, platinum and gold are noble metals. Practically, this means that the former will dissolve in acids or corrode, and the latter will not. Further, it means that the former are electronegative, relative to the latter, electropositive.

Curiously enough, under certain conditions iron may be both a base and a noble metal. Ordinarily, iron dissolves very easily in dilute acids, but if first immersed in strong nitric acid it not only does not dissolve in the strong acid but will also not afterward dissolve in dilute nitric acid. Such iron is called passive iron to distinguish it from ordinary or ac-

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tive iron. Passive iron is electropositive relative to active iron. It behaves just like a noble metal, and would be of tremendous value industrially if we could keep it passive. Such iron would not rust, any more than platinum will tarnish.

But this passive iron may be easily "stimulated" to become active, when it becomes electronegative, will rust, and will dissolve in acid. To "stimulate," it is only necessary to touch the passive iron with a base metal like zinc or active iron. Moreover, if we touch a passive iron-wire at one end with a base metal, we activate that end, and a wave of activation will pass along the whole wire.

It is this wave of activation which corresponds to the nerve-impulse. It is a wave of electronegativity just as is the nerve-impulse. Moreover, it is a self-propagative wave, due to the fact that an activated region becomes negative relatively to a passive region, thus generating a local electric current which flows through a new passive segment, making it active, the new active segment then activating a further portion, and so on along the wire. We might say that the wire transmits activity by the "action" current between active and passive regions, just as a nerve transmits activity by the action current between active and passive regions.

We may coil the wire in the form of a spiral, place it in a tube of seventy per cent nitric acid, and stimulate it at one end. A wave of activation will be seen to run along the spiral, since the iron begins to dissolve, giving off minute bubbles of gas, and likewise changes color. We see the gas and the color change. But even without visible evidences of the activation wave, a sensitive galvanometer connected to the wire would indicate each time the wave passed, as shown in Fig. 5. In this same way, by the use of a galvanometer, the nerve-impulse may be detected although it cannot be seen.

Indeed, in so many ways, that cannot be considered in detail, do nerve-impulses and waves of activation in passive iron agree that we are astonished by the similarity. Our knowledge of the mechanism of the process in iron lends strong if not conclusive evidence to our supposition regarding the process in nerves.

Where more than one impulse is sent down a nerve, it is found that succeeding impulses may be varied in intensity, sometimes increased and sometimes decreased. Structurally, the nervous system is only a line of nerve-fibres joined together, each with its cell at some point along the route. Normally, a nerve-cell sends out its impulses at a characteristic rate which varies from forty to one hundred per second. The rate may be changed at a junction between two nerve-fibres. It may be annihilated completely or it may be augmented or switched from one to another of several pathways. This junction, the synapse, the meeting-point of nerve-fibres, is as fundamental a link as the telephone exchange, to which it has been so often compared. Sounds do not pass over telephone-wires but only *series of currents*. Sounds never pass along the auditory nerve but only *series of impulses*. The nerve-impulse is the sole manifestation of nerve activity we know of, and physiologists are gradually coming to the conclusion that series of impulses may be the sole activity necessary for the explanation of co-ordination. Wireless has made us familiar with radio and audio frequencies. Perhaps we may add one more term and speak of neuro-frequencies. We may imagine a series of nerve-impulses one following another in rapid succession, whose frequency might be analyzed by a curve, the form of the curve determining the pathway which the particular train of impulses is to take.

If so, the study of behavior becomes somewhat simplified, and resolves itself into a minute and accurate study of nerve-impulses. Those who would know may turn to one of the simplest group of animals, the jelly-fish, and question its classic representative, *Cassiopea*, not so well known, perhaps, to ancient mythology as her daughter Andromeda, but surely destined to stand high in the annals of modern science.

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DRAWINGS BY W. FLETCHER WHITE

WITH POEMS BY

BERNICE L. KENYON

Life

MAIDEN, see here your unfulfilled to-morrows:
Brim them with care—said wily Death—and when
Each one runs over with unnumbered sorrows,
I shall return to bear it back again.
You need not fear my coming nor my going
Until the last is full to overflowing.

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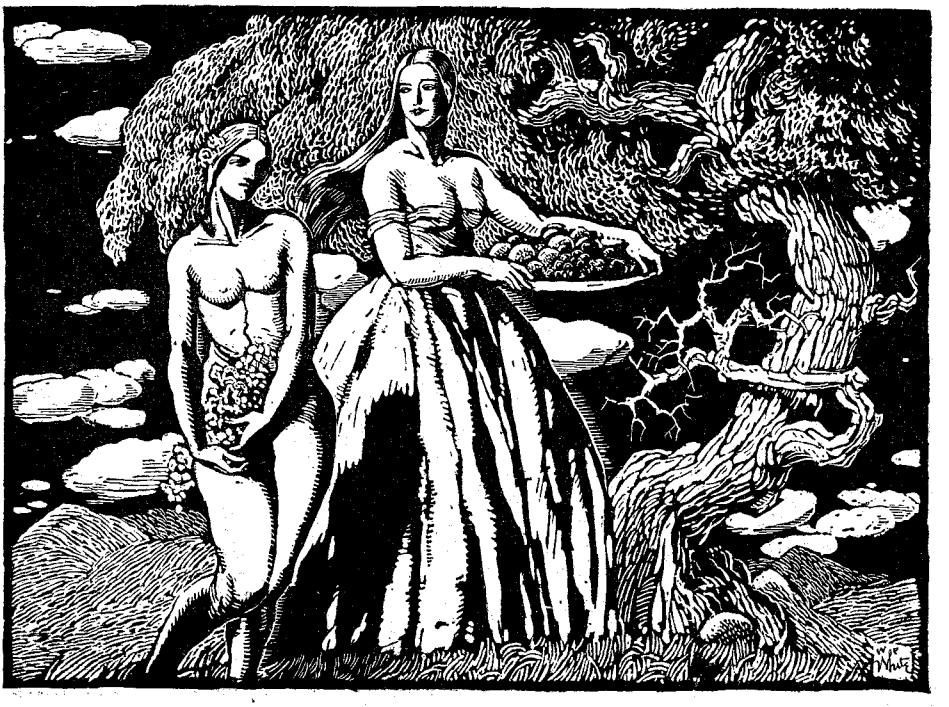

PILED TO YOUR HAND, YOUR FRUIT LIKE MINE WILL GLEAM

Autumn

I SAY to you, who droop beneath your yearning:
Autumn will make you radiant with pride;
All the spring wonder, the hot summer's burning,
Pass into gold, to gather at your side.
Piled to your hand, your fruit like mine will gleam,
So to fulfil in time your distant dream.

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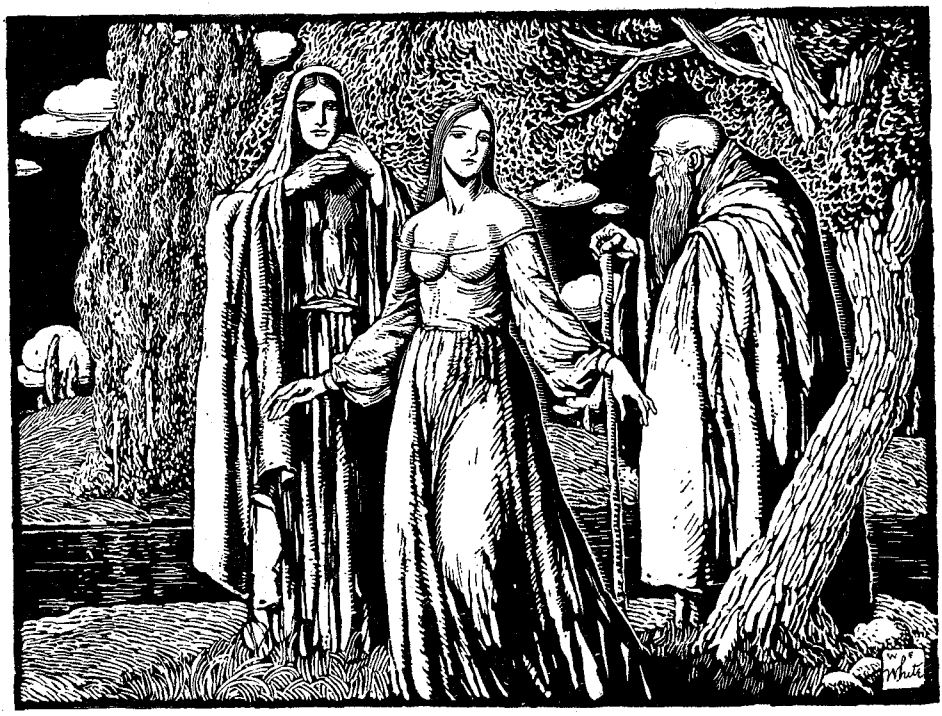

MOVING IN TRANCE ALONG ENCHANTED WAYS

Memory

HERE in a quiet hour there came to me
This stranger, whom I knew in other days—
She who was once myself, then listlessly
Moving in trance along enchanted ways.
Soon must this youth and beauty that I prized
Make its returning all unrecognized.

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"Let me alone," said H. R., refusing to get up.—Page 186.

Retrieval

BY CARL DREHER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. PETERS

IT was a typical autumn day on Cape Cod, with the wind carrying the chill odor of the sea and half the houses in Saquoit closed for the winter. The noon train—one of the two which come down from Boston every day—arrived, as usual, half an hour late. From the single combination baggage-car and passenger-coach Lottie Saunders stepped down.

Lottie, whose impulses were inexplicable and who had money enough to render explanations unnecessary, elected to bury herself in Saquoit that winter. She was then about thirty-two years old, and in looks and interest I believe she was at her zenith that year. She was one of the Barnwich Saunderses. Her father owned most of the land in that township. On her mother's side she was connected with one of the textile mill-owning families in Lawrence. Her mother's summer home had been in Saquoit; this was the house Lottie now came to occupy.

The mother died while Lottie was a baby. The girl had a wild streak in her. I don't know whether it was her variegated bringing up or something she inherited. If the latter, I don't know from whom she could have got it. Her ancestors, as far as known, were all selectmen, churchmen, and solid commercial people; on the female side, Christian matrons, renowned for their support of foreign missions. Perhaps, in Lottie's case, it was simply the absence of the mother.

At the age of seventeen Lottie was in-

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volved in a serious indiscretion with a personable youth of the neighborhood. My father, who had the practice in Saquoit before me, knew of it, and told me the story in professional confidence on some occasion when we discussed Lottie's temperament. He liked her exceedingly, and spoke of her on the day of his death. I was at that time just finishing my internship.

The incident when Lottie was seventeen blew over quickly. Only a few people ever knew of it. At that time she was living in Boston and coming down to Saquoit for the week-ends. She married when she was twenty, and divorced her husband in the West eight years later, taking back her maiden name. He was a shoe man from Brockton. I don't know what was the matter, probably he was too stupid for her, simply. Lottie travelled in Europe every summer until the war broke out, and we in Saquoit saw her but rarely. Then one year she came down, had a tennis-court built on the old place, fixed up the house in high style, and spent her summers there, enlivening the neighborhood. She skipped us one summer, and then came down in the fall, as I related in the first place.

Her father died in the same year that she left her husband. She had plenty of money. What did she do with herself? She was moderately literary, and read a good deal. She was a tennis player on the minor tournament level, and once got into the fourth round of the Massachusetts State championship through a default and two victories. She was handsome and spent much time and money on her clothes. She talked well, and could have people she wanted down from Boston and New York. She could swim, skate, and ride. She drove a car better than most men. To some extent she attended to the management of her estate, but the lawyers handled most of it. She did not care for business, politics, a career, or for getting her picture into the Sunday supplements. During the war she nursed soldiers on this side of the water. She did not go over, and never told any one, after the shells had stopped flying, that all along she had been dying for a job overseas. I was informed, however, that she made an efficient and sympathetic nurse, which was not surprising, for it was her nature to be intelligent, unruffled, and companionable.

With all this she managed to keep her days moving, though faster in summer than in winter. Why she came down to Saquoit that fall I have no idea. Perhaps for a sentimental reason, but she looked serene and her health was good; and if one wants seclusion one can get it in Miami or Fort Hamilton, and without freezing one's nose. However it was, Lottie picked Saquoit. A girl cousin stayed with her, and she had very few visitors. Her relatives, of whom there was a legion in those parts —the Saunders family settled in Barnwich in 1642—never encroached on her. She did enough for them, she once remarked flippantly, by keeping them in gossip, without adding her company.

Lottie was blond, of medium height, with an excellent figure of just the right fulness. She kept it at that point by exercising. Unlike most women who drive cars, she could also walk, and when she felt herself gaining weight she was not above going up along the railroad track to the open cut, where no one was likely to see her, and running a stiff half mile on the ties. "Eternal vigilance," she would say, "is the price of my lines," and she would always add, glancing down demurely, "but they are very good, as yet."

She skated in knickerbockers and jerseys, to let one see it was no idle boast. There was about her something provocative and untamed which attracted men as much, I think, as the beauty of her face and figure. Women, of course, often tried at great length to disparage her good looks and charm, but I do not know of any man who ever did. In the matter of kissing, and the corollary pursuits, I no longer have the enterprise of my youth, but if I did go roving again, I should not pass a girl like Lottie without a long second glance.

II

He was always called by his first two initials—H. R. Perhaps a month after Lottie came down—it was November and the cranberry bogs were turning a deep magenta—I met him coming out of the Inn, which stays open all winter. He was tall, dark, immaculately dressed, and

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very handsome—black hair and a clipped black mustache, and blue eyes. He had an air about him. We looked at each other and knew we had met before. Neither of us could remember where. And he looked different; only his face was the same. As I revolved this detail in my mind, the scene came back to me.

It was when I was in the army, and just before he got in. In a large white-tiled room filled with curious apparatus, he was one of a batch of sixteen boys up for examination for the aviation corps. When I first glanced at him he was lolling in a chair with nothing at all on, legs stretched out straight, and arms clasped in back of his head. He was tanned olive-brown where the bathing suit had not covered him. His legs were very hairy, his chest scarcely at all; he had a wonderful pair of shoulders. The surgeons' crayon marks, in black and red, outlined his heart and lungs, and numbers were scrawled all over his body. I noticed his arms, both well developed, but curiously slim at the wrist, with the right one appreciably heavier than the left. Then, sizing him up, I realized that I had seen him before, and I knew why his right arm was thicker than his left; it had been in Newport at a national tennis championship, in the fourth or fifth round. I'm a dub at the game myself, but, like many dubs, intensely interested, and I have seen a good many of the head-liners.

I recalled the examination-room scene to H. R., and we chatted for a few minutes about the army. He had shot down three Germans, worn two bars, and, unhurt himself, had come back and been in an automobile smash-up. He was down visiting Lottie Saunders, as I had surmised.

A few days later Lottie herself came over for tea. As sometimes happens, our relations are cordial, even intimate, although often years pass without our seeing each other or having any communication. Lottie does not like my wife. However, when she is in Saquoit she always drops in occasionally.

I remarked that I knew H. R. after a fashion. So she told me about him.

His father owned a parcel of fair-sized southwestern railroads. The family was Louisianian. H. R., Lottie thought, had a bit of Creole in him. He was educated for the law, but never took to it. His first school was one in Virginia, modelled on the English plan, very exclusive, of course. He never studied, and had to be snaked through by tutors at the end of each semester. Yet he was very intelligent. Ordinary things did not arouse his interest, that was all. It was the same later. Also, Lottie remarked, he had been a noted prep-school athlete. He went to college up North.

At the time I examined him he was twenty-six, Lottie estimated, and had just finished law school. He stuck through the course because of his father, but never entered an office or took the bar examinations. According to the reckoning, then, H. R. was just turning thirty at the time of the affair in Saquoit.

Following his discharge from the army in 1918, he went in again for tennis. That was how Lottie happened to meet him. That fall he drank considerably. He got his allowance each month, lived at his college club in New York, and drank at it and two or three others, had an affair with one of a pair of sisters, dancers, who were the rage at that time. The usual sort of thing, in short.

In the spring of 1920 he cut down sharply on the liquor and went into the tournaments. Before the war he had been Number 16 in the national ranking. That season he climbed to Number 7, and was talked of as the coming champion. He played the ball on the rise, and when in form was almost unbeatable. Of course on days when his timing was the least bit out he would go all to pieces, a characteristic of that method of play. But he kept in shape.

And H. R.'s service! Standing just behind the line, he would lean far back, his racket hanging loosely and almost touching the ground, his body forming a contortionist's bow. Just as it seemed that he must go over backward, the ball was thrown up by the left hand, and the racket, flung up in air, struck it a terrific upward glancing blow; at the same instant the body jerked forward like the release of a steel spring. With the energy of that violent effort propelling it, the ball shot over the net with almost the velocity of an artillery projectile, dived sharply as the spin took hold of it, and struck just inside the service box. For

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all its speed, before the ball had crossed the net H. R. had leaped with his first stride ten feet into court, and in a few more jumps was up to the net smothering the return.

Here, in the glare and heat, before the girls in their varicolored dresses against the dark-green background of the stands, and later, in the cool retreat of the clubhouse sitting-rooms and at the dances in the evening, H. R. was in his element. Often he was bored, but it gave him a directing line, steadied him; it entailed severe effort—work of a kind. It gave him a position to live up to. To a great extent it kept him away from the delectable compounds in tall glasses. So he had his place and hour.

Then the automobile smash-up, on a night ride down from Longwood. No one was killed, but one of the fellows had a broken leg, and H. R.'s right shoulder was dislocated. It was put back well enough, but the tendons had been stretched, and he was never able to serve with it again. This happened in September, right after he had been a semifinalist in the nationals. He made some half-hearted attempts to shift his service to the other arm; it was impossible, of course. As far as championship tennis was concerned, H. R. was through. The news was carried around in the sporting crowd at Southampton and Newport and New York, there was a deal of commiseration and back-slapping —"Tough luck, old man"—a few articles on the sporting pages, and H. R. was left sitting at his club window, a drink at his elbow, watching the people passing on the sunlit sidewalk.

He was twenty-nine and devastatingly bored. Now he was only a spectator. The things which men ordinarily strive for he had always had. He did not care for responsibility, and the clashes and wrangling of business or legal affairs failed to excite him. All that winter the only thing he did was to drive out to the eastern end of Long Island occasionally to shoot ducks.

His father came to New York. At his age he worked thirteen hours a day, he informed his son, and besides that served on a commission for revising the water-pollution laws of the State. H. R. did not like the tone of his father's exhortation, or feel the justice of the older man's arguments, for he replied that they were welcome to pollute all the waters in all the States, and that he would begin to worry when the supply of Chartreuse showed signs of depletion. This remark precipitated a quarrel and H. R.'s allowance was cut off. But he had some rights in a trust fund left him by an uncle, and, retaining counsel, he managed to tap that and get enough money to live on in the style to which he was accustomed. Having achieved this triumph, he lapsed again into quiescence.

III

I MET H. R. almost every day in my rounds about the village, and generally we would stop and talk awhile. He was very interesting—never having been tied down to any place or routine; he had been to so many corners of the earth, and passed through so many experiences. Yet there seemed to be no thrill in his memories. Telling of his life in the army, he would relate casually how a fellow cadet's "ship" crashed, how the "bone wagon" came and carried the dead man away, while the uninjured observer—H. R. himself—was immediately sent aloft as pilot of another plane before he could lose his nerve; these things were incidents to him.

He talked best when he was slightly drunk, I found. His manners always remained impeccable; there was never any failure in co-ordination. Then, if he kept on drinking, he would become silent—not disagreeable, but simply impassive. Generally he stopped short of this point.

He came down in a Fiat Eight the first time and stayed a week. Then he came again after New Year's. He appeared a third time during April, in an early spring. The aroma of the pines was beginning to fill the woods, and there were mild days when a peculiar tropical languor hung in the air, so that, closing one's eyes, one could imagine oneself far from New England, in some easy, lax country, where kisses were taken and given lightly, and there was no machinery, and people were lazy and happy. But the natives, practical people, simply took down their storm-doors, slid the motor-boats, which had been laid up for the winter, into the water again, and prepared for the in-

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flux of summer visitors. And Lottie had her tennis-court resurfaced, rolled, and marked.

One afternoon H. R. and Lottie wanted to play doubles, so they called me up. As I've said, I'm a dub, but my strokes are good; it's my reaction time that makes me a dub. There was nobody else to make up the foursome. The summer crowd was not yet down, and none of the natives play. We should have liked a girl for mixed doubles, but there was none to be had, so finally I thought of Lawrence Slaton, a young engineer who had been at the local power-station since February. I called him up and in time he appeared. He was about H. R.'s height, but slimmer and more sensitive-looking, and I should say about six years younger. He recognized H. R., from pictures, I suppose.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed to me. "What are you ringing me in on? I'm not the ultimate dregs—I played on my college team—but what have I done to be sent up against this fellow? Is there a workman's compensation law in this State?"

We laughed and went onto the court, Slaton and I standing against the girl and H. R. We volleyed awhile, H. R. sending most of his shots to Slaton to see what the boy could do. He made some pretty half-volleys, and as long as H. R. restrained his pace handled him quite competently. By and by H. R. began to lean on them, and then Slaton, when he was able to reach the ball at all, began to miss and become erratic. Superficially they looked alike, but as the pace increased H. R. was still at home and sure of his play, while Slaton broke up. We played a few sets, H. R. serving underhand and letting Lottie cover most of the court, but even so they beat us easily. H. R.'s shoulder disqualified him only overhead; on ground strokes he was deadly.

After the playing we went up to the house and had tea on the porch. H. R. and I sat smoking cigars; Slaton had one of Lottie's cigarettes. Occasionally she took it from his hand, giving it back after one inhalation. Later she started the phonograph and wanted to dance.

"Let me alone," said H. R., refusing to get up. Slaton and I did not dance.

"Come," she said to the engineer, "it's very easy."

She put her arm around him, dragged him to his feet, and started teaching him a simple step. She did the leading. He stumbled around with a strained expression on his face, and several times would have quit if Lottie had let him. But she was one to have her way. She merely smiled, and Slaton kept on trotting around the veranda. She danced close to him, occasionally looking brightly into his face, counting the steps aloud. I could see she went to his head.

The party broke up around five, I having my office hours at half past. Slaton and I walked on alone after leaving H. R. at the Inn. Slaton seemed a little dazed.

"A charming girl, that," he remarked, with a curious gulp.

"She is, indeed," I agreed. "All the clam diggers are crazy about her."

"What in the world is she doing down here?" Slaton asked.

"God knows," I replied. I told him a little about Lottie—that she was rich and had travelled, and so on, all rather obvious.

"Tell me," he said then; "how old would you say she is?"

I told him Lottie's age. His face changed somewhat.

"How is it she's not married?"

"She has been," I informed him.

"Oh!" He was taken by surprise, and could not conceal a surge of emotion. He struggled to look indifferent, but his expression was like that of a man who has just been told that he has an inoperable carcinoma, or something on that order. I added that Lottie had been divorced four years before. This appeared to relieve him somewhat, and he stopped talking about her, obviously forcing himself not to show too great an interest. But he was already so bound up in her that he could not think of another thing to say, and returned vague, abstracted answers to my remarks.

"Well," I thought, "our friend here is in love, and it looks like a galloping case."

IV

Curious, how in an instant a man's whole life is turned upside down. Here was Slaton, at noon that day heart-whole, reasonably contented like the rest of us, occupied with the problems of the power

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plant; at two in the afternoon invited to a tennis party for lack of anyone else to fill up a doubles match, and at five o'clock with all his thoughts and feelings seething around a pretty woman whom he had known for two hours, and who, in all likelihood, was not thinking of him at all.

Well, I have been there myself, of course, as who has not? I suppose Slaton dreamed of her all that night. Later, no matter what he was doing, I suppose her presence was with him subtly and intimately, and he saw always the curve of her chin and throat, the outline of the beautiful shoulders, and the expression of the lively, wilful, provocative face.

Slaton was an only child, I found out later. His mother kept a music store in a small town in Indiana—cheap violins, harmonicas, banjos, the latest jazz pieces for automatic pianos, and so on. His father died when Lawrence was a few years old. The boy was brought up strictly by his mother. He knew few girls, and none intimately. When it hit him, it hit the harder.

H. R. went back to the city in a few days, and Lottie amused herself with Slaton for a while. For the time being he interested her. He really was a find for Saquoit at that time of the year; he could talk books, and at tennis he was about Lottie's match. So he was a diversion for her. She knew, of course, that he was in love with her, but she did not take that very seriously. There was always a man in love with her.

The two were together a good deal. About a month after their first meeting my wife and I ran into them at a basketball game. My car was laid up, and of course Lottie offered to see us home. We piled in, Lottie and Slaton in the front seat of the coupé, my wife and I in the rear. Lottie drove. After a few minutes Slaton began to fidget and look sidelong at his companion. Finally he put his arms around her, the left one between her back and the seat, and the right around in front. Evidently he was not going to forego his usual indulgences just on our account. Lottie turned around to us for an instant, laughing apologetically.

"He's a terribly mushy child," she remarked to us. Then to him, in a businesslike manner, she said: "Get your arm a little higher, please." She wriggled for an instant, and settled back comfortably. The trees rushed past, the nearer ones white in the glare of the headlights, receding to gray at a distance from the road, with pitch-black spaces. Occasionally, when we came to a straight stretch of road, Lottie turned her face to Slaton for an instant, and he would kiss her lips. He watched her all the time, and whenever she turned toward him he was ready for her. She fed him kisses like this as one throws a well-behaved dog pieces of meat from the table, as he sits watching one eat. It did not affect her driving at all. Slaton was obviously in the seventh heaven of rapture. I don't think he knew my wife and I were there at all.

When we reached our home I said to Lottie:

"Now you can make a better job of it, with us out."

"Oh, no," she answered quickly; "I'm much less generous when we're alone, as a matter of fact. . . . Not that he isn't very discreet—" she added, looking at Slaton in a quizzical fashion. He gave her quite a hug at that, to show what a young devil he was. He was being educated, sure enough.

I wondered, though, when we were in the house, what all this would lead to. One did not easily forget the taste of that girl's lips, nor the contact of that soft fragrant body through a few layers of silk. Yet with that it would probably have to end. Lottie was practically inaccessible to Slaton. Her money, her whole temperament and setting, the eight years by which her age exceeded his . . . marriage was hardly to be thought of. A love-affair? I did not think that Slaton had the masculine ruthlessness to be able to persuade her to that, even if he thought along those lines. Lottie was naturally difficult, experienced, and mistress of herself; with all her charm, she was no longer so young that a man's feeling could carry her away by sheer intensity. If anyone captured her, it would be some lover on the order of H. R. For the life of me I could not see a clear way out for the boy.

My wife had none of these doubts. With the vicarious excitement of an older woman viewing a romantic situation, she had the two already married.

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V

OCCASIONALLY, when H. R. showed up, they would get another girl and make a party of four—couple up, as the phrase is. A marked friendship grew up between H. R. and the younger man. H. R. was amused by Slaton's absorption in the girl, and, knowing Lottie, he saw the hopelessness of this passion and felt the pathetic side of the situation—a man so enmeshed by a natural feeling, and longing like a child for the unattainable. H. R. was incapable of it; he was always himself—for years he had not been pricked out of himself by anything. He treated the engineer with a grave and kindly air, somewhat like an elder brother's, without any trace of the condescension of the unfeeling and worldly. If he could have helped Slaton to win Lottie, I am sure that he would have done it. But of course in this H. R. was as powerless as anyone.

It was curious what authority seemed always to emanate from this man. He spoke little, but by a word, a gesture, a slight change in the expression of his face, he could influence every one about him. As nearly as I could fathom it, he was able to look about him without that subtle self-seeking which determines an ordinary man's opinions, likes, and actions. This detachment seemed to give him a unique power. At some time, I thought, he must have had an intense, perhaps appalling experience, which destroyed his interest in common events and passions, leaving him, however, some such understanding and pity as a grown man feels in contemplating the quarrels and woes of children. But of this episode, if there was one, I never learned anything definite.

VI

THERE came the day when the affair between Lottie and Slaton began to break up, as it had to sooner or later. It was after a night when the mist rolled in from the sea, and white ghosts gathered about the village lights, while fog-horns moaned dismally along the coast. In the thick of it a six-thousand-ton freighter lost her bearings, deviated west by hard luck, and ran high up on Twin Peak Bar thirty miles north of Saquoit. The next day, as it was fair, and the vessel was reported close to the beach, Lottie drove up with my wife and me to see her, and Slaton came also.

We found the freighter two hundred feet out, with people of the town and coast-guards looking at her and discussing her chances. We talked to the guards, great broad-faced fellows in strange leather garments, inspected the little brass cannon which had shot a line out to the ship, and saw what else there was to be seen. Then we went off down the beach. Lottie, in knickerbockers and woollen stockings, a dark purple jersey, and a shawl over one shoulder, looked pretty enough to make a sultan give up his seraglio. When a sand-dune hid us from the group near the vessel she had an idea: she would take off her shoes and stockings and wade in the water. There was no stopping her.

She went in up to her knees, with the knickerbockers rolled up for the necessary margin of safety. The surf was not coming in hard. She would follow a wave out quite a distance, as the beach had only a moderate slope, and run in ahead of the next comber, screaming with joy. She had legs, needless to say, fit for the front row of the chorus. When she got tired she lay down on the sand, leaning on one arm, with her bosom rising and falling very prettily beneath the jersey, and Slaton dried her legs with two handkerchiefs, patting her ankles surreptitiously, and looking up into her face with a *je t'adore* expression. She was very nice to him, we laughed and talked, and altogether it was a happy party. I began to wonder if I was wrong, and if she would not marry him after all. Perhaps, I thought, she likes him better than I suspected. It is hard to put oneself in a woman's place in such a matter.

When we reached the car again it was getting dark. Lottie drove, and after a time Slaton put his arm around her, as usual. I noticed then that she drew away from him a little. He began tugging at her, now and then, as a child pulls at its mother's apron. But no kiss was forthcoming. Lottie kept her eyes on the road and would not turn her head.

He asked her something indistinguishable; probably, "What's the matter?" because she answered, "Nothing," in a curiously metallic voice, with the sound of a pencil tapped against the door of a

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locked vault. Presently Slaton let go of her, and they sat apart in silence. We dropped Slaton at his place. He said something to Lottie as he alighted, but the engine was running and I could not hear what it was. Lottie nodded, looking at him pleasantly and apathetically. He had not offended her in any way, it was only that the affair had progressed to this point, as up a hill; now Slaton had reached the divide, and was going down; he would continue to go down; it was all inevitable. It was neither his fault nor hers, nor any one's, but so it was. That is what I saw in Lottie's glance. If I only thought I saw it, nevertheless later it turned out to be correct. Slaton looked back at Lottie when he reached the porch, but she was leaning forward with her hand on the brake, and the car started. I waved to him, but he was not looking at me.

"It's bad for you," she told him. "You are getting used to me."

VII

Of what happened after this I have information mainly through Lottie. She was naturally unreserved, she knew me well, and I was the elder by ten years. Although I never blamed her in any way, it seems she felt the need to justify herself to me.

The next time she saw him, after he had kissed her once, she would have no more of it.

"It's bad for you," she told him. "You are getting used to me. Suppose I should go away: what would you do? I am trying not to hurt you. I'm afraid I have hurt you already. I don't want to make it worse."

He answered with some muffled remonstrance, and it was characteristic of him that he could not cope with her when she resisted him. He could not oppose her with any calmness or determination; it was she who had the situation in hand. I suppose he simply choked up. There must have been something of the baby in him, and under stress it came out.

As Lottie saw it, she was not his Penelope, and that was all there was to be said. She could not give what was not in her. Slaton still came to see her, but less frequently, and there was the feeling of strain between them now. The old light

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camaraderie was gone. Now and then, when he tried to kiss her, she would sit stiffly, turning her head away and closing her eyes, and say, "Please let me be, Lawrence," in a very distressed way; this always stopped him. He could not bear to hurt or pester her, and neither could he free himself from her; he did not know what to do.

She was quite willing to be friends with him, if things could be managed on a Platonic basis, but of course that proved impossible. Whenever they laughed about something, and the tension was relieved for an instant, inevitably Slaton would convince himself that it was all right now, that her mood had changed, and he would begin petting her and trying to get back the old relationship, until, for defense, she began to avoid unbending. In spite of herself a perceptible *noli me tangere* warning crept into her attitude toward him, he irritated her, and they both felt this, although she continued to do her best to be kind to him. This state of affairs lasted about a month before the hopelessness of it was driven home to Slaton, not by any single incident, but slowly and cumulatively. Finally, pumping up what pride he had left, he quit.

VIII

Looking at the sea from my home, I have often been reminded of the love-affair of my own youth, of the emotions which I then thought imperishable, and of how they faded with the years. At that distance—it is over a mile—one sees the surf as a row of slowly advancing, long, intensely white splotches against the dark blue of the sea, and its uproar comes to the ear as a scarcely modulated rustle. A man could not live in that water, foaming and heaving itself up onto the beach, and when one is near it, after a storm, the roar is like continuous thunder. But here it is just a sigh; the water seems scarcely to be moving, it seems that a child could wade in it. A few years—five, ten, and the love-affair of a young man becomes like that—a faint reverberation, a few shifting colors.

But Slaton seemed to go to pieces. He appeared like one walking in a nightmare. He lacked energy for the simplest things, went for days without shaving, even. His work at the station petered out. Brander, the engineer in charge, a great, red, hairy fellow, spoke to me about it.

"He has something on his mind, and does not work. He will take a letter or a blue-print, and sit with it before him, staring out of the window, for hours at a stretch; and if you watch him, you see his face change like an actor's."

"As a favor to me, Brander," I requested; "let him alone. Don't jump on him; give him rope for a few weeks."

"What is it, a gal?" asked Brander.

"What else could it be?"

"Well," remarked the engineer, grinning in a not unkindly way; "as a matter of fact I added two and two together some time ago, and since then I've kind of put him, informally, on the sick list."

"Mind you," he called after me; "Slaton's a fool."

"I don't dispute it," I retorted; "but he will get over it; we must give him time."

IX

Lottie did not see Slaton, as he avoided her, but I told her about him when she asked me. She seemed grieved. A few days later she came to see me, and said she thought that their still being in the same town made it worse for Lawrence, and that she was going away.

"Where to?" I asked.

"To Europe," she told me; "and I shall stay there for a few years. It appears that I am dangerous to the lives and health of the young men in my native land. In a few years I'll be old and harmless, here and everywhere. Does that suit you, Hippocrates?"

"I suppose it is the best we can do," I agreed. "You want to go, anyway, don't you?"

"No doubt I do," she murmured. "I always trim my sacrifices to the wind of my desires." But I saw that beneath her raillery she took the affair seriously, and was hurt more than a little.

Just before she left, Lottie contrived to meet Slaton, in the post-office, at the time of the incoming mail. His face changed, then he looked at her expressionlessly, nodded formally, and started to go out. Lottie, however, gave him her hand, asked how he was. He answered with a movement of his shoulders, and inquired: "And you?"

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"He has something on his mind, and does not work."—Page 190.

"I've been so-so," Lottie said. "I'd like to see you. Will you wait till I get my mail?"

They walked along the beach road. Before they had gone very far she told him she was going to Europe. He showed no emotion, simply asked when. She told him the name of the ship, the people with whom she was going, and her plans, so far as she had any. When they came to the cliff they sat down, with the fields behind them, and before them the sea.

They looked over the water at the outer shoal where the waves break. A bevy of small birds—several hundred of them—rose from the sand below. They flew in formation over the meadow, and all their wings beating together gave out a sigh clearly audible above the distant murmur of the surf. With one accord all glided on motionless outstretched wings, then, like a regiment with its music, began to fly again, the sound of their wings was once more heard, and died away quickly as they passed over the meadow.

"They know where they are going," Slaton said; "but that is more than I can say. Everything seems to have some aim, but I feel alone, hardly alive any more."

"Oh, we all feel like that sometimes," Lottie said, trying to comfort him with words. He walked home with her. As they were about to part, she had a characteristic idea.

"Tell me," she said, "why shouldn't you go to Europe, too? Alone, I mean, for your own experience, and to develop yourself. I know your value; you are wasted here. If you could get away, you might become a great scientist, or an artist, or something—something notable. And you would get me out of your system so much sooner." She was very eager. "Look—" she went on rapidly, "I have money; I could let you have five thousand dollars easily, or more, if you needed

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it, and you could go for a year, say. It would change everything for you. You can owe it to me, and pay it back if you ever get rich, if you won't let me give it to you. Let's do this, and we'll both feel much better." Tears came suddenly to her eyes and ran unheeded down her cheeks. "It will be terrible to leave you," she continued passionately; "knowing I have only done you harm and made you feel wretched. I have had other men in love with me, and I couldn't give them what they wanted; but there was something hard in them; they could take me or leave me; it didn't matter so much. But you are different. Say you'll go."

Slaton looked at her in astonishment. "Lottie," he said, "you're like a child, offering me candy instead of kisses." They quarrelled over it, but of course he would not go. They parted finally with a single kiss.

"Take care of yourself, and think of me sometimes."

Lottie saw me again before she left, and told me that she had said good-by to Slaton, and related something of what had occurred. He did not feel very pleasant, she said, and would I keep an eye on him? Of course, I said. We had tea, promised to write, and took leave of one another. The next day I stayed in bed till late, and, half asleep, heard the whistle blast of the 9.52 as it crossed two roads, then the rattle of the cars, coming nearer, and falling away rapidly as the train turned and passed behind a hill. In a few minutes there was a final distant blast, long and wavering, and I knew that the train was at Shelter Harbor, three miles east, and would not be heard again. So Lottie went again into the wide world.

X

A FEW days before Lottie left, H. R. made a final trip down to see her. He said he might follow, he wasn't sure; but that she should be in Cannes in September, if possible, and they might meet there. After Lottie's departure H. R. spent most of his time with Slaton. When he talked to me he showed a perfect understanding of the whole trouble. He knew well—better than any other man I have ever encountered in my practice—the intricate snarls and tangles of human relationship, the delicate balances, nuances, teeterings, veerings, the fine rapier play of glancing eyes and moving lips; above all, he understood how powerless headlong honesty and deep feeling are, by themselves, in moving a woman.

Three days after Lottie had left on her voyage H. R. visited me one afternoon.

"You know," he said, "I have an idea that fellow means to kill himself."

"No!" I exclaimed.

"Well," H. R. went on with his customary air of insouciance, "we were walking up around the northern line of the town, and we came to that outdoor transformer station at the crossroads. You know the place—the ground is wet, and there are three big black transformers in a row on a cement block, facing east, malevolent-looking things. They're alive, and a low growl comes out of them.

" 'What's this?' I asked Slaton.

" 'That transforms the thirty-three thousand eight hundred to twenty-two hundred for lighting service in the town,' he told me.

" 'Quite a voltage,' I remarked.

" 'It's the regular potential for a transmission of this length,' he said. He looked at the transformers, and suddenly I got suspicious. There was something in the way in which he looked. Then he said, pointing to the wires running to the tops of the black iron cases:

" 'The thirty-three thousand comes in there. If a man stood in the field here, with his feet in the water, he would have a dead ground on him. Then he could reach up with some conductor—a length of metal pipe, or a stiff copper wire, and touch those terminals, and go out in one grand flash.'

" 'What would he look like?' I asked.

" 'Oh, a heap of ashes. Nothing but bones and a smell like burned feathers would be left of him. It just carbonizes everything.'

"That was all that was said," H. R. finished. "I just have a hunch. He said it in a curious way."

"What can we do about it?" I asked. "He could work it in the power plant if he wanted to, couldn't he?"

"I suppose so," said H. R.; "but I imagine he will try that outdoor place, if any. I'll attempt to keep an eye on him. I suppose if he is seriously bent on anything like that he will get away with it.

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I feel like grabbing him and locking him up for a few months. But of course I may just be imagining things."

This was on the 26th of June.

XI

On the 29th H. R. and Slaton disappeared. They were last seen at six o'clock in the evening, when H. R. drove up to the Inn in his Fiat, checked out, and rolled away with Slaton in the front seat beside him. They went in the direction of Warwick, to the west. It developed that Slaton had been in the car with H. R. when it appeared before the Inn. Slaton stayed outside while H. R. went in, got his things, and paid his bill. The next morning Slaton did not appear at the power-station, and the old couple with whom he boarded said he had not been home all night. By evening the town was in considerable excitement. Attempts to trace the automobile failed.

The next day at noon, however, Brander was called up at the power plant on the long-distance telephone. It was H. R. talking from New York. He announced that Slaton would not return to the station. He would not say why, simply that he was all right, but that it had become necessary to get him out of town suddenly. Finally H. R. said that further news would have to come through me. Brander immediately rushed over to my office. While he was on the way, H. R. had his New York-Saquoit connection switched to my line. He asked me to have Slaton's things sent to his club—H. R.'s—in New York, to settle all bills, and to allay the racket if there was one. If I wanted to know more, I should have to wait until he could get up to see me, which would not be sooner than three weeks.

"Or, if you like," he added, "you can come down to see me to-morrow or the next day in New York, and I'll tell you all about it. I won't talk on the wire—I know these rural telephone lines. And I detest writing letters."

There are always half a dozen physicians in Saquoit during July and August. I got hold of one of them, arranged the handling of my cases for a few days, and took the 9.52 out the next morning. I admit that I was bursting with curiosity. I wired H. R. from Boston at one o'clock that afternoon, reached Grand Central at six in the evening, and took a taxi to H. R.'s club. While we ate, he told me the whole story.

XII

"Of course I don't go in for saving souls," he explained, "but I like the boy, and it seemed such a waste. I knew I couldn't stop him if he decided to put an end to himself at the plant, or drink cyanide, or anything like that, but I placed my money on the transformer station, and there I saw a way to checkmate him.

"On the road a few hundred yards on the town side of the place there's a house in the regulation Cape style—red brick foundation, white walls, green shutters. Old codger lives there with his wife. Smokes a clay pipe, upside down half the time. No doubt you know him."

"Captain Hallock," I suggested.

"Yes, Hallock. Any native over fifty is a captain, isn't he? Anyway, I went in to talk to this mariner. All these clam diggers mumble so, I can hardly make out what they are trying to say. But I transacted my business. Did he know Slaton by sight? He did. Good. I hired him to intercept Slaton if he came by alone any time during the next few days, as long as I contemplated staying up there. He was to complain about the electric light, and to keep him in talk at least five minutes. In the meantime the old boy's wife was to call me up at the Inn. I stuck there all day, fooling with the girls and reading. This was to stand me fifty dollars. I mailed the pilot his fifty to-day.

"All went as planned. I got the call at five o'clock on the 29th. By the time Slaton shook off the old bird and walked the rest of the way to his transformer station, I had shot up there by the back road, parked the car behind a sand-dune, and was lying in the bushes watching.

"He had a heavy cable tied in a coil. He started straightening it out to make a long rod. His face was pretty white, and he looked determined. I was about twenty feet away, so I couldn't let him get too far along. I stepped out while Slaton was still bending over the cable. At that he was almost too quick for me, for he whipped up the damn wire and might have killed us both, but I tackled him in time. We rolled over in the sand

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and I got the thing away from him. He didn't struggle very violently. I outweigh him considerably, you know.

"'Come on,' I said; 'this is not dignified. Let's get up.' And I let him go. I had the cable.

"'Give me your word to come with me quietly,' I told him, 'or I'll truss you up with this.'

"'Where do you want to take me?' he asked.

"'That you'll see,' I said. He went. We walked over to the car. I had to get him out of there. That was the thing to do—to change everything: scene, people, job—all in one swoop, and to plunge him into something new and interesting. Just as when we crashed at Kelly and the motor rolled over on Allison, and they sent me up again in a fresh ship before I had time to be afraid or sorry or anything. And I had a plan.

"I checked out and started driving to New York. I put my overcoat on Slaton, and he needed it; it got cold driving after dark. I had my foot on the gas all the way. At several points we made seventy on the straight road, and once, where I thought I knew the turn, I went off the road into a field, dodged between two trees, and got back onto the cement again.

"We didn't talk any to speak of. I just let the cold air hit his face, mile after mile. Around New London he fell asleep. We rolled into New York at 4 A. M. Three hundred-odd miles in ten hours is rather good for night travelling, eh?"

I nodded assent.

"I woke him up when we got here, quartered him in my rooms, and let him go to sleep again. He slept until eleven o'clock the next morning—that's yesterday. As it happened, it was a sunny day. That was a break in our favor, although I don't think it was really needed. We went out and bought some things—he had nothing along, you see. In the afternoon I mixed a few Martinis, and we drove through the park. It was then he started talking as if nothing had happened.

"In the evening we went to a musical show. Then to a supper club with two of the girls I know, one from that play and the other in another comedy. Slaton's looked a little like Lottie—just a suggestion. A charming youngster. Peggy is her name. She made love to Slaton a little. At first he was awkward and floundered, but soon he began to swim. He had learned considerable from Lottie, as a matter of fact, paying for it, to be sure. But by this stage Lottie, Saquoit, the transformer station, must all have begun to seem unreal and far away. He felt he had been an idiot. That finished the job. The last I saw of him he was going for a taxi ride with Peggy. He had two hundred dollars I had lent him. He spent only twelve dollars of it—all for taxi fare, I guess—enough miles to find that his arm around Peggy's waist felt almost as natural as around Lottie's.

"To-day he remarked that he must get a job. I know a vice-president of the Interborough. Called him up, said I had a good power-plant engineer for him, young, but with capacity. The vice-president called up one of the minor muck-a-mucks, and Slaton was over there this afternoon; they can place him in one of their waterside stations. So he took a room over on Seventh Avenue, nice, and not too expensive. Of course he wants to earn his living. The two hundred will keep him until he gets his first check on the 15th."

"And where is he now?" I asked.

"Having dinner with Peggy, I believe. She rather likes him. He's different from the usual run, she says. She knows that he has no money, so there's no fear that she'll try to marry him. She'll throw him over in a few weeks. But next time he'll be all right. Instead of trying to kill himself, he'll bellow at one of his dynamo-tenders, or get drunk. It's the first time gets under one's skin. After that one can weather it."

We sat smoking in silence. Outside there was the rising hum of the theatre crowds, sounding of horns, an occasional whistle, feet shuffling on the sidewalk, tinkling bursts of laughter, voices anxious, defiant, sad, merry, all mingled inextricably, blending, rising, dying, like the notes of a symphony. I looked across the table at H. R. He was nodding to a member of the club at the other end of the room. His face showed in profile, handsome, striking, bored. . . . For the time being he had already forgotten Slaton. The story was finished.

"Shall we go?" he asked, turning to me. "We'll be late for the show. Not that it matters——"

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Uncle Sam—Exporter of Plays

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

WHEN the erudite historian of French literature, Gustave Lanson, spent a winter in New York as exchange professor at Columbia University, in the first decade of this century, he chanced to read a high-school textbook on American literature; and when he next met the writer of this primer he said smilingly: "What seemed to me most significant in your book was a chapter I did not find in it—a chapter on the American drama." As it happened, the author of the school-book was a professor of dramatic literature; and he found himself regretfully explaining that he had not dealt with the drama, because there had been composed in the United States in the nineteenth century very few plays important enough to demand critical consideration. No one of the outstanding figures in American literature had been a playwright. There were poets and storytellers, essayists and historians and orators; but there had been no dramatists. And even in the comprehensive four-volume Cambridge "History of American Literature" there are only two chapters on the drama; and the writers of these two chapters had to make their bricks with a scant supply of straw.

It was not until we come toward the end of the nineteenth century and until we find Bronson Howard companioned by Clyde Fitch, William Gillette, and Augustus Thomas that the successful plays of native authorship are sufficiently solid in material and in structure to deserve careful criticism. In the mid years of the last century there were popular pieces, sometimes very popular indeed, which presented lively American characters, many of them so highly colored as to be on the verge of caricature and most of them framed in plots of flimsy artificiality, now sinking into the triviality of farce and then stiffening into the arbitrariness of melodrama. They may have had, and in fact not a few of them did have, a superficial veracity, but they had no roots in assured observation of American life and American conditions. "Mose" and "Kit," "Solon Shingle," the "Gilded Age" and the "Mighty Dollar" are not known even by name except to specialists in theatrical history. Only "Rip Van Winkle," as embodied by Jefferson, survives in the memory of elderly playgoers. There was truth in the sharp saying attributed to Dion Boucicault in the eighth decade of the nineteenth century: "All the Americans seem to recognize as dramatic is the caricature of character; and that is what the successful plays are—caricature of eccentric character set in a weak dramatic framework."

There is this to be said, however, that feeble as these pieces were in plotting and empty as they were of substance, they represented a movement in the right direction. They did attempt, however imperfectly, to deal with our life and to set before us our fellow citizens. They were pitifully inadequate, no doubt, and yet they had this one quality, that they were not colonial imitations of life as it was lived in some other country, in England, for instance. More than forty years ago I pointed out that if, as De Quincey says, "the acknowledged duty of comedy" is to "fathom the coynesses of human nature and to arrest the fleeting phenomena of human demeanor," then the writers of these crude pieces were wofully remiss, since they had neither fathomed coynesses nor arrested phenomena. And in those now distant days, I also quoted another remark of De Quincey's, that "comedy, as the reflex of the current social life, will shift in correspondence to the shifting movements of civilization," and that therefore "inevitably as human intercourse in cities grows more refined, comedy will grow more subtle; it will

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build itself on distinctions of character less grossly defined, and on features of manners more delicate and impalpable." If De Quincey was right, the shifting movement of our civilization is to be credited with a share in the comparative refinement of our more recent comedy and in its more delicate distinction of character.

It must needs be noted also that not only in the United States was there a penury of playwrights able to fathom the coynesses of human nature and to depict the impalpable features of manners; there was in the same period from 1828 to 1875 a poverty almost as pitiable in Great Britain and in Germany, in Italy and in Spain. In the mid years of the nineteenth century the drama was alive and vigorously vital only in France. And oddly enough the productivity of the French playwrights—their ingenuity, their inventiveness—was largely responsible for the dearth of indigenous drama in the other countries of Europe, because (as there was then no satisfactory international stage-right) the managers of theatres in England and Germany, in Spain and in Italy, could help themselves without payment to the plays which had pleased the fastidious playgoers of Paris. So it was that the native playwrights of other lands had to vend their wares in an unfair competition with stolen goods.

In Great Britain a large majority of the plays produced in the mid years of the nineteenth century were translations or adaptations from the French; and in the United States the situation was even sadder, since the few American playwrights had as rivals the unpaid British adapters as well as the French authors of the original plays. And worse remains behind, for that was an epoch of great actors and actresses, who naturally preferred to perform the great characters created by Shakspere and also the less lofty but still effective parts devised by the nineteenth-century imitators of Shakspere—Sheil, Banim, and Sheridan Knowles. Whenever we have acquainted ourselves with all the adverse circumstances of the American theatre, we find ourselves wondering not at the sparsity of American dramatists but at the existence of the few who were able to accomplish even the little they did manage to achieve.

II

If this was the unhappy situation in the middle of the nineteenth century, the situation at the beginning of that century was still more unfortunate. Most of the actors and actresses in American theatres a hundred years ago were British by birth; and naturally enough they were prone to regard with contempt the sporadic efforts at dramatic authorship ventured upon by aspiring American writers. They did not believe that anything worthy of their acting could be produced by a native of the United States; and when we recall even the best of these American attempts, we must admit that they had justification for their hostile attitude. Moreover, as many of them had come from London, they found it hard to accept the conditions of a community which still revealed many evidences of its frontier struggling. Some of these actors, no doubt, longed to return to the "right little, tight little island" and had little affection for the land of their adoption. A few of them may have been in the state of mind of a more recent visitor, a British actor who—so Mr. George Arliss has told us—happened to stumble as he was descending the gangplank of the steamer which had brought him over, and who, as he picked himself up, was heard to ejaculate: "I knew I shouldn't like this blasted country!"

In the "Personal Recollections of the Stage" of William B. Wood, long the manager of the leading theatre in Philadelphia, there is an anecdote which demands quotation here. At Wood's request Scott's "Marmion" had been dramatized by James N. Barker, a fellow Philadelphian; and it was produced in 1813—that is to say, in the middle of the War of 1812. Wood tells us that several earlier pieces of Barker's had failed solely because they were known to be the work of an American. Wood was confident that the dramatization of "Marmion" would prove attractive if only he could conceal from both the British actors and the American audiences the fact that it was the work of an American playwright:

"I knew the then prejudice against any native play and concocted with Cooper a very innocent fraud upon the public. We

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insinuated that the piece was a London one, had it sent to our theatre from New York, where it was made to arrive in the midst of a rehearsal, in the presence of the actors, packed up exactly like pieces we were in the habit of receiving from London. It was opened with great gravity, and announced without any author being alluded to. None of the company were in the secret, as I well knew these actors cannot keep counsel, not even the prompter. It was played with great success for six or seven nights, when, believing it safe, I announced the author, and from that moment it *ceased to attract*. This is not a very creditable story but a true one."

Wood added that Cooper produced the same play in New York a little later, "without a hint as to its author"; and here Wood's memory was at fault, for Cooper in New York went farther in deception than Wood had done in Philadelphia; he announced "Marmion" as by Thomas Morton (a British playwright once well known as the author of "Speed the Plough.") And a recent examination of Wood's own book of nightly receipts has shown that there was in fact no great falling off after Barker's authorship was acknowledged.

This was in 1813; and in the following half-century the proportion of native actors kept on increasing. Quite possibly also the prejudice of the imported performers against plays of domestic manufacture sensibly diminished. Yet it is only fifty years ago that Lester Wallack, who was British to the backbone (although he had been born in New York), could not make up his mind to produce "Drum-Taps," a Civil War play of Bronson Howard's. This alien manager of the leading New York theatre might be willing to overlook the American authorship but he would not accept the American theme. "Couldn't you make it the Crimea?" he asked plaintively. It is to Howard's honor that he refused this suggestion, although it must have had its allurement for an ambitious and untried playwright; and it was to Howard's profit also, since he was able so to improve this 'prentice work that under the title of "Shenandoah" it had a memorable success.

Perhaps Lester Wallack knew what his public wanted; it was accustomed to expect in his theatre the pick of the plays which had been profitable in London. Perhaps even in 1870 the playgoers of the chief city of the United States had no great confidence in the aspiring playwrights of their own country. I recall having seen in a comic paper of those distant days a sketch, representing a dramatic critic finishing his dinner and ordering his cup of coffee. "And please make it strong. I'm going to see an American comedy this evening, and I must keep awake if I can!"

If we may judge by the rhymed prologue which Epes Sargent wrote for Anna Cora Mowatt's "Fashion" when that clever comedy was produced in 1845, the American public was then devoid of any predilection for American plays:

> "'Fashion, A comedy.' I'll go—but stay,
> Now I read further, 'tis a native play!
> Bah! Home-made calicoes are well enough,
> But home-made dramas must be stupid stuff.
> Had it the London stamp 'twould do—but then
> For plays we lack the manners and the men."

III

Once more we have to confess that most of our home-made dramas were stupid stuff. But there was one native American playwright who won a modest reputation in England more than a century ago, John Howard Payne. His position, however, is peculiar. He was an American who went to England and resided there and made adaptations of French pieces for the British managers. His plays were scarcely ever original; they were not written in the United States and then exported to Great Britain; they were prepared for the London market on the spot. None the less, it is to be recorded that Payne was the first American dramatist to have a play performed in Paris. He compiled a tragedy for Edmund Kean, borrowing freely from the many predecessors who had dealt with the same historic character; and when the English tragedian went over to Paris in 1828 to act with an English company, he appeared at least once in Payne's "Brutus."

There were other native American playwrights whose pieces withstood the

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voyage across "the salt, unplumbed estranging sea" in the years when Payne was finding it hard to earn his living as a theatrical hack in England. Geneste, the historian of the London stage, records that the "Pocahontas" of James N. Barker (the dramatizer of "Marmion") was acted at Drury Lane in 1820. This seems to have been done without the privity of the author, who had published his play. Apparently the piece did not prove attractive to the British playgoers; yet it is noteworthy as being the earliest play on an American theme by an American writer to be produced outside the United States.

In the next half-century there were sporadic appearances of American plays in London, for the most part the result of the transatlantic tours of American stars, male and female. We began early to export actors to England in a vain effort to recover the balance of trade. The first of these voyagers was Cooper, who was British by birth but who was accepted in England as American—just as Ada Rehan and Julia Marlowe were later to be acclaimed there as Americans. Cooper was followed by Hackett and by J. S. Silsbee, by Edwin Forrest and Charlotte Cushman, by Anna Cora Mowatt, Edwin Booth, and Lawrence Barrett. Professor A. H. Quinn, who is now engaged on a history of the American drama, has kindly supplied me with the titles of the American plays taken over the ocean by one or another of these histrionic adventurers. Silsbee acted in the "Forest Rose" of Samuel Woodworth (still remembered as the lyrist of the "Old Oaken Bucket") for a hundred nights in London, a remarkable run a century ago. In London in 1836 Forrest acted in the "Gladiator" of Robert Montgomery Bird (still remembered as the writer of "Nick of the Woods," that best of dime novels). In 1850 Mrs. Mowatt acted in her own "Armand, or the Child of the People," the subtitle being altered to the "Peer and the Peasant" in deference to British susceptibility.

To these performances by American actors who brought their plays with them, it is possible to add a few other performances of American pieces by British actors. "Velasco," by Epes Sargent, was produced at the Marylebone Theatre in 1849 by E. L. Davenport (who had not yet come to the United States, where he was to make his home). "Calaynos," by George H. Boker, was produced by Samuel Phelps at the Sadlers Wells Theatre in 1849, without consultation with the author, who had parted with his control over the play by publishing it. Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion" was acted by E. L. Davenport at the Olympic in 1850. And Boker's "Betrothal" was played in London in 1853. This is a sorry showing for the first sixty years of the nineteenth century. The exporting of American plays remained infrequent and infelicitous; and all through this period American theatres were devoted mainly to British plays and to British adaptations.

In fact, the earliest American playwright to establish himself in the favor of London audiences was Bronson Howard. His brisk and bustling five-act farce "Saratoga," produced in New York in 1869, was anglicized by Frank Marshall, condensed into three acts, renamed "Brighton," and acted in London in 1874 by Charles Wyndham. A later farce, "Hurricanes," was first seen in New York in 1878; and as "Truth" it was performed by Wyndham in London in 1879. And his "Banker's Daughter" (New York, 1878) was anglicized by James Alberry (London, 1879). There is a certain significance in the fact that these three American plays had to have their action transferred to England; at least it seems to show that the British playgoer was then less cosmopolitan than the American playgoer, who did not demand that an alien drama should be Americanized.

In more recent years William Gillette's "Held by the Enemy" and "Secret Service" were allowed to retain their American atmosphere. So were the "Alabama," "Arizona," and "Earl of Pawtucket" of Augustus Thomas. So were half a dozen of the plays of Clyde Fitch. Apparently the insularity of the British has diminished as their familiarity with the works of alien authors has increased; and most of the French plays which are now to be seen on the London stage are allowed to remain French and no longer compelled to disguise themselves as English. So far as I could learn from a dis-

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tance of three thousand miles no one of the ten or a dozen plays of American authorship which were acted in London in 1920 was forced to suffer a sea change and to pretend to be what it was not. Quite possibly the British playgoer is acquiring a taste for the flavor of exotic drama and is getting to like our plays because they are American and not in spite of it. Yet I have seen of late more than one insular protest against the "American invasion" of the English theatres. Thus does time bring its revenges.

It is worthy of remark that the willingness of British audiences to be amused by pieces of American authorship became so obvious toward the end of the nineteenth century that the late Charles Frohman relaxed his energy as a producer of untried plays, to settle down as an importer and exporter of the drama. He found his profit in bringing to New York pieces which had been prosperous in London and in taking over to London pieces which had proved their attractiveness in New York. Thus it was at last that the trade-winds of the drama blew alternately from west to east and from east to west, instead of blowing continuously from east to west as they had been wont to do half a century earlier.

IV

While the playwrights of the United States were thus making themselves known to our kin across the sea, they found it far less easy to get a foothold on the continent, where a community of speech and of literary tradition did not assist them. I have already noted that Payne's "Brutus," written for a British actor, was performed at least once in Paris nearly a century ago when an English-speaking company was appearing in the French capital; and I must now note that another American, Marion Crawford, wrote his "Francesca da Rimini" in French for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt—a tragedy which, oddly enough, has not yet been translated into English. In composing his play in a foreign tongue, Crawford was repeating the feat of Oscar Wilde, whose "Salomé" was originally written in French.

The Parisian playwrights had earlier levied on American novelists. Scribe based one of his pieces on the "Lionel Lincoln" of Fenimore Cooper; Ferdinand Dugué had dramatized "Leatherstocking"; and Dennery had prepared an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of his own. Later Meilhac had utilized Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" in the libretto of a light opera. In time "Bas de Cuir," and the "Case de l'Oncle Tom," and "Rip, Légende Americaine" were followed by "Le Petit Lord," a version of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and by "La Belle de New York." Not to be omitted are the French adaptations of "Secret Service" and of "Baby Mine." And there are doubtless a few other dramas of American origin which have been presented to Parisian playgoers in the opening years of this century.

With the stage in Germany and in Italy I am not so familiar as I am with that in France; and one or more of these French adaptations of American plays may have been found useful by German or Italian companies. The Germans and the Italians were in the habit of taking over French plays; and it would be easy for them to enlarge their repertories by including pieces originally written in English, whether British or American would matter little. I understand that the comedies of Mr. George Bernard Shaw are solidly established in Germany; and I recall that on my last visit to Italy I beheld posters announcing "La Zia de Carlo"—"Charley's Aunt."

So far as I know the earliest American play to be performed in Berlin was a German version of the British alteration of Bronson Howard's "Saratoga"; it was entitled "Seine Erste und Einzige Liebe," and its chief part was acted in German by Charles Wyndham. And the latest American play to draw crowded houses in Berlin is "Potash and Perlmutter." In Italy the earliest American playwright to win favor was Clyde Fitch. I recall his telling me that the finest performance of his "Truth" that he had ever witnessed was in Rome. "Truth," I may remark, bid fair to achieve the cosmopolitan popularity of Ibsen's "Doll's House," of Sudermann's "Magda," and of Pinero's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray"—because, like these dissimilar social dramas, it contained a dominating character alluring to ambitious actresses of every nationality.

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The reasons why American plays are now exported widely are not far to seek. In the first place there is to-day a substantial uniformity in the playhouses of the civilized world. The formulas of playmaking devised in Paris about the middle of the nineteenth century are to-day common property. A drama in English differs from a drama in Italian or in German only in its content, and not at all in its procedure. Therefore any modern play is portable, transportable, exportable, and importable. A Hungarian drama (however much its moral may be betrayed by translation) demands no modification of its method; it finds itself instantly at home in England and in Italy, in Scandinavia and in France; it may amuse alien audiences or it may annoy them; but they have not to adjust themselves to a different technique.

That is one reason; and another can be found in a change of heart on the part of the French. They are no longer satisfied with the well-made play such as Scribe and Sardou were skilful in manufacturing—the piece which depended almost altogether on its purely theatrical effectiveness. They are now charging their dramas with a deeper meaning; their leading playwrights are probing more subtly into human nature; they are dealing more directly with life and character, with social conditions and with social problems. As a result their plays, more intellectual but perhaps less emotional, are firmly rooted in the soil of France itself. By this fact therefore they are less likely to be attractive to foreigners unfamiliar with French society. A piece with a plot, with a succession of boldly emotional situations, is as effective in one tongue as in another; it has an almost universal appeal. But a study of social conditions peculiar to France is likely to prove uninteresting to those who do not know these conditions. This is why the masterpiece of French comedy in the seventeenth century, the "Misanthrope" of Molière, has never won a welcome outside of France; and the same fate has befallen the masterpieces of French comedy in the eighteenth century and in the nineteenth, the "Mariage de Figaro" of Beaumarchais and the "Gendre de M. Poirier" of Augier and Sandeau.

I make bold to believe that in the United States to-day at the close of this first quarter of this twentieth century there can be seen an ingenuity in plot-making and a fertility in devising situations recalling that which was to be observed in France in the days of Scribe and Dennery and Sardou and in Spain in the days of Lope de Vega and Calderon, two periods of dramaturgic dexterity and of abundant productivity. The American faculty of invention, which has filled the world with Yankee contrivances, seems to have been directed suddenly to the construction of plays. I am aware that to say this is to lay myself open to the retort that our plays are as machine-made as our Yankee contrivances, and even that we are engaged in quantity production rather than quality production. If thus cornered I should have to confess that there may be more than a little truth in the charge; but I should proffer as my rejoinder the statement that not a few of the American plays of this century are as interesting in the library as they are in the theatre. Then I should urge that just now we are perhaps too close to the forest to see the trees. Furthermore, I should point out that a luxuriant undergrowth may contain the potency of a tree or two of exceptional stature. And finally, as one who loves the theatre for its own sake, I should insist that a play effective on the stage is always welcome, even if it fails to win our affection in the study.

At least our stage is not dependent on the foreign playwright. The fact is (and facts are inexorable) that of the hundred farces and comedies and dramas of one kind or another which were produced in the playhouses of New York in a recent season seventy had been written on this side of the Atlantic and only thirty had been provided for us by European dramatists. Fifty years ago I doubt if one-fifth of the pieces acted in New York were to be credited to native authors. To-day two-thirds are of our own manufacture. If we look on this picture and on this, we may well take heart of hope.

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On to Bhamo

BY W. LEE DICKSON

Illustrations (Frontispiece) by Harry Burne

THE *Chindwin*, with lazy paddles, lazily pushed her ancient bulk up the more ancient Irrawaddy River. It was her *n*th trip from Rangoon to Mandalay and Bhamo, and patient return. No one knew how many times she had made it. It would have been a futile thing to ask—even of her captain, and he knew more about her and the Irrawaddy than any five men in Burma.

Small ripples fell away from her heavy bow, settling to ruffled silver thirty feet from her sides. The paddle-wheels chunked monotonously, leaving lazy eddies behind. But for this ancient and respected traveller on her muddy surface, the Irrawaddy was deserted, very still, and her shores were barren to their horizons.

Aft, beneath a darned and dirty canopy, squatted some sixty Burmese and mongrel members of nameless Indo-Chinese races. Coolies, with silk skirts, nude above their waists. Coarse, abundant black hair fell on their powerful shoulders. Each had allotted himself a square of deck space and outlined it plainly in chalk, according to custom. Each such space was the sacred, inviolable property of the one who had chalked it off and knew it for his kingdom. Most of them smoked opium silently. Some chattered in strange, indigenous tongues, then smiled and lapsed into silence. Thus they sat—as though waiting, with infinite patience, the passing of eternity.

Forward, and separated from the coolies' quarters by large wooden barriers midway on either side of the boat, were the first-class passengers. What would pass for luxury on the Irrawaddy was theirs. In all, there were eight of them: two Germans, "seeing the East," and bored with the *Chindwin*, the Irrawaddy, the stops at Burmese villages and with each other; a middle-aged English couple, calm, travelled, polite; a Chinese merchant, smiling and quite inarticulate; a wealthy American, Philip Brandon, enthusiastic, enjoying it all immensely and photographing everything possible. The seventh was his daughter, Elaine. The eighth was Morgan Kingsley, putteed, silent, feverish.

Kingsley stood near the rail, feet apart, hands deep in the slanted pockets of his khaki breeches. His shirt was open at the throat, which had a drawn look. His face was pale, his eyes tired and weakly blue. His fine head was held erect. There was unconscious poise in every line of him. A gentleman; a distracted one, and not well.

Peering steadily toward the burnt, uneven horizon, it seemed that he watched some strange event unfold itself there. Once or twice he twitched involuntarily, but stood motionless and staring, conscious of nothing about him. His revery was broken by the girl at his side.

"How's the fever to-day?" she asked simply.

He turned his head only, but smiled; and a flicker of the smile lit his eyes a moment.

"About the same, I guess. Had a rotten go of it this morning. Still feel pretty shaky. Oh, well—" He laughed softly. "It has its compensations."

"How?" she asked.

"It brings you to me, asking how I feel. It's led to our knowing each other—a bit. That might not have happened if I'd been myself."

He looked away again. She studied the strong refinement of chin and mouth and nose in profile. She had known this man two days: since leaving Rangoon. Excepting her father, he was the only one to whom she had spoken. She had liked him from the first. Now, which is quite another thing, she felt tenderly sorry for

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him. He seemed to need some one incurious and understanding.

She was going to Mandalay, reached in another day, and making the conventional return at once. He was going on to Bhamo. She had heard of Bhamo: three hundred miles above Mandalay, and the last troop station on the Irrawaddy. Much of it swamped during the long rainy season, malarious; the end of the world, people had told her. The next day, then, they would part.

She studied him. There was in his eyes that fixed look she knew she would always associate with him. To-morrow they would part. To-morrow. Within her welled a great desire to put her hands on this sick man's shoulders, turn him toward her and ask him many questions. It was his reserve that discouraged her and she sighed. He turned toward her. She was conscious of his gaze and unaffected. Neither spoke while he contemplated the soft, brown hair that tumbled over ears and forehead, the delicate features, the honest, youthful eyes, the firm, red mouth. The paddles chunked on and on and the tired day was fading. She spoke, a bit wistfully:

"You haven't told me yet why you must go to Bhamo. I know you don't like my asking you again, but you *do* belong in a hospital or out of this country entirely."

He answered her as he had a dozen times before. "I've said I can't tell you—but thanks." Then he added: "It doesn't matter anyway."

"But it does!" she persisted. "Why—why must you go?"

He smiled so wearily that her heart sank. "Can't tell you—but thanks." That was all.

The woman of her was about to start on an indirect route to this secret, but a stir on the boat drew their attention. Some of the coolies, aft, were rising and pointing ahead and shoreward, and jabbering. The paddles chunked more slowly. Kingsley peered ahead with shaded eyes and observed: "It's Magwe: another hell-hole. On the opposite bank is Minbu. Minbu's larger. You'll stop there on the way back." He paused. Then, to himself, it seemed: "On the way ba—" and stopped.

Ah! With quick instinct she had learned his secret. She had seen the haunted look that visited his face in that brief instant. He was not coming back—ever. His was a one-way journey to something dreadful and final. She would return. The others would return. He would never return. That was what he couldn't tell her.

"Tell me!" she said, oblivious to the activity around them, "why—why can't *you* come back, too? You needn't be afraid to tell me."

He knew he had betrayed himself in that moment. His jaws tightened. He drew a long and very weary breath and ran the back of his hand over his forehead.

"I mustn't," he said. "Not now. I'm tired. This evening, maybe."

Mr. Brandon was at their side with the ever-present camera. A request for a new film brought Elaine back from places far and strange and sad. From a beaded bag she supplied the film, and Mr. Brandon hurried to the extreme bow and resumed his untiring photography on the huts and ugliness that comprised Magwe.

Coolie boatmen jumped over the side with a rope and splashed through shallow water to the shore. There they secured the *Chindwin* to a great stake. The weary paddles grunted backward a few turns and came to welcome rest, coincident with a hoarse croak from the old whistle. Some of the coolie passengers disembarked. Others remained squatting, indifferent to the whole proceeding.

The first-class passengers stood at the rail, as usual at villages, observing the business of loading and unloading. Kingsley and Elaine watched, their hands on the rail. Food, furniture, machinery were trucked down the sagging gangplank of the *Chindwin*—things that Magwe needed of the world. In return, the ship received barrels of oil, crates of wooden bowls of native manufacture—things that Magwe sent the world.

Elaine observed with increasing interest that grew to fascination. A picture: the sun that sank below mysterious hills, back from the river; the busy coolies, glistening with sweat; the motionless coolies and their opium; the bearded, Burma-weary Englishman who mechani-

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cally checked off the freight as it groaned past him. She began to feel now what she had begged to see and feel: the spell of the East. She sensed its hopelessness, its ancient wisdom, age-old vice, and changeless futility. She sensed these things like strong odors in her nostrils. And she, as all who stand at such a place as Magwe and ponder, became intoxicated and unsteady. Desires, sudden and strong, to leave this country at once, for anywhere, conflicted with a rather terrifying longing to climb those near-by hills and see what lay beyond. One always wonders what lies beyond hills in the East.

Artlessly, she ran her hand along the rail until it stopped in contact with Kingsley's. Almost inaudibly she murmured: "It's hypnotic. I—I don't think I like it."

He was casual. "It's the East and you can always expect the worst of it. Tour it, Miss Brandon, but oh! never let it get you. Leave it. Don't stay long enough for it to get you."

"Has it 'got' you, as you say?" she asked, her hand still touching his.

"It has not!" he blurted. She looked at him, surprised. Then, as in slow realization of an unhappy truth, he added: "Yet, it has got me, hasn't it? God knows it's not my fault I'm going to Bhamo. It's the East that's doing for me." He moved his hand from hers and stroked his throat. When he spoke there was awful sadness in his voice. "I'm so tired; that's the East, too." Here he turned and looked at this girl with terrific longing. "Oh, my God!" he muttered. With ineffable weariness he turned and was gone.

It jolted her uncomfortably from abstraction to more wondering about him—irritating, unprofitable wondering. She realized that since first she saw him walk aboard at Rangoon, with gait and carriage of a hopeless man, she had wondered about him. What was he? Why, sick, feverish, weary, *must* he go on to Bhamo? Why, as she knew in her heart, did he feel he would never return? Inductively she knew his strength of body and mind, and thrilled to it. A lesser man would drop everything until the fever was gone. What terrific force, then, took him on, heedless, to Bhamo? She looked again at the picture of coolies, freight, checker, and idlers, and hot, low hills beyond. A great resentment arose within her. Awful place! Disgusting country! She wanted to revolutionize the whole scheme. Then came depressingly over her the knowledge of her impotence. It was the East: eternal, unchanging, cruel. She knew one man it was killing. She hated it. The scene before her blurred. But she wanted to cry. It would have helped, somehow. Then her father arrived and took her off to dinner, below.

He was not at dinner. The Germans were already eating outrageously and complaining about everything. No knowledge of their language was necessary to know this. The English couple bowed to her and continued discussing a change in the Cabinet. The Chinese merchant hastened to assist her into her chair and said something entirely Chinese. The empty chair was opposite her own. She marvelled that none, not even her father, commented on Kingsley's absence. Didn't they know? Why didn't they care, then?

She ate little. She excused herself briefly and went above. Her father said he would write home. She thought Kingsley might be on deck.

II

FEVER: malarial, intermittent, long in curing; many times fatal and often mercifully so.

When Kingsley reached his stateroom, he threw himself on the bunk. He had known another attack was imminent. He had felt the warning weakness, on deck. Chills started in his lower back and gradually extended to his whole body. He shook in every limb. He shook with intense cold, in a temperature of 98 degrees Fahrenheit. His teeth chattered and with blue nails in trembling white hands he reached for the only medicine: quinine. Thirty grains and he lay back. Soon would come the burning fever. He waited. He argued hazily that death would be far, far better. Ah, well! Bhamo would attend to that. Malarial, swamped, God-forsaken Bhamo. He swallowed ten more grains of quinine.

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Thus he lay and suffered, in quivering limb, burning brain and soul. He dumbly asked a heedless God: "Why, oh! Why?"

The long twilight was ending. The reflection of Magwe's kerosene lights shone on his porthole. He had been aroused from near sleep by excited voices from the deck above. Listlessly, he caught words now and then. Unheeding, till the voice of Mr. Brandon:

"My God, I didn't know she'd gone ashore! I was writing. What shall we do?"

Through a sick brain pierced the reason for the voices. He knew too well. She had gone ashore. She had gone to look beyond those hills, back of Magwe. She didn't know. She was twenty-four and Yankee.

Staggering, he was on deck, black rings beneath his eyes, horribly pale. The chill had started its transition to fever. The passengers were grouped in an excited ring, all talking at once. The Germans kept repeating: "Ach! Verrücktes Mädchen!" The Englishman was saying: "She shouldn't have, really!" Mr. Brandon greeted Kingsley with: "I say! Kingsley! my daughter—" but Kingsley interrupted him.

"Which direction?" he asked hoarsely.

None noticed his deplorable condition. The captain, greatly annoyed, pointed impatiently toward the hills.

"She disappeared to the left of that oil shaft. Damn it!" He was perspiringly furious.

"How long has she been gone?" in Kingsley's tense voice.

"About thirty minutes. Only a coolie saw her go. We were at dinner. I won't be responsible! By God! I won't! People ought to know—" but Kingsley was gone.

He stumbled down to his room again and took a .45 and ammunition from a kit. Blindly, he went above, over the side and ashore, deaf to the volley of questions fired after him.

Past sheds, flickering lamps and surprised natives, he stumbled toward the oil-shaft indicated by the captain. He reached it, breathing very hard, and passed on. The fever burned all of him. Weak, terribly weak, he pressed on, feeling the gun in his pocket. He was dripping with sweat and he tore convulsively at his shirt. There was no thought for himself; he was afraid and sobbing, for her. It was his fault; why hadn't he told her not to dare go ashore alone? Breath came with increasing pain. He was giddy. He stopped and called:

"Miss Brandon! Elaine!" Silence. "Oh, my God!" and he stumbled on.

Sharp, harrowing memories of Burma tragedies tortured him further. Tales he had heard; things he had seen. White women who had disappeared none knew how or where. Some who had come back. Luckier ones who never would. He knew that some of the coolies would kill for a shilling. And the hillmen! He would be to blame. He had not told her. He carried on, accusing himself with each agonizing step.

It was very dark; moonless and starless. On and on, calling and calling.

Outraged nature was piling up a terrible debt. The fever was consuming him. His head pounded with the beat of hammers. Sharp pains that made him groan aloud in the darkness gripped every limb. He was fighting to breathe now. It was an awful effort to force his voice through his throat:

"Miss Brandon!" he croaked. "For God's sake! Elaine!"

Eyes staring, ears strained, he stood and waited; an eternity while his heart and head pounded as though they must burst. His answer to the silence was a sob.

Once he tumbled and fell. In a dream he recalled the last time he had cried that way; at school. It seemed so far away now. Why did he think of things like that? Why was his skin so sore? Where the devil was he going?

The fever had won. He knew now only that he was somewhere dark, looking for something—or was it some one? He had his gun! Yes, he could fire it and bring people running. That would be funny. He laughed. God, what heat! He fired twice. The effort finished him; for he crumpled to the ground, the cool peace of sleep upon his soul. The deeper sleep of death was not far from him.

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III

THE unromantic truth of Elaine Brandon's rash visit ashore at Magwe is this: after looking for Kingsley on deck, and failing to find him, she had turned her attention to the village. Its ugliness was cloaked in increasing darkness and its lanterns would have beckoned to one less imaginative than she. So she had walked ashore and leisurely off in the direction the coolie had seen her take. Before going far, however, an almost naked and entirely dirty Burmese child had shown her, by gesticulating and jabbering, that it would be wise for her to turn about. Somewhat amused, she turned and followed the child back to the village. The child then made it plain that she wished Elaine to accompany her to a hut. Elaine, rashly again, went with her. The urchin's concern over her going to the hills was then quite evident: the invitation to the hut had been extended that she might exchange some very good English coins for some very bad Magwe trinkets. She was generous, however, and was bowed and salaamed when she departed.

Upon her arrival at the *Chindwin* she was amazed. Her father embraced her madly. He was quite beside himself. The Germans were explosively thankful; the English couple were sighing their sincere relief; and the Chinese merchant was fairly dancing with joy. The captain gave her a terrible look and went below for a drink. She regretted having caused so much excitement—and then asked for Kingsley. They all looked at each other, recalling anew his flight from the boat. Concern grew fresh among them. Her father spoke:

"Good Heavens! I'd forgotten him. He went to look for you. He went out past that oil-shaft somewhere. Say! I hope he's all right, eh?"

Kingsley! Sick Kingsley! Out there "somewhere"! He alone of them all had gone to find her. Overpowering gratitude to this strange, pale man was followed fast with great fear for him.

"Hasn't any one gone to bring him back—to help him? He's sick!"

With aggravating calmness they admitted they didn't know anything about that; but they "guessed he'd get back all right, knowing this country," etc.

With quick heat she decided that these, including her father, were the most stupid people she had ever known. The captain reappeared in time for her to rush up to him and exclaim:

"You must send some one out for Mr. Kingsley!"

The *Chindwin's* skipper was slower than his boat, which is saying much. He looked about him, contemplated the blackness that was the hills, and asked innocently: "Ain't he back yet?"

The captain fatly loathed excitement. He wanted to be in bed; and looked with perturbed longing toward his generous porthole. Then he yawned—a great, expansive yawn that showed how keen was his interest in the wanderings of Mr. Kingsley.

The girl's temper flared. Would she, too, stand about like these people—helpless, indifferent? To argue would be to waste time; and time just then was, perhaps, a man's life. And a man was risking it cheerfully because she, a stranger, might be in peril.

She turned suddenly, without a word, and, while they gulped with surprise, dashed off toward the oil-shaft. She was twenty-four and Yankee.

Once past the feeble glowing of Magwe's lanterns, the dark was like blindness. She was glad. They would not find her if they followed. She would find Kingsley by calling. He would hear her; and he would be happy that she had come for him. It was only a just debt, she argued, yet she thrilled to pay it, and swept on: light, unafraid, tingling.

Once she thought she heard a rasping cry that framed her name through the darkness: to the right and above her. Turning toward it, she was conscious of climbing and forced to walk. Often she stopped and listened. The silence was like nothing she had ever known. Her voice shattered it:

"Mr. Kingsley! Where are you?"

Oh, the thrill in that soft breast while she listened for the voice that could not reply! She was aware that much time was passing, and that she might be walking away from him. Gloriously lost and unafraid for herself, each minute brought

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increasing desire to meet Kingsley. Her hair tumbled about her shoulders and her skirt was torn. Ringing and clear, she called again and again: "Mr. Kingsley! I am here!" But the silence was a weight upon her shoulders.

Greater unselfishness than she had ever known came to the girl in that Burma night. Her heart beat steadily and strong; her nerves were excellent. Of course, she was tiring; but human life itself, measured against the background of this country and Kingsley's action, was insignificant. There are bigger emotions than self-preservation and they possessed her as she carried on, stopping and calling; waited and carried on again, for Kingsley, who, she knew, had carried on for her.

The gods of those hills are very real to the numberless souls who insignificantly dot them and pass on. Who can say they were not watching and judging? Surely, they rewarded.

Elaine had come upon something soft and breathing. Bending, she knew it was Kingsley. The passion that overwhelmed her at finding his prostrate body was more than reaction. She took the limp, sick face in her hands and kissed it hungrily. Who shall say that the gods were not pleased at this? Again they rewarded: a red glow in the sky was the moon of India, rising, it seemed, from nowhere; and in Kingsley's first waking moment it shone full upon her face, above him.

Neither spoke; but she smiled with a tenderness that men see not often in this world and cherish when they're dying.

He was very weak. The fever had gone and he was comfortable. Most of it he could remember, and deduced the rest. Oh, the peace of her hands that stroked his hair! Her face beside him—and the Burma moon!

He closed his eyes and murmured: "You shouldn't have come, you know."

"Sleep!" she whispered. "Sleep, old man!"

His gun she took from the ground and examined. It felt friendly; it was his. She would wait until morning.

The silence of that night was music; and in her heart was a great, strange song: lilting, poignant.

IV

With impatience, unaware that she was tired, Elaine took charge of things aboard the *Chindwin*. Kingsley was very sick. Another attack of fever had set in after they had carried him aboard and put Magwe behind them.

With fine efficiency she ordered people about: her father out of her way, to his camera-clicking. She was doctor, nurse, and czar in Kingsley's stateroom. She permitted the Chinese merchant to sit by his bunk and fan him: which that obedient gentleman did until his arms felt as though they must fall off. Elaine liked the Chinaman because he spoke no English. She allowed him to leave for his lunch. It is thought that, once outside the door, he shook his head and marvelled at the un-Oriental ways of certain Western women.

She was alone with her patient. He tossed restlessly and muttered. He said her name, as though dreaming of her, and she was happy. The *Chindwin's* paddles chunked a song now.

One listens to the mutterings of delirious people with uncomfortable fascination. Elaine, sitting by Kingsley's bunk, listened, watching his face closely, ready to anticipate his slightest need. She heard him say: "Bhamo! Must go on to Bhamo!"

She stroked his hair. It was pleasant to stroke his hair and it may have soothed him somehow. He spoke again:

"To Judith," he said; and, lest there might be some mistake: "To Judith—in Bhamo!"

Her hand left his head. She felt chilled. She sat motionless, however, and waited. He spoke again, unhappily:

"Judith needs me . . . promised her . . . swore I would . . . Bhamo. . . ."

Elaine turned and looked out the porthole at the sameness of Irrawaddy river bank. Here, then, was her romance: nursing a feverish man, in a smelly stateroom, while he yearned to go on to another woman. What a blessing, this fever! She might have made a fool of herself! She had never thought it might be a woman who drew him irresistibly to Bhamo, despite fever, despite everything. But he was a man, she reasoned

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From a drawing by Harry Burne.

Elaine had come upon something soft and breathing.—Page 206.

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bitterly. Yet, he seemed different . . . somehow. . . .

She didn't want to stroke his hair. She wouldn't! She stroked it tenderly and long.

The midday wore on to afternoon. Without moving, admitting no one to the room, she sat staring at Kingsley, asleep. Hours like that are very long.

He turned to her, conscious, open-eyed. "How long to Mandalay?" he asked. Romantic!

"A few hours," she replied.

"You're getting off, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"You must be tired, Elaine, dear."

"I am, a bit, Mr. Kingsley."

"Well, I'm staying on till Bhamo," wearily he said. "I wouldn't wish Bhamo on any one—but, gad! I hate to see you leave, and I've *got* to go on."

She replied: "The captain has a Hindoo waiting to take care of you; and you'll have a doctor at Mandalay. I don't think you'll need me."

He looked at her in amazement. "Need you? I'll always need you—after last night!"

Judith! Men!

V

MANDALAY. Exceptional bustle for the *Chindwin*. From the Germans: "Gott sei dank!" From the English couple, kindly inquiries for Mr. Kingsley. The Chinese merchant bowed nine times and escaped. Mr. Brandon used two whole rolls of film before the boat had come to a stop.

Elaine was again at Kingsley's side. "A doctor's coming right away," she told him. "I'm sure you'll feel better soon. I—take care of yourself, won't you? I—guess that's all."

She took his hand and, looking away, shook it feebly. He looked at her in bewilderment.

"Is that all?" incredulously.

"Is what 'all'?" she asked.

"You aren't leaving me like that! Not you! You can't!" But he was too weak to sit up.

She was at the door now. Human only, she had been hurt and would hurt in return. "You'll find Judith in Bhamo!"

"Elaine!" But she was gone.

All for the best, she argued. It would have been embarrassing. She'd no reason to think . . . but it hurt . . . it hurt terribly.

She stood on the dock at Mandalay, and watched the *Chindwin* paddle on; on toward Bhamo and Judith. She turned away from it with something of what we call hatred; turned so quickly that she spoiled a picture Mr. Brandon was taking of the *Chindwin's* retreating, ugly bulk.

A girl, Elaine had dreamed of the one romance. Spanish nights, perhaps; and songs to liquid guitars. Or Naples. Or India! she'd thought. Yet this trip through Burma was to be an ugly memory. And it had promised such beautiful things, out there back of Magwe, that night. That night! when he lay helpless and she had watched. Well——

These reflections were the cause of the abstracted, impatient humor of her which her father was at a loss to explain.

They went to the hotel. Uninteresting. Mandalay that she had dreamed of seeing! Everything uninteresting. She was very unhappy.

A restless evening with her father, who, being man, understood her not at all. She wanted one of her sex—one close to her—to talk to, but having none now repressed all she yearned to say: reviling things about men.

To bed, and the benison of sleep. She dreamed of a Judith, a beautiful Judith, *the* Judith, *his* Judith. It must be recorded as a nightmare.

Morning brought mad desire to leave Mandalay and India and memories far behind. She counted the hours till the boat for Rangoon. With her father she ate a light breakfast. He was in detestably good spirits. Would they *never* leave India!

After Mr. Brandon had snapped furiously at the hotel, the street (from both directions and both sides), and well-remunerated beggars, they went to the dock and awaited the return boat. Elaine solemnly resolved that these Mandalay negatives would never live to laugh at her out of Mr. Brandon's albums. The Rangoon boat grew from a white speck, up the winding Irrawaddy, to the doubtful white bulk similar to the *Chind-*

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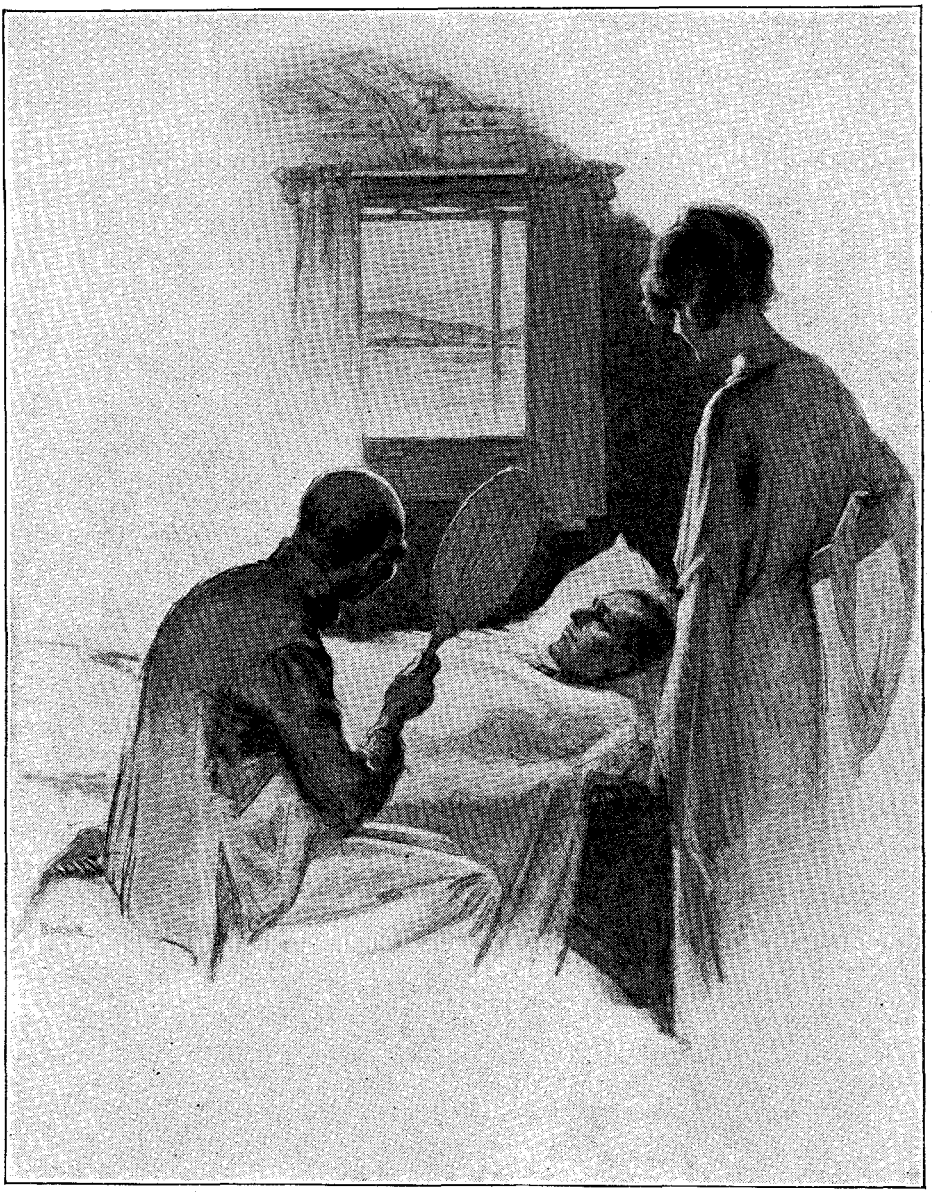

She permitted the Chinese merchant to sit by his bunk and fan him.—Page 206.

win. It came on like a great, squatty duck, chunking and croaking, waddling its way to the shore, to take them on its broad back. It had come from Bhamo, she mused. It had passed the *Chindwin*. He had looked at it, just as she was doing. What part of it had he looked at longest? "Little fool!" she told herself.

Once aboard, the boat was distressingly like the *Chindwin;* too rich in reminiscences which would not have been so vivid in other surroundings. She almost thought it was the *Chindwin*. . . . But it felt terribly empty, lonely.

More coolies, in chalked-off squares, smoked opium silently, aft. There were few first-class passengers, and these considerately aloof.

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She spent the afternoon reading, but not intelligently. Her father had purchased a diary in Mandalay and was zealously remembering every train, each hotel and chance acquaintance since leaving New York. To see him labor at it, he might have been compiling a History of All Races. It was the happiest time in his life. She knew this and was glad; then wondered why she wasn't more enthusiastic about it.

She fell to puzzling about her father. He had loved her mother—deeply and long. Yet here he was, as completely forgetful of all save his camera, diary, and time-tables as though his wife had never existed. Blissfully happy without her! Strange! Were all men—? Would she, too, love and then age to that?

She marvelled that she, his child, understood him so perfectly while he knew her not at all. It is often so with a father and daughter. He was a dear person and she loved him. But now— Oh, well! she sighed, they were returning to London. She'd friends there: forgetfulness of Burma—and Kingsley.

Their stop that night was Minbu. They rested a half-mile south of the village proper, as the Alakan hills faded from view in the waning light. What had been his words? She remembered, as he stood near the rail, the distant look in his eyes, very tired: "On the opposite bank is Minbu. Minbu's larger. You'll stop there on the way back. On the way ba—." But he *would* come back. Judith *must* be a rather splendid sort, otherwise he couldn't—. Not he! Judith would bring him back, she reasoned. He'd tell Judith about Magwe. She'd be sceptical. She'd even smile, as women do. But she'd bring him back, past Minbu, and to where he'd grow strong again.

With these thoughts, she went below to dinner. Interest in Burma villages along the Irrawaddy was gone. She was not one to shrug, sigh, and resign herself to unhappy reviewal of the events of the past few days. Not that. There was intelligent, youthful revolt against the whole thing. If she analyzed her emotions, she was honest enough to admit that she loved Kingsley, that she had wanted to love Kingsley and that, more than all else in the world, she wanted Kingsley. But if things were going to break that way for her—well, she could hate Burma and Judith heartily and intelligently. No sighing. But she had no one to whom she could tell it all; and that's bad.

Interest in dinner consisted in seeing how quickly it could be finished.

"Good Lord, Elaine! We're not catching the next boat or anything!"

"All right, father."

What of Kingsley's fever? she mused. Surely the doctor at Mandalay and the Hindoo servant—these would bring him around. If they would just keep him cool and quiet. Would they see that he slept and was always comfortable? Of course, when he got to Bhamo, there was Judith. That was good. But should she have insisted on going that far with him? She could have stayed on the *Chindwin* and——

A clear, cool voice, somewhere at the table: "Yes, Kingsley. Judith Kingsley is correct."

A tall, gloriously blonde and regal creature had given her name to the captain, writing—then continued to nibble things daintily. If Elaine's heart stopped, it resumed with a pound that left her giddy. She pushed her plate aside and—she couldn't help it—stared, wide-eyed.

Calm, cool, aristocratic, blonde and beautiful Judith!

Judith, conscious of this scrutiny, concentrated on buttering a cracker, then nibbled it with aggravating slowness. Elaine studied the long, perfect fingers that handled things nicely. On the orthodox third of the left hand were a solitaire in platinum and a thin platinum band. Elaine arose with enthusiasm and went to her stateroom.

Just as she had pictured her! She'd have known her anywhere! It was the Judith she had dreamed of, that awful night in Mandalay.

Quickly there came the inevitable thought of Kingsley's arrival in Bhamo. Sick Kingsley, going on and on for love of one who nibbled crackers as though crackers were the business of life and calmly put miles and miles between her and Bhamo. Was the woman mad? She must know about Kingsley being sick.

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She didn't care—that was it. Not a placid, indifferent creature like that. And Kingsley had murmured: "Judith needs me!"

Elaine cared, and decided quickly. She left her room and went above, to Judith, on deck.

It was nearly dark and the lights of Minbu village were quivering gold on the surface of the river.

"Pardon me—is this Mrs. Kingsley?"

Judith turned with something near surprise—for Judith. "Why, yes! However did you know?"

"I heard you tell the captain. You may think it strange, my coming to you like this, but I—I know Mr. Kingsley."

"Yes?" with beautiful indifference.

"Yes. We—we came up on the same boat, from Rangoon."

"You don't mean Mr. Morgan Kingsley?"

"Yes."

Judith looked really amazed. She placed one perfect hand on Elaine's arm. "When?" she asked. "Not recently?"

"Day before yesterday, Mrs. Kingsley. I left at Mandalay. He went on to Bhamo. Surely, you knew that——"

"You must be mistaken!" incredulously. "Mr. Kingsley has fever. He's forbidden to leave Rangoon. I'm going there now, to join him. You are mistaken; now, aren't you?"

Something impish here made Elaine recall that her closest friend was blonde. She wondered how she had ever tolerated it.

Firmly: "I'm not mistaken, Mrs. Kingsley. He's on the Bhamo boat now. He's very sick—very."

Judith did not question any more, but stared across the river, her lips compressed. To herself: "Foolish boy! He would do a thing like that!"

When she turned to face Elaine again she met serious, questioning eyes. Neither spoke for a moment, then:

"I said he was very sick, Mrs. Kingsley."

"He shouldn't have gone, really. He shouldn't, you know," mused Judith.

"But he has. He'll be alone in Bhamo." Then, calmly: "What will you do about it, Mrs. Kingsley?"

Judith later marvelled that she had not even questioned this impertinence. Instead, she looked up the black band of river, and said slowly: "What *can* I do, really?"

Excitement little concealed, Elaine spoke quickly.

"You can cross to Magwe to-night. The captain will arrange it safely. You can get a boat for Bhamo to-morrow!"

Judith's eyes opened more beautifully wide. "Really!" she said. "To Magwe, in the dark, and wait there until to-morrow. I don't think you've ever been ashore at a place like Magwe. It's a bit hysterical, don't you think?"

Elaine spoke: "Mrs. Kingsley, I've told you that Mr. Kingsley needs you. He needs you this very minute. If you're afraid to go to Magwe alone, I'll go with you."

Judith was convinced. Before turning away to seek the captain, however, she looked in Elaine's face just a moment; and Elaine saw the shadow of a strange smile play about one corner of Judith's mouth. Judith was a woman, too.

She was gone, and Elaine was ready for sleep. She prayed: "Lord, take her safely to Magwe. Protect her and take her quickly to Bhamo. He needs her. Make her—make her be kindly. And make him well—and happy."

VI

If London had promised forgetfulness of Burma and Kingsley, it did not keep that promise. The anodyne of friends at tea, friends for dinner, theatres and opera is not infallible. Each opera was now the tragic story of her own romance, embellished or attenuated, but still her story. And music does not always palliate longings.

After a week of it she said she was ready to go home. Yet she wanted to stay on—as though waiting for something. She left the date of sailing to her father. Alternately she hoped it would be at once, then hoped they might stay on for weeks. Waiting. But for what?

When she was alone—retiring, for instance—her thoughts ran rampant and wild over Burma. Of course (she told herself) she was not in love with married Kingsley. Before she had known he was

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married—well—oh, *why* was he married! She actually thought she was the only woman in the world who asked this about a man.

She compared with Kingsley constantly the men of London and New York, so well known to her. The result of the comparison was to resign herself to a celibate existence, chiefly interested in charities. The worthy poor would fill her life.

"Idiot!" into her mirror—and went to sleep.

Time was passing, and Elaine guessed the end of this matter—plain oblivion of forgetting. New dreams for old. But there were things she wanted to remember. She cherished the Burma moon that rose that night, back of Magwe. She still heard him murmur her name, in that first hour back on the ship. But an idol's marriage damps things, though through this resignation of twenty-four years hope sprang afresh with each new day. Still waiting—but for what?

Fate was working furiously and fast, but silently unknown to Elaine. Fate was racing things one morning when she awoke to see a not uncommon downpour drenching London streets and windows, but it was like any other rainy morning to Elaine.

Until noon she wrote letters. Mr. Brandon had said he thought he "might put through a deal" while in London and had left the hotel in that mysterious fervor of the male—the business hunt.

Elaine dressed for the afternoon. The rain—Fate's rain—was untiring. She posted her letters and took a taxi, bound for a matinée. She discovered that she had forgotten gloves, and ordered the chauffeur to pull over to a shop and wait. Dodging past scurrying, wet people, she entered the store, purchased the gloves, and returned to the doorway. There she stood a moment, then dashed to the cab, through the downpour. "His Majesty's Theatre" she told the driver. But a voice, somewhere, commanded sharply: "The Ritz, driver!"

Amazed, she turned to face a huge umbrella blocking the doorway of the cab. It was being folded and thrust drippingly into the car. It was followed by a man who sat beside her unceremoniously and slammed the door. He turned an embarrassed smile toward her and said simply: "Well, I found you."

If Elaine had words, she could not utter them. She just stared at Kingsley. Calmly, as though he'd been with her for hours, he said:

"You might have let a fellow know where you'd be! I've been looking for you for days! Wouldn't have found you at all if it hadn't been for needing an umbrella. Saw you leaving the shop there. Devilish rain! Lucky rain!" he laughed.

"Are you—are you all well again?"

"Just about. The doctor says I had a close go of it. Of course, you saved me, you know. It was you, absolutely."

"What made you look me up?"

"Judith told me——"

"Oh——"

"You were a bit hard on Judith, really."

"Is Mrs. Kingsley in town, too?"

"She's in Ostend now, with the family."

Elaine turned her attention to the dripping shops and hurrying people. She did not want to look at Kingsley. She wished she might be alone again. Why had he come to—but he was speaking again, very close to her now:

"My dear," he said, "my brother died in Bhamo eight weeks ago. He got into some rotten trouble just before. We're not very proud of it—the family. His last letter was a request to me to go to Bhamo and shape things up a bit if I could. It was tough all around, and nothing to do but go. You see, Judith was pretty hard hit, being his widow."

Elaine heard this as one hears things in a dream. She gave no sign, but stared at the splashing cabs and horses.

"Judith knew I'd a touch of fever and didn't expect me. She started home—that's how you met her." He paused, word-conscious. "Elaine, I—I was in an awful funk when you met me . . . my brother's affairs, his death . . . Judith . . . fever . . . everything. I just didn't care a polite damn."

"Mrs. Kingsley must have thought me a fool—on the boat."

"She did have a little laugh at you, dear."

Still looking away: "You shouldn't be out in this rain, you know."

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"I'm fit as a fiddler's pony! Look at me, won't you?"

She turned. He did look very different from the man she had left on the *Chindwin*. She felt rather proud that he was handsome. He was newly shaved. She noticed a bit of powder over one ear, and had an annoying, wifely desire to smooth it away. Then her eyes strayed to his, and lingered there. The cab was bumping and splashing toward the Ritz.

"Oh, my dear," he said, "I've wanted you so!"

"I've wanted you!"

The Ritz—and she brushed away the powder over his ear with her handkerchief, just as they started lunch.

The rain had served its mission and the afternoon was fair. Mr. Brandon had the pleasure of snapping a picture, in Hyde Park, of a tall, fine chap. She wanted to send it home to certain people.

The Every-Day Child and His Library

BY ALICE K. HATCH

SO much has been said of our foreign-born child—and of the children of the foreign-born—in their relationship to the public library, that I wonder if there can be any space at all left in our magazines for that other very large and uninteresting group—those who are just plain Americans. I do not even refer to old-stock Americans, but to the ones whose grandfathers, in the years before our war with Spain drew us into the whirlpool of nations, migrated to this country, bringing with them families of quaint little boys and girls, who were to become the parents of the present generation; grandfathers who came to our shores, not so much driven by persecution, as led by golden dreams of great things which were to be gained in this still-new land, with its Aladdin-like cities and boundless, beckoning prairies. In their vision they saw their children growing to manhood in a Utopia over the seas; educated in its common schools and universities; taking their places among the leaders and moulders of the nation, under a flag which would permit them to retain some of the old and incorporate it with the new.

Those children, with ever-dimming memories of their journey over tossing seas, have grown to manhood, absorbing the dreams of their fathers and becoming a part of the miracle land, speaking its language, saluting its flag, and yet in the twilight hour telling their children—American children, American born and schooled and bred—traditions and legends of the country of their childhood.

But the grandchildren it is with whom we are concerned. Surely they can be of no great interest—they haven't so much as a hyphen any more. They are neither the one thing nor the other. They do not belong to our "old families"; their ancestors quite possibly did not know of the Declaration of Independence until it had grown dim with years. Nor has the new land in most cases fulfilled the fathers' dream of wealth and eminence; indeed, more often it seems to have brought them but a continuance of the poverty-ridden conditions of the old days. Not of the old, neither are they of the new; not of the romantically rich, nor yet of the interestingly, abjectly poor. The father works his eight hours a day. The mother is not ashamed of the washing she hangs on the line nor of her large family. The boys and girls earn their own spending money by doing chores of one kind or another. (One lad whom I know gets his by selling manure in the spring and delivering it in person. When taunted by a friend about his unpleasant work, he said in a straightforward way: "But people *have* to have it for their gardens.") Six days go by for them in

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monotonous rotation, and then Sunday introduces another six. An occasional holiday outing in the woods or a brief week in the country is often the extent of their travels.

And yet—what a heritage they have, and what a future! Old dreams of their fathers shine in their eyes, and in their hearts lie buried the hopes of their coming manhood and the glorious achievements of children yet unborn. Perhaps their clothes aren't "store clothes" and are adorned with patches, but the robes of a king clothe no greater ambitions, and their clean, wholesome bodies cover clean, wholesome thoughts.

Drab? Uninteresting? Yes, if "interesting" humanity is made up only of brilliancy of achievement and excess of wealth, or of poverty and suffering, or of degradation, degeneration, lying, and corruption. None of these things predominate in our middle-class American child; nevertheless herein lies the hope of our country—in these common, every-day American children, whose fathers learned their first English words in our grade schools and went home to teach their fathers. As I watch these youngsters swarm into the children's room of our branch, as I talk with them, laugh with them, and exchange ideals with them, how I've come to glory in the future of a nation built upon such a foundation.

When, a year ago, I was told that my library work in this great polyglot city, neither of the East nor of the West, was to be with plain, middle-class American children, it took all the courage in me to go on. I hated the very thought of it. Why should I, who love to watch life at concert-pitch, be picked out to deal with this group of children? I thought I neither understood them nor wanted to understand them. In my conceit I wasn't sure there was much in them to understand! Why mightn't I have the foreign child, with his queer combination of timidity and sureness, of respect and "freshness," of clashing ideals? I felt that we had much to give each other. Or why shouldn't I be allowed to work with the children of the college-bred, with their fine old American backgrounds? I laugh when I recall that turbulent period while rows of children—my children—file past me with their pink cards and pink faces and friendly nods. Not that I've grown to care one whit less for the little foreigner—I still grow hungry for the inspiration I got from him—but I've made a discovery.

I thought they would neither like the books I like nor want to be taught to like them. Nothing could be less true. And, what is more, their American honesty, sense of humor, and readiness to adapt themselves to conditions have proved wonderful tools, for instead of pretending to like what they do not—and then not asking for help again in the selection of their reading—they come to us quite frankly and talk it over, usually to the satisfaction of both sides. Their respect for us as guardians of their library is equalled by our respect for them, so that we can discuss our problems man to man; and their belief in us—for they do believe in us and in their teachers, with a belief that makes us fear lest we fall short—is but a shadow to our belief in them.

I have talked to these boys and girls, who represent the transition stage in the forming of a race, by the hundreds. First of books, and from books we have gone rambling down all the lanes of life, and I have yet to find one who has not some code of honor, stanchly defended, which, though it be often a trifle distorted, is a foundation of granite upon which to build. And what better building-blocks could one find anywhere than books—good books, to be fitted as carefully to each separate need as the builder fits his stones?

The other day I was called out to the library steps by some boys, to settle a fight between our "tough gang" (I pity the library or other social organization that does not own at least one "tough gang"—it would be like fish without Worcestershire) and an organized group of boys. In the end it was to the "toughs" I took off my hat. After they had stated their side of the case, which involved their code of honor, they gave their word not to "start anything," and kept it. What sort of citizens are to be made of these lads? Get them the right sort of a club leader and give them the right sort of reading. Combine that with their innate gift for organization, their

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initiative, their exuberance, and their belief in fair play, as they see it, and you have your answer.

But what has all this to do with library work with children? Everything. It is with just such boys in a middle-class neighborhood, made up largely of first and second generation Americans, that we can, if we will, put in some of our most telling strokes. The only trouble with them is that they are engines with surplus steam up and the safety valve clogged. They are apt to blow up at any moment if this is not remedied—and the pieces will have to be picked up in the Juvenile Court. A good, wholesome, vigorous story, properly introduced, will, time and again, clear the valve as nothing else can, and the engine at once passes from the menace class to the utility class, to stay there if the right fuel is supplied long enough—and the nation is one vigorous man-power per boy stronger—or per girl; for underneath the skin the problems are not so different.

One of the library's greatest instruments in effecting this transformation in the middle-class "gang" is the same as that which proved so successful with the Jew of the East Side and the immigrant from far countries. It is the club—perhaps, at first, merely a restless group in search of something new, who are drawn aside by a member of the staff or a volunteer worker to listen to a description of the jungle as Du Chaillu saw it, or to sail the seas of China with Hawes. The results can never be doubted. The old meeting-place of the gang at the corner is dull compared with battling tigers in the jungle, the unconquerable ice of the North, or the haunts of the ladrones in the Pacific. A demand for similar books grows apace, and the adventurers have joined the cheapest and most comprehensive Cook's tour in the world—the library. I somehow feel that, though this sudden enthusiasm in many cases will not be lasting, no boy can quite slip back to his old level after having once ventured forth with us.

Nor can I think of any one type of child for whom such journeyings are more necessary. The new wonder and the glamour of a strange land have grown dim and winked out in the generation that has passed since their grandfathers made the momentous passage, and in its place has not yet been substituted a love and knowledge of the world through actual travel, as in the case of their wealthier compatriots. Yet these are the children who will be the first to greet the newcomer from over the seas. These are the lads whose desks will be next to the strangers' in our public schools. He will have more to do with the moulding of our new embryo citizens than almost any one else. Therefore through him, and what we make of him, and what he in turn makes of the newcomer, will we be able to stamp out or permit to live that opprobrious adjective so often applied to Americans—provincial.

When one bears in mind all these things, who could find a stupid moment in working directly and intimately, as the children's librarian is privileged to do, with these fine, wholesome Americans—of all our mixed community least hidebound by tradition, and, therefore, most ready to found traditions—for the better or for the worse of a great nation?

Another point of contact is the story hour; but is it possible to thrill over a story hour with these comfortably fed, comfortably clothed, and comfortably schooled Americans, with a well-stocked library at their disposal and dimes enough to insure the movies about once a week? Yet—I can't speak of last year's story hour for older boys and girls without a tightening of the throat. I tried to give them a little, but how infinitely rich they made me as week after week fifty to seventy gathered in that little room and followed the growth of the Norse people from the days of Odin's sacrifice, through Sigurd's valor and Frithjof's struggle with honor, to the very dawning of Christianity in the far, cold Northland. They listened and were silent, but in their faces was an understanding born of that fast-fading ancestral background, of comfortable middle-class homes, of a belief in the future, and of their association day after day with teachers who in this new era dare to be idealists also and adventurers in the seas of the spirit as well as of the mind.

To be sure, their movie habits inevitably linked themselves with the stories. I

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remember, about the middle of the Frithjof saga, when there were still three more Frithjof stories to come, that a group of boys followed me into the children's room and asked: "Will he be killed next story hour?" "No." "Well, will he be killed in the last?" "No." "Just like the movies! You think the hero's going to be killed right up to the last minute, and then they come off all right." This naturally led to a discussion of good movies, and, believe me, it is not at the door of the middle-class American child that we must lay the blame for the mystery thriller and the hackneyed Western film. They go to these because they are there and, being good, red-blooded Americans, enjoy them to the full, but let some screen dramatization of a good book come to our neighborhood and watch the demand for the book leap all bounds. Better still, listen to the absolutely frank discussion of the picture and later, when the book has been read, the comparison of the two. Happily, more often than not they report the book even better than the picture, especially if it be read after seeing the picture, when the interest has already been aroused. Quite often they ask for —and take—other books by the same author, and a new door has been opened to them—a new forest is about to be explored. Perhaps they do like the thriller better at the time but—it's funny —they never find much to discuss in it, and, weeks later, seldom refer to it, though they may be still asking for "Oliver Twist" or "Lorna Doone."

But frankly, don't they—these middle-class American children—take the Western or the mystery story from our shelves in preference to the better book? Are they not lacking in that finer literary sense which we find in the hungry immigrant child? This last accusation I absolutely deny, and the truth, or untruth, of the first lies with us. The difference is that they are not so brand-new to our literature; they have found their feet and are less dependent upon the guidance of others, and in this new-found power what more natural than that their feet should occasionally run away with them? All the more important, then, the task of guiding them—and all the more joyous, for they have come to that happy stage wherein they dare to meet one openly—opinion for opinion—and yet have not gone so far that they are beyond changing their ideas or begrudge an admission when the librarian has won.

Not long ago I lost patience with a boy who would read nothing but the most mediocre Western story. At last, as much to silence me as anything, he took "Cedric, the Forester." Two weeks later he came in to say that he had reviewed it for his class at library hour, "and I had to take the whole hour to tell them about it." "Did you make them want to read it?" I asked. "Sure, but sometimes I had to put some fun in where there wasn't any!" Cedric goes out to his classmates constantly, and he and I go fifty-fifty in selection of his books, with a strong tendency toward seventy-five-twenty-five!

There are many sceptics who think that the children of our great middle class do not get the best out of the masters—Dickens, Scott, Stevenson, and others; who feel that they simply skim them to please their teachers. I might have agreed with them before I began to visit library hour in the grade schools. Now I come back from those visits humbled, and wondering if I am a tenth big enough to carry on the work of character-building and taste-cultivation so thoroughly awakened by the modern teacher.

One day I said to one of our principals, "I know our children are enjoying these books, but sometimes I wonder how much of the moral beauty they are getting." She smiled and took me into a lower sixth-grade room. The children happened to be working on "Silas Marner." Four of them reviewed it for me. Those four were for the time being transformed. They fell unconsciously into the beautiful English of a master writer, and, without seeming to have caught the more sordid points, they sifted out the gold. In an upper sixth a boy, after telling "Scottish Chiefs," said that the part he liked best was where Lady Marion died for her husband's honor. "Of course," he said, "a wife ought to be loyal to her husband, but, still, I don't think there is anything finer, unless it's a mother saving her child." No, he isn't a sentimentalist; he is 100 per cent pure boy and wants to be an exploring naturalist when he grows up.

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Cheap movies will have to go far to injure permanently children who base their love of stories upon such standards.

These middle-class children are the greatest worshippers of heroes in the world—and the nation demands that they be taught to choose their heroes wisely. When a girl asks if there is not a "series" to Richard's "Florence Nightingale," because she liked it so much and wants more like it, or when child after child demands "Lance of Kanana," we cannot but feel a thrill of satisfaction.

I've only begun to speak of library work with these middle-class, middling new, middling poor, and therefore dull American children. I haven't touched at all upon our embryo poets, our artists who bring their work to us for criticism, and our inventors of the future. Of all that more brilliant side there is no need to say anything; but to you who are interested in work—any kind of constructive, nation-building, yes, even internation-building—work with children, thrill over the Jew of the East Side, if you will—there is much to thrill over there; toil over the immigrant child, if you will—he will repay you a thousand times; rejoice over the pink-ribboned daughter of the rich, if you will, and keep her lovely for those who will pattern their lives by hers—she is a terrible force in the building of a nation; but don't forget that behind the gorgeous colors of the sunrise is ever the steady gray-blue of the morning sky—a background for the dawning. Work with all your heart and mind and body for and with these commonplace children of ours, and marvel at the outcome, for, as out of the colorless, shapeless marble Phidias carved a human likeness that, to this day, is our model of perfection, so shall be molded the pattern for a nation.

Longshore

BY THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

Oh, I AM tired to death of the drab wharf miles!
I should like to sweep with the drift of the ebb to sea,
Past all this rotting of ships moored to weedy piles.
Give me a cruddled waste where the waves move free!

Beaten gold on a thousand spires of flame,
Petty voices that cry from an irritable heart,
All of man's pent up restlessness, all of man's shame;
I am sick of these, I would have gray space for my part!

There is not a vehemence here that the sea has not known.
All of this strife is a little thing to the sea's.
What is longshore love to the sea's love for its own?
Its nervous repose to the ocean's passion for ease?

The floe is smudgy with dirt. The ferries squeal.
There are grimy things our small moods can worship before.
I'll have only one god who can bid me to kneel.
I'll worship a manly god out of sight of the shore.

Perhaps this is febrile unrest? Then unrest has spoken,
Though inarticulately, at all petty things:
Send me a wide gray space by dark land unbroken,
A wild place where wet waves break and a wet wind stings.

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The Provincial Editor's Outlook

BY ARTHUR REED KIMBALL

LOOKING back after retirement on forty years' work in journalism, for the most part on a provincial paper, interspersed with various incursions on the metropolitan field, the picture is filled with shadows of change, hiding essential permanencies. This is natural, owing to a changing environment, for the paper to whose staff I was attached for the forty years, filling all the places from reporter to publisher, was issued in a New England manufacturing town, growing from one of thirty thousand people to one of one hundred thousand when I retired. Of the many changes in that time, three stand out: the place now conceded to advertising, to the headline, and to features, largely appropriated from the magazine. Yet what impresses me most in the retrospect is that there is the same essential difference between the provincial paper of to-day and the metropolitan paper—the personality of the one and the impersonality of the other.

It is a far cry from Charles A. Dana's New York *Sun* of more than thirty years ago, a model of the best journalism, even though often emphasizing the trivial human-interest story, a paper confined to four pages, but containing in succinct phrase all the real news of the city and of the world, and above all distinguished by style, to the bulky paper of to-day, often sloppy in style and redundant and exaggerated in rhetoric, with its editorial comments buried on some inside page, where they have to be searched out if the reader perchance cares to find them. This change, applying equally to provincial and metropolitan journalism, is due first of all to the discovery of the value of display advertising. Skilled experts are now employed to devise forms of advertising to catch the eye, hold the attention, and popularize what is advertised. The development of facilities for securing news from every part of the world and the great increase in the reportorial staff to cover fully and completely in the most interesting way all the immediate locality (often unimportant, as columns of silly "personals") have naturally put a new value on the first page, news value being rated by whether or not the article is a "first page" story. This in turn has led to competition in headlines, ingenious, sensational, and misleading, justifying the statement of the prophetic editor of long ago: "Let me write the headlines of a paper and I care not who writes its editorials." Obviously, the number of pages surrendered to advertising requires interspersing among them of a great amount of reading matter to draw attention to the advertising. This leads to the introduction of all kinds of articles, of literary, artistic, or story character, which may have nothing to do with the presentation of the day's news, turning the daily newspaper into a cheap magazine, a catch-all for anything and everything.

All this applies to the provincial newspaper no less than to the metropolitan. The result comes from a competition for more and more advertising at higher and higher rates, these rates being largely determined by the circulation of the newspaper, and the circulation being determined by its attractiveness to the greatest possible number of all kinds of readers, of which the sporting page, the woman's page, the health column, and the menu column are familiar examples. In provincial journalism this fight for advertising is sometimes carried a step further. The "foreign advertiser," as he is called, not satisfied with selecting the paper with the best circulation as to numbers and quality, may demand a contract from the business management of the selected paper that some one on its staff shall visit, say, all the groceries or drug stores which may sell the article and secure from each an agreement to put the article on sale. This up-to-date manager will then keep his own windows

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full of the article in question and himself promote the demand for it, making his newspaper not only an advertising medium but an active purveyor of special merchandise. Through resort to such policies, supplementing the genius for creating a constituency in which personality plays the first part, a provincial newspaper property may come to be worth a very considerable sum. It will be recalled that the late President Harding is said to have sold his interest in his Marion paper for $400,000.

But, great as is the change in the appearance and character of the provincial newspaper, the essential difference between it and the metropolitan newspaper is still the same that it was in the days of the late William D. Howells, who took a special interest in newspaper folk, their calling, their opportunities, and their limitations. Readers of his "Indian Summer" will recall that when Mr. Colville, the ex-editor of the *Des Vaches Democrat-Republican*, was lounging on the Ponte Vecchio at Florence (he had retired under something of a cloud from Indiana journalism and had taken himself abroad for an outing before settling down to work) first among the many things he missed was his familiar audience. "He had always," writes Mr. Howells, "when he left home for New York or Washington, or for his few weeks of summer vacation on the Canadian rivers, or the New England coast, written back to his readers, in whom he knew he could count upon quick sympathy in all he saw and felt, and he now found himself addressing them with that frank familiarity which comes to the journalist in minor communities from the habit of print."

In the touch of a single sentence describing how the ex-editor of the *Des Vaches Democrat-Republican* felt as he lounged on the Ponte Vecchio, Mr. Howells has given us the differentiating mark of the provincial editor as distinguished from the metropolitan editor. The provincial editor has a personality to his readers. It is not alone the paper that speaks; it is the editor himself. He is a somebody to its constituency. He is a survival of the times when, as Mr. Howells again tells us in his reminiscences, the Ohio farmers used to gather in the store that served for a post-office on the day of the arrival of the weekly issue of the New York *Tribune* and open their papers with the invariable remark: "Well, let's see what old Horace says *this* week." In short, the provincial editor can still boast a personal audience, one to be missed if he feel the impulse to write, but like Mr. Howells's ex-editor off in Florence, have only the world in general to address.

This preservation of personality may be rightly placed first among the satisfactions of the provincial editor's life. The editorial writer in the metropolis, the paper's official mouthpiece, is so self-conscious of being merely a writer and not a person that he finds it hard to fight the tendency to become academic and even provincial —if that be not a paradox. He draws on books and himself too much, and on life too little. He takes to theorizing and finds himself out of touch with men of affairs. Indeed, so strong is this set toward isolation that one well-known editorial writer of New York believes that newspaper proprietors should, simply as a matter of business, make every editorial writer on the staff a member of some prominent club, compelling each to spend at least two evenings there a week, and even providing an allowance for the proper accessories of club pleasures. All this points the contrast with the provincial editor, who is a part, and an important part, of his world such as it is; who very likely is the president of the local club, or at least one of the board of managers—to follow out the New York journalist's suggestion; who holds his own with the other professional men, even the member of Congress for his district; who, if he have a turn for speaking as well as for writing, will find himself in demand as an after-dinner orator, and will be expected to introduce visiting celebrities and to give addresses at celebrations of local importance. This means much to him, as it ought to, if he be the right kind of man for his place, although it means so little to the man of the metropolis, to whom a place in the world signifies good standing in his own set or coterie.

All this comes to the provincial editor because provincial journalism has felt the expansive influences of the day as much proportionately as metropolitan journal-

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ism. The leading provincial papers now represent in plant and equipment no inconsiderable capital. They have the best perfecting presses of a capacity of twenty thousand or more an hour; typesetting machines, a stereotyping plant, a telegraphic service over a wire run into the office, including a special operator, and often an "art department." The expense of all this, as may be noted in passing, accounts for the tendency to consolidate provincial newspapers, for the strings of newspapers under one ownership in widely separated provincial towns, and for the demise of many established provincial newspapers, with no new ones springing up to take their places. Such a provincial paper as survives stands as the representative of its class. Its editor in turn represents, if not a business enterprise itself of no small local importance, at least its practical results (or output) as it bears directly upon the community life. Whatever satisfaction there is in holding a place of peculiar influence, in giving autocratic decisions every day on miscellaneous questions of local importance, in having his say and freeing his mind whenever he chooses, in knowing all that is going on and shaping it more or less, as it chances to fall within his province, is a satisfaction that comes to him, perhaps, more than to any other man in modern life, far more than it comes to his big brother of metropolitan journalism.

The relation of the provincial editor to his constituency is then direct, vital, and all-inclusive. Whatever concerns that constituency, from public enterprise and business venture to social event and "personal item," must first be submitted to him. He must determine if anything can be said about it at all and, if said, how it must be said. Or again, it may be, he is approached to secure suppression, or to make the published statement, if published it must be, as inoffensive as possible to those immediately concerned. All this work of "editing"—to people outside the sanctum the word has largely lost its significance, and is synonymous with writing something or other—assumes an exaggerated importance in a community small enough to have everybody interested in everything, and makes of the editor a person of unique place and power. It develops in him judgment, insight, and tact, and above all a constant sense of responsibility to himself and to the community. It keeps him fresh and close to life, saving him from journalistic degeneracy—that is, from becoming a hack.

But as the provincial editor ages, a certain humorous inconsequence of it all, the sense of disproportion between his apparent importance as measured by his place in the community and his actual importance as measured by dollars and cents, grows increasingly upon him as his expenses grow but not his income. Public or semi-public services are seldom well paid, and the provincial editor early reaches the salary limit, $5,000 if circumstances are exceptionally auspicious. The bright men who started with him in the professions, the doctors and lawyers of the place where he lives, are now earning double his salary—not to speak of the "good chances" for profitable investment which fall out to them as the result (especially with the lawyers) "of being in the way of knowing about such things." There was a time—ten, twenty, thirty years before—when not only his position gave the provincial editor the more influence, but when also his salary was greater than their incomes. He still has about the same influence and salary. They have doubled, trebled, multiplied indefinitely their incomes, and perhaps even passed him in influence, individually speaking, as man to man. For comfort he takes a look at the unworldly professions, at the minister and the school-teacher, feeling that in a certain way, he, after all, ought to be classed with them. He notes that the salaries of the leading pastors of his city are, in many cases, considerably larger than his own, and that the superintendent of schools and the principal of the High School receive about the same pay that he receives, with that long summer vacation thrown in which appeals—oh, so strongly!—to his envy. As he looks back on long years, more or less filled full of hard work done under constant pressure—the nerve-wearing pressure of turning out so much of a given product once in every twenty-four hours, six days and perhaps seven in every week, from year's end to year's end—and recalls how he drifted into his present place (for the place

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of provincial editor is almost always one that is drifted into and almost never one that is reached by choice of pre-determination) he is apt to marvel at his own stupidity in not having foreseen the inevitable and in having failed to choose at the start some less alluring, more humdrum calling—one of the many which have served so well early companions of no better brains than his own. Then, to add a touch which falls little short of tragic, there steals before him the shadow of some bright, clever comrade who has fallen out of the race, a man of wit and genius, perhaps, of well-stored mind and apt phrase, who some way lost his grip, to find himself, after years of influence and respect, unable to make a new place and thankful to do the humblest hack-work if only there be enough of it to bring him his daily bread. The Bohemia of the metropolis is full of these failures, so the provincial editor is told. They are the commonplaces of its byways. This he can easily believe. For he himself has seen more than one case where a man of parts seemed to grow so fitted to his particular place that, when rudely jostled out of it, there were left in him no resources of adaptability on which to draw.

In short, as the provincial editor ages, he realizes, as no one can in anticipation, especially the young man who is drifting, how much it means ultimately to fall on a calling that, while peculiarly exhausting to mental vitality, seduces by fairly good pay for early untrained effort, only to disappoint by the lack in reserve of a commensurate reward for trained skill and experience. He appreciates, too, that this is a case of condition, not of theory. The business of publishing a provincial newspaper has in it no such margin of profit as to warrant a salary list above a certain point. The demands for increase of plant and force, to meet the requirements of expansion and hold even the provincial field, outrun the immediate returns from better equipment. It is always a case of "catching up," of being ready for a circulation and advertising patronage just ahead, only to find when these are reached that the next advance must be anticipated. The provincial editor can himself see so many different ways of spending money, from some improvement in plant or service to the hiring of another reporter—there is always need of another reporter—ways far more directly profitable than an increase of salary for himself and the more literary of his assistants (the people who like literary excellence are the old subscribers who have always taken the paper and always will take it), that he would himself hesitate to "give himself a raise" were it a matter left to his own decision. Indeed, the closeness of the provincial editor to the business office (omitting of course the rare cases in which proprietor and editor are one and the same person) has its own peculiar disadvantages. The provincial newspaper machine is so big that its necessities are as thoroughly impressed upon the editor and his assistants as upon the manager himself. On the other hand, the machine is not big enough to divide in operation and make of the business and editorial forces two distinct power-wheels, causing continual friction by the superior impinging upon the inferior. There is occasional friction, as everywhere; but, to drop the metaphor, there is no such constant antagonism or pressure of dominance as (so it is often claimed) develops conditions in metropolitan journalism almost intolerable, in instances, to men of high ideals. The provincial editor is too close to the business-office to be strictly a professional man, if journalism be a profession. He is not far enough in the business office, though he be a small stockholder—he seldom has money enough to be a large stockholder, even if the rare chance come his way—to be strictly a man of business. His position is anomalous—half journalist and half publisher. He is always looking longingly across the line of separation, indulging the hope of being practically if not actually manager as well as editor. This is not a sordid ambition, as he says to himself, but something desired as an opportunity to make this or that change in the direction of higher journalism, a reform he now excuses himself from attempting, because it would be going out of his province. He lacks that singleness of aim in the work directly in hand which —as he looks at it—the metropolitan journalist must have from the hopelessness of an ambition (the conditions of metropolitan journalism being what they

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are) ever to become, short of a miracle, more than a member of the staff. He sees, when he reckons up the chances calmly, that the control of a good provincial newspaper property is about the last thing those who have it will sell, more because of the prestige and power attaching to it than for the mere profit there is in it. Yet the desire never dies in him—it means so much to him, and is so constantly strengthened by the conditions and limitations of his calling—of owning the newspaper which he edits, a desire which is nourished by his friendly closeness to the management. He is thus never in the state of mind of the salaried professional man, the clergyman, the teacher, or the college professor, of having made up his mind to a salary for life with the one possibility of a better salary as the only change in condition to be hoped for.

The peculiarities of his status have not a little to do with the failure of the provincial editor to take the step up from journalism into literature. That he has small time to devote to literature proper; that his daily toil is peculiarly exhausting; that the very necessity of doing so much hasty routine writing every day unfits him for the practice of an art and develops the capacity for mediocrity—all these and other like conditions of his calling are obvious disqualifications for acquiring that distinction of style or nourishing that nobility and originality of thought which differentiate clever hackwork from literature. Yet they are not of themselves fatal obstacles. Others have surmounted them. In the salad days of the provincial editor those others are often in his thoughts. Few young men, from college at least, drift into the provincial sanctum unimpelled by the secretly cherished ambition of proving the exception to the rule and becoming, say a Eugene Field or a Charles Dudley Warner. Indeed the fact that the latter's "Summer in a Garden"—the book which first gave Mr. Warner his fame—is simply a revised edition of certain newspaper editorials which had attracted local attention, is often appealed to in a discussion of the old question, Literature *vs.* Journalism, as proof that the line of separation may be easily crossed. No wonder, with these and like examples before him, that the journalistic neophyte of certain gifts, which may or may not prove literary according as they develop, feels that their development is largely a matter of will, and that he has the will.

Certainly as a provincial editor the neophyte finds many conditions in his favor bidding fair to further his purpose. He has, as was said at the start, a certain standing from his position in the community which is distinctly literary in character, one that betokens an undiscriminating anticipation—if that be not too strong a word—of literary possibilities in him. He naturally gravitates toward association with those of more or less acknowledged literary tastes, and feels whatever stimulus there may be in their companionship. If his turn be for story-telling, or (more probably) for essay-writing, he finds an infinite variety of human nature in the then unhackneyed contacts with all sorts and conditions of men whom self-interest brings every day to consult the editor. It is all fresh and very interesting, and he soon does a sketch or writes a bit of satirical moralizing which finds local favor. Perhaps it catches the exchange editor's eye and is copied into some metropolitan journal. Then he is emboldened to try his luck with the magazines, usually with indifferent success. If, however, he have but one thing accepted, how he pats himself on the back and puts new fervor into his resolve to do something worth the while! But it is a killing pace to keep, and his distractions are many. The freshness wears off the often-repeated experiences, and it is harder and harder to find the unexpected thing to say or the unique point of view to take. The provincial editor is not often a specialist, as are not a few metropolitan journalists, following some particular line of political or sociological comment. He must be ready with his comment on every passing event, mingling with amusing incongruity his offhand finalities on the latest fad in theology, the newest thing on the stage, the most recent development of a tariff discussion or labor struggle, and the career of some great man, American, European, or Oriental.

Once it was different. Once the provincial newspaper could wait until its metropolitan contemporaries came to

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hand, when the scissors could do the work of the pen. Those were the days when editorials were partisan polemics, and one knew what any given paper would say to-morrow, because, with minor changes, it would be the same thing it said yesterday and a thousand previous yesterdays. We live in the day of broader journalism, of more general and independent comment. Politics only claims a part of the editorial page. And those who care for the editorial at all want it served hot from the press, before the event commented on has grown cold and been pushed aside for one still later, fresher, more interesting. The representative provincial press feels this demand in just the same way as the metropolitan press. But it has at command no corps of special writers, only the provincial editor and his one or two assistants. The result is that the provincial editor becomes a ready man, one who can turn from subject to subject with really miraculous versatility, but hardly one who finds in these conditions of hurried, skipping effort the right environment for cultivating the art of literature. Add the distracting complications of closeness to the business-office, of which so much has already been said, and the frittering away on a miscellany of divers aims and endeavors of what might have been fruitful literary talent is certainly no cause of wonder. The wonder is the occasional exception which proves the rule.

In another aspect the provincial editor may be called professionally a lonely man, so little fellowship of craft is his. The doctors, the lawyers, and the ministers all have their professional cronies and their professional gatherings, their delightful and stimulating opportunities to talk shop. But there are not, in the provincial city, enough editors to "go round," if there be more than one of the type here set forth, to constitute a fellowship of craft. The State Association of Journalists has, of course, its stated gatherings. But these are occasions when the formalities hold sway, when the conventional after-dinner orator is at his best, or worst; when the talk is all perfunctory, repetitiously laudatory of the glory of the press. Imagine the teacher, whose calling on some sides most closely parallels that of the journalist, depending on State conventions for suggestion and inspiration from his fellow-teachers. The provincial editor stands by himself, must do his own thinking and reach his own conclusions.

And so it comes about, on whatever side one looks at him, that the provincial editor must find his compensations in the satisfaction of the work itself; in such tangible results as he can sometimes say with truth are obvious; in some bit of solid performance here and there, like a campaign for independence in politics fought to a successful finish; in the intangible results which he has faith to believe —which he knows—must have followed persistent poundings on the same spots year in and year out; in the sense of public service rendered and in the occasional recognition of such service; in the possession of a personal constituency which to no small extent not only appreciates his paper for what he has made of it in trend, and tone, and ideals, but knows him, the man, as the maker of it.

To the many these are compensations wholly meaningless. They lack almost all for which most prizes are valued: the money of a business success, the prestige of a professional or literary success, the inspiration of craft fellowship, as in careers devoted to art or scholarship or religion. But journalism has a charm of its own, the charm of human nature. Its interest is the interest of watching a panorama where scene succeeds scene so swiftly that the one is scarcely seen before the next has thrust it behind. It is an interest which can never pall, because age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety. To provincial journalism is given the added interest of a local panorama unfolded in coincidence with the larger progress of the greater national and world events. On one side or the other there is always something new each day to absorb the attention of that day.

It is a routine, but a routine capable of an infinite variety of combinations. It is a case of always going to the same theatre, but of never seeing the same play. Hackneyed as is the thought, it has a fresh meaning for modern life. Once it looked as if life would stagnate because it was provincial—in the ante-newspaper days, before people knew what had happened in the next town. To-day it looks as if

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life might come to run in ruts, because it is so specialized. People find it an effort to talk about or to be interested in the things which do not personally concern them. They have the news of the world brought to them every morning and every evening, and yet many turn aside from it with indifference because there is nothing in it of direct personal concern, affecting their business or their pleasures. The art of journalism is the art of interesting people in the things in which they would feel no interest otherwise. It is the art of taking them out of themselves and their own special absorptions and giving them something foreign to themselves to think about. It puts ideas as well as happenings into the daily chronicle and stimulates curiosity on a thousand broadening matters which else would never be heard of. So far as this work is well done it cannot but be of service in retarding the set toward specialism. But well done it cannot be while all sense of proportion is lost in the unwieldy expansion of the modern newspaper.

The function, then, of the provincial editor is to tell the world's story and the local story in a space still somewhat limited compared with that of the metropolitan daily. His art is the art of entertaining condensation. His own interest is the interest of achieving the seemingly impossible. His outlook is that of the man who preserves the true sense of proportion. He finds his reward or disappointment as he approaches his own ideal or falls far short of it.

On a Woman with a Letter

BY LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

Her lover is a thousand miles away,
But as she sits her color comes and goes.
No nearer presence could so bring the rose
As those thin lines traced on the paper white,
Breathing a love that may be cold to-day,
While I sit watching her, a heart of fire,
Not daring in my fancy to aspire
Beyond this distance in the candle-light.

She hardly knows I see her, hardly feels
The place, the hour, so is her spirit lost,
Eager and tense, as of a bird wind-tossed
In April when the air breathes warm with spring.
Why should she care that all my being reels,
Seeing the passion of the parted lips
And the poised head, as when a falcon slips
Out of its hood on heaven-mounting wing?

And yet the mystery of it all is this:
Only a sheet of paper for her eyes,
No blood to warm, no voice to pour its sighs
Out in a rush that will not be denied,
No lips to press on hers the burning kiss;
But on her face a glow that takes her far,
As if we dwelt each in a separate star,
Although I wait here patient at her side.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

IN meditating the other day on one of the most familiar lines in Tennyson:

"An infant crying in the night,"

I decided that insufficient attention had been given to it by physiologists, phonologists, music-teachers, elocutionists, singers, and public speakers. Even those men and women who are fortunate enough to possess, like Marion Crawford's Roman singer, a throat of iron, do not dare to shout and shriek continuously for the space of two hours; whilst the average adult, if he roared for fifteen minutes, would probably be hoarse for two days, and might seriously, perhaps permanently, injure his vocal cords. Yet a tender infant, with a throat as soft as water, can yell all night fortissimo, and not only do himself no injury, but in the morning be fresh as a fox-hound, and not only be able, but quite willing, even eager, to continue. What is the secret of the baby's voice production? It seems to be a matter worth serious investigation. In emission of tone the infant unconsciously has a system that makes the Italian method appear crude. If singing masters could discover what it is, and teach it, all present methods of vocal study would be revolutionized.

In addition to my other enterprises, such as the founding of the Fano Club, Faerie Queene Club, and the Ignoble Prize, I now undertake the organization of the Asolo Club. Individuals will qualify by visiting Asolo and sending me a picture post-card from that delectable mountain. Very few Americans go to Asolo, yet no town is more easily reached, provided one first reaches Italy. Every one who sees Italy visits Venice. Now the tourist may breakfast in Venice, spend the day in Asolo, and dine in Venice at the conventional evening hour. In the year 1838, a twenty-six-year-old English pedestrian, named Robert Browning, climbed the little mountain and gazed with rapture on the tiny town of Asolo. Enchanted with the place, it haunted his memory, and there he laid the scenes of "Pippa Passes." At the age of seventy-seven, in the year 1889, he spent the summer there, bought a house, in which he intended to live in subsequent summer seasons; but in the following December he died in Venice. His last volume of poems, published on the day of his death, was called punningly "Asolando," and was dedicated to Katharine Bronson, the charming American woman who lived in Asolo. On May 7, 1912, the centenary of Browning's birth was elaborately celebrated in the town immortalized by Pippa; and the street on which Browning lived in 1889 had its name formally changed to *Via Roberto Browning*. His son, incurably ill, was the chief personage at the centenary exercises, and died two months later in the house bought by his father. One of his most pious deeds was to purchase the old silk-mill, where Pippa worked, and found there a charity lace school, in honor of the poet.

We visited Asolo in 1904, and looking on the names registered in the queer old book at the inn, I found only one American—and that was Maud Watrous, who lived directly across the street from us in New Haven! She is now the wife of a gallant English officer, Colonel Grazebrook, but if by any chance she should see these lines, she will discover that she is a charter member of the Asolo Club, and entitled to all its rights and privileges. For membership is retroactive.

I owe the founding of this club to Sarah Redington, of Santa Barbara, who had previously qualified for Fano membership. On October 24, she, accompanied by Frances Taylor of San Francisco, entered the sacred precincts of Asolo, where with appropriately solemn ceremonies they established this flourishing institution, which already contains a half dozen mem-

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bers, and as soon as this issue of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE begins to circulate, will rapidly gather accretions. Miss Redington writes: "We came to it as Browning pilgrims, but we love it for itself, and think Browning's affection for it more than natural—it was inevitable. Once visited, Asolo must always remain in one's memory as the most adorable hill town in the world. Of course you will be President of the Asolo Club. That is our one stipulation. We take it for granted that the motto of the Fano Club, as you announced it in Los Angeles that July morning—'no dues, no initiation fees, no assessments'—will hold good in this sister society. . . . No Browning enthusiast can afford *not* to make this pilgrimage—which, incidentally, is not a difficult one, even if the little town *is* off the railway. A good public motor bus from Castelfranco solves the problem of transportation for the tourist who is not travelling in his own car, and an excellent Italian inn (*Albergo al Sole*) makes his stay a comfortable and well-fed one."

Elizabeth N. Case, the accomplished literary critic of the Hartford *Courant*, not only joins the Faerie Queene Club, but nominates emphatically for the Ignoble Prize Carlyle's "French Revolution." She has made five valiant attacks upon it, and been repulsed five times with severe losses. The Manchester *Guardian*, commenting on my September article in SCRIBNER'S, thinks I am mistaken in believing that Carlyle's works are to-day widely read; that admirable journal believes the world is far more interested in reading about Carlyle than in reading him. Which may be true; yet very few persons can graduate from Yale without reading him, for it is compulsory in the English course of freshman year. I will now confess that I have never read through the "French Revolution"; I well remember beginning to do so, and the late Professor Ralph Catterall of Cornell—one of the best teachers of history in America—telling me that I should never finish it. "No one does," said he.

But the personality of Carlyle is as compellingly interesting as ever. There has just been published the first volume of what I believe will be the most important biography of our day—"Carlyle Till Marriage," by David Alec Wilson. Mr. Wilson has spent thirty years collecting material about Carlyle, and this initial tome is to be the first of five. Upon the conclusion of the work Thomas Carlyle will emerge more completely than Johnson from the pages of Boswell. Mr. Wilson has a genius for detail and a passion for accuracy. Many legends are discredited, and every statement of fact is carefully and elaborately documented. If Carlyle met a girl on the street and smiled at her, the fact is supported by three footnotes. Does this meticulous method make the book dull? On the contrary, I have yet to find a single dull sentence, either in the pages or in the fine print at their feet. Mr. Wilson writes with such gusto that he keeps up his own and his reader's courage; his style is such a compound of enthusiasm, shrewdness, cynicism, and humor that I find myself led captive. If he lives to finish this vast undertaking, I predict that he will take his place among the great biographers of all time.

The year 1923 should be memorable for an astonishing number of "autobiographies," "recollections," and "reminiscences." I cannot remember any previous twelvemonth that can be compared with it. Here are a few of them: "From Immigrant to Inventor," by Michael Pupin, which first appeared in the pages of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and which is assuredly a valuable contribution to human nature in general and to Americanization in particular. It is an extraordinary record. "Remembered Yesterdays," by Robert Underwood Johnson, poet, editor, diplomat, is crowded with interesting anecdotes and good stories; the author's long service as editor of the *Century Magazine* and his connection with the American Academy made him the intimate friend of distinguished men and women in every land. "From Pinafores to Politics," by Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, copiously illustrated, is full of good talk and exciting incidents. "Tales of Travel," by the Marquess Curzon, and "The Story of My Life," by Sir Harry H. Johnston, are crowded with thrilling adventures. "My Windows on the Street of the World,"

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two thick volumes, by Professor James Mavor, will hold the attention of all intelligent readers, and will make others wish they were intelligent. "The World Crisis," by the Right Honorable Winston S. Churchill, is as lively and irritating as its author. "My Note-Book at Home and Abroad," by Harry De Windt, who says he has travelled over a million miles, about ten thousand without steam, and has lived in every capital of Europe, is exactly what one might expect from the author's preface. "Myself Not Least, Being the Personal Reminiscences of X," is a succession of good stories told by an expert. "Memories of the Russian Court," by Anna Virobova, is as entertaining as it is something else, and it is assuredly both. "Celebrities: Little Stories About Famous Folk," by Coulson Kernahan, is charming in its candor, modesty, and naïveté. His account of the Edwin Drood trial, where the judge was G. K. Chesterton, and Bernard Shaw foreman of the jury, is unforgettable; and I shall not forget the conversation between the beloved Ian Maclaren and an Italian peasant woman. She asked him if he never prayed to the Mother of God, and on receiving a courteous negative reply, she said: "Ah, sir, I understand that, but you are a man, and you don't know how a woman needs a woman to pray to!" The Protestant clergyman immediately and humbly asked the peasant's forgiveness. One of the most light-hearted of all these biographies is that by Douglas Ainslie, called "Adventures Social and Literary," in which the author tells the story of his youth and of his diplomatic career. Here is a man who has always moved, by right of birth, breeding, and education, "in the best circles." He is such a snob that his frankness is disarming; his assurance adds considerably to the amusement of the reader; and he himself seems to have had no end of fun. He hates democracy, and says so candidly. He believes that no one has the right to be called a "gentleman" unless—but let him talk, for such words make a strange accompaniment to the scream of the American eagle. "What is a gentleman? The significance of the word seems to vary with the speaker. I cling to the old acceptation that it should and does mean a man belonging to a certain group of families with pedigree and certain traditions. A gentleman can be a criminal and yet remain a gentleman, because he can't help it. The notion of a nature's gentleman seems to me to represent an attempt to steal the prestige that hangs around the name of gentleman and to apply it incorrectly to the possessor of certain moral and intellectual qualities. Why not call the latter a 'good' or a 'clever' man and remain true to the proper use of language?" All I can say is, "Golly! what a book!" It sounds as though it had been written before the year 1789.

I am amused to read such language from an indubitable swell. But it is not particularly amusing to read what he says on one of the greatest statesmen and noblest characters in modern history, John Morley, whose integrity matched his intellect. It is, however, significant; because it shows that a chronic consciousness of high birth may produce petrifaction of the brain. It hardly seems possible that John Morley, whom Henry James called the most distinguished of living Englishmen, could be the object of such an appraisal as this: "Another politician, at one time intimate with my uncle, was Mr. John Morley (now a Viscount, as all good Radicals should be). Morley had followed Gladstone on the Home Rule question, and thereby made sure of his peerage and higher office. It was a public calamity when he was made secretary of state for India. I have it from a foreign diplomatist, now an Allied ambassador, who had much state business at the India Office, that the whole of his policy was disastrous to the maintenance of British authority in that great country." Well, honesty is sometimes disastrous both to authority and to greed.

When he is not talking about gentlemen or politics, Mr. Ainslie is often more entertaining. He adds some excellent stories to the vast number already encircling the figure of Oscar Wilde. Here is one, which despite the narrator's howling blunder, is worth remembering. It happened when Wilde was an undergraduate at Oxford, taking his oral exam. "He was put on to construe from the Greek of the New Testament, at the verse of St. Matthew which records the sale of the Saviour for

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thirty pieces of silver by Barabbas. (SIC!) Wilde, who got a First in Greats and taught Mrs. Langtry Latin, construed a few verses rapidly and correctly. The examiner interrupted: 'Very good, that will do, Mr. Wilde.' 'Hush, hush,' replied the candidate, raising an admonitory finger, 'let us proceed and see what happened to the unfortunate man.'"

In addition to these just mentioned, and to those on which I commented in previous issues of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, one should particularly read Walter Damrosch's "My Musical Life"; it is not only an excellent autobiography, it shows clearly how New York has become the world's musical capital. Observe also the "Memoirs of Alexander Herzen," the great Russian critic, whose complete autobiography is now for the first time being made available in English. "A Mid-Victorian Pepys," being the letters and memoirs of Sir William Hardman, annotated and edited by S. M. Ellis, is steadily entertaining, most so when not meant to be, as will be seen from the following, under date of January, 1862: "So we are to have no war with these infernal Yankees this time. I am sorry for it, and in this I find my feelings are not unusual, for the prevailing views among all with whom I am brought into contact are, that we could not do better than give Yankeedom a thorough licking, and that such a fight must come off sooner or later. I remark that our strenuous preparations for war have *rather* smitten the Jonathans with a sort of abject terror. There is no doubt about it, we put them in a precious funk. It has put us to great expense in perfecting our military and naval condition, but it has enabled us to throw a compact army of 10,000 men into Canada."

Finally there is "The Garden of Memory," an autobiography by the late Kate Douglas Wiggin.

In addition to all these autobiographies, I am filled with feverish expectancy by a book that has just arrived: "W. S. Gilbert. His Life and Letters, by Sidney Dark and Rowland Grey." Is the motley in the authorship symbolical? It has many illustrations and, best of all, an enormous number of verses. Why cannot we have a revival of the complete cycle of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas? Their wit and tunefulness are imperishable; and their reproduction would make our musical comedies seem almost as inane as they actually are.

Burns Mantle, the accomplished dramatic critic, has recently issued his fourth annual volume, "The Best Plays of 1922–1923." I advise lovers and students of contemporary drama to buy this book, and its three predecessors, for they form a complete and accurate history of the American stage during the period covered. The present theatrical season in New York—there is none elsewhere in America—is particularly brilliant. The outstanding event is the revival of "Cyrano de Bergerac," by Walter Hampden. The greatest drama of modern times, produced and acted by one of the most gifted and impressive artists in the world, makes a combination that has been received with tremendous enthusiasm. It is a glorious performance, worth travelling across the continent to see. The translation was made especially for this production by the American poet Brian Hooker, and seems to be admirably adapted for the voice. Other plays that adorn this season are "The Changelings," by Lee Wilson Dodd, an original, thoughtful, challenging, brilliant American comedy, produced to the absolute satisfaction of eye and ear by Henry Miller. Associated with him are Blanche Bates, Laura Hope Crews, Ruth Chatterton, and others, whose intelligence and enunciation make the dialogue as exciting as action in a melodrama. The tempo of the play is perfectly sustained. "The Swan," a romantic comedy by Molnar, has captured New York, and deserves its success. It is a charming piece, and the acting of the cast is on a level with that of the best stock companies of Europe. Not so much can be said of the Theatre Guild's choice and production of Galsworthy's "Windows." I am an enthusiastic member of the Guild, and an enthusiastic admirer of Galsworthy; but nothing can disguise the fact that "Windows" is a feeble play, indifferently acted. Jane Cowl, emboldened by the immense success of her interpretation of Juliet, has had the courage to produce Maeterlinck's "Pelléas and Mélisande," and indeed it took courage, because the play has appall-

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ing difficulties, and because Maeterlinck is just now extremely unpopular in America. He was a great name until he came hither to lecture; after that disastrous experience the majority of Americans made up their minds that he was a writer of no importance, and in America all such things are settled by majority vote. That a failure in lecturing should destroy the literary value of "Monna Vanna," "Pelléas," "Sister Béatrice," and "The Blue Bird" would seem incomprehensible if it were not a fact. Most American "critics" simply repeat what it is fashionable to say: Maeterlinck is an old windbag; Alfred Noyes never wrote a line of poetry, and so on. Jane Cowl, however, has scored an artistic success in the Belgian play; whether it will hold the stage for a long run is not now discoverable.

The Moscow players are with us again, and are no less wonderful, delighting their audiences and satisfying the most difficult critics. They have added new plays to their repertoire, and are apparently as successful in light comedy as in gray tragedy. It is curious that out of all Ibsen's works they should have chosen "An Enemy of the People," but they certainly did well with it. Perhaps on their next visit they will take an American play.

Eleonora Duse also came over, and played to enormous and enthusiastic audiences. She gave the worst performance of Ibsen's "Ghosts" I have ever seen. Not one thrill did I receive from her impersonation of Mrs. Alving. She was mechanically perfect; her movements, gestures, voice, all technically correct, and all lifeless.

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection."

Not for one second was I under any illusion, under any spell; I simply watched a well-oiled automaton. As for the others, the only satisfactory one was Pastor Manders; the rest were either insignificant or bad. The conclusion was doubly ruined, first by the scene between Oswald and his mother, and secondly by the weirdest sun that ever shone. As if to forestall future elocutionists, Ibsen put in the stage direction that Oswald must speak in a dull, toneless voice; by the lack of expression expressing horror unspeakable. But just as so many actresses who essay Lady Macbeth love to show off in the sleep-walking scene, thus demonstrating that whoever may be asleep in the audience, the Lady is not, so actors who play Oswald love to put horror in their tones when its absence is most horrible. When I heard Antoine play the rôle in Paris, he spoiled the final effect by saying pathetically, *Donne-moi le soleil*, like a child crying for food. In Madame Duse's production, Oswald implored and besought his mother to give him the sun, thus destroying the effect that Ibsen explicitly wished to produce. Oswald in this instance was no crazier than the sun. Why have a sun? The increasing light of dawn is all that is necessary. But in the Duse production a roundish, yellowish ball came up jerkily in a heavily wrinkled sky; the men who were pulling it off stage lacked the rudiments of team-play, for some seemed to haul against determined opposition, so that the result looked like a tug of war, with the sun for prize. The conservatives, who did not wish it to rise at all, nearly got it once. Such a perverse sun would have discredited a scratch team of players in a district school. I wish David Belasco could have seen it. For his production of "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" had the most marvellous light ever seen on the stage. There were no side-lights, spot-lights, or foot-lights; Mr. Belasco has discovered a new method, that gives a diffused light indistinguishable from the light of day. The sunshine filtered through the trees exactly as it would on a summer afternoon, and the sky had no wrinkles; the only unwrinkled sky I have ever seen in the theatre.

In New Jersey, the Burlington County Historical Society has done a fine thing in purchasing the house in the town of Burlington, 457 High Street, where on September 15, 1789, James Fenimore Cooper was born. The house is filled with Cooperiana, the novelist's grandson contributing a remarkable manuscript. On November 23, the birthplace was formally dedicated, and despite torrents of rain there was a large attendance and great fervor. I was not only deeply interested in the Cooper home and in the

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old Quaker meeting-house, but in the building next door to Cooper's, where Captain James Lawrence was born, October 1, 1781. Let me recommend to motorists a visit to Burlington. Kenneth A. Robinson, of Dartmouth, writes me: "My grandfather was a graduate of Yale in the class of 1835, and I have often heard him tell how he and some other students tried to get the Phi Beta Kappa society there to bring, or at least invite, Cooper to New Haven to lecture, only to have their proposal repeatedly rejected by the officers of the society on the ground that Cooper 'wrote novels.'"

Americans are usually good story-tellers, as distinguished from conversationists. I use the latter word on the prompting of Ernest Ingersoll, who suggests that it is a better form than conversationalist. And so it is. I suppose there never was a more entertaining teller of stories than the late Gordon McCabe, of Virginia, who during his life of eighty years gave an immense amount of pleasure to an immense number of people. He was my ideal of a Southern gentleman, brave, courteous, witty, kindly, with a nice sense of honor. His conversations with Tennyson were particularly interesting. He told the aged poet some of his best Southern anecdotes, which made him a welcome guest in Tennyson's home. On one occasion Tennyson grew confidential and told McCabe something about his own history, and then rather gruffly remarked that he hoped McCabe would not print this in any newspaper. McCabe instantly replied that in the country whence he came such a remark would be regarded as an insult, and the poet immediately apologized. Observing that Tennyson smoked all the time, McCabe asked him if he had ever tried Bull Durham, the Old Reliable; he had not, but liked the sample given him by the Virginian. Accordingly McCabe used to send him a bale of Bull Durham every year, which the poet quickly consumed.

Gordon McCabe, like the gallant young gentleman he was, fought in the Confederate Army, and could not at first swallow the oath of allegiance to the United States after the war, for which I personally admire him. Only the other day I received an extremely interesting letter from one of McCabe's fellow soldiers, G. Nash Morton, who writes:

> Gordon was a charming personality, a most entertaining and delightful companion. After Lee's surrender, when a number of Lee's officers, who in one way or another had escaped capitulation, were making our way to join General Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., I came into the most intimate touch with Gordon. Having been cut off from Lee on the night before the 9th of April by Sheridan's Cavalry, which had swung in between us and Lee's main army, marching on another road, at sunrise on the morning of the 9th we received word from Lee that he was about to surrender. But as we were cut off from him, he had not included us in his cartel, and that we could either surrender with him or not, just as we pleased. I set out immediately to join Johnston. In doing so I had to pass my home, "Gravel Hill," in Charlotte, the adjoining County to Appomattox. Delayed there a couple of days arranging a new horse and valet to replace the one I had left behind, Gordon and Maj. McGraw turned up with Lieut. Hannah, my cousin. . . . We all joined company and went in a body to Greensboro. It was there that Gordon's splendid qualities shone forth in all their brilliancy. Arriving at Greensboro, we reported for service to General Johnston, who told us that just then he had nothing for us to do, but that we might camp near him, and draw our rations. If he needed us, he would call on us. We learned afterward that he was already negotiating with Sherman for surrender. Gordon was our spokesman with Johnston. When the latter asked him what was Lee's position at Richmond and Petersburg before leaving them, and Gordon had explained it to him, he said, "I am surprised he stayed there so long." Whatever President Davis and Congress might have wished or said, Johnston would have left the two cities to their fate and have saved his army while there was an opportunity to save it. Lee, on the contrary, always bowed to the civic authorities. He knew as well as Johnston when his position became untenable, and no doubt he had made it known to the authorities. But Richmond not Petersburg, in its mad whirl of pleasure and frolic, was blind to its fate, and believed that Lee could work miracles and would never give up the capital.
>
> During our stay in Greensboro, we witnessed an incident which thrilled even such experienced soldiers as we were. A mob gathered around the building where the quartermaster and commissary stores were housed. As the mob pressed nearer and nearer and seemed more and more threatening, the young soldier in charge whirled a keg of powder to the door, smashed in the head with a hatchet, called to his assistant to bring him the poker which he had been heating in the stove, and brandishing its glowing tip over his head, he said, "You people had better get away from here. If you press any nearer, I will blow up the house and everybody near it." They saw that he meant business and retired.
>
> One day General Johnston informed us that he intended to surrender the next day. We bade him good-by, mounted our horses and turned

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homeward. Gordon, as usual, was the life of our party.

Mr. Morton enclosed the following letter from McCabe, written in April, 1865:

MY DEAR NASH:

Although I do not know when there will be an opportunity of sending this, still I can't refrain any longer from inflicting a letter upon you, albeit you have done nothing worthy of such harsh treatment from me.

Well, old boy, I miss you a great deal, and I'd love to have some of our chats and rides and walks over again. I'm not given to saying complimentary things or I sh'd put down something to your "credit side" in speaking of my charming visit to "Gravel Hill" but that sort of thing sounds insincere on paper, and besides "you ought to know," as the dear young ladies are wont to say.

Well, I've been paroled but I have, at present, no idea that I could stand up and swallow the "Oath." I feel more like spitting out one—a real, round old cavalier oath—such as Rupert or "wild George Goring" swore at the "Puritan curs." Everybody here, however, is taking it, nor do I think a man ought to refuse when he is going to remain in the country. After all it is a question for every man to settle for himself.

My intention of going abroad remains unchanged, and I trust by the blessing of God to be able to sail by October. I propose going first to England, and if I cannot find employment there, thence to Australia. How much I would love to have you as my *compagnon de voyage!* A cool head and a brave heart are good to have by one's self—pshaw! how awkward! I mean, are good in a companion! In short, old fellow, when I wrote that balderdash I meant to express my deliberate conviction that your head piece is pretty level, and that you aren't the greatest coward in the world, and that I wish you'd go with me.

Now write me about that famous school, and tell me what you propose doing. You haven't proposed to the fair maid of Roxabel, have you? Alas! poor Yorick! these one-legged men are terrible fellows. Now give my warm regards to Judge Marshall's family, and remember in counting up your friends that you have none who love you more sincerely and heartily than

GORDON MCCABE.

In one respect, at least, Joseph Conrad is unlike Henry James. The latter became more and more difficult as he advanced in years, so that some of his latest writings, "The Outcry," for example, are for the average reader an impenetrable thicket. Conrad, on the other hand, seems to increase in amenity. Surely his latest novel, "The Rover," is, with the possible exception of "Victory," the "easiest" of all his books. Although written by a seafaring man about a seafaring man, the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. This is a story of the south of France in the Napoleonic era, and the interest is concentrated on a single character, who is one of Conrad's greatest creations. The idea of sacrifice, which is fundamental in Conrad's novels—one has only to recall "The Rescue" and "Under Western Eyes"—is here again dominant; nothing could be more splendidly serene than the way in which the old sea-dog steers toward death. We had learned to love him before this final incident; but nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it. The dignity of style which marks every book by Conrad is here also notable; it furnishes a reason for his superiority to most of his contemporaries.

Like Browning, Ibsen, and Wagner, Joseph Conrad finally won his public without making any compromises; for the superior clarity of the sentences in "The Rover" has no similarity to any sort of "writing down." The old jokes about Conrad are heard no more. Who was it who used to call his admirers the Conradicals, and insist that the novelist was unreadable? Was it the same man who put one of his novels against the wall, shot it with a revolver, and found that the bullet had failed to get through the first chapter?

There is only one of Conrad's novels unworthy of him, though he would never admit it. This is "Victory," which won him a new public. I cannot swallow Mr. Jones, who seems to me just the languid, bored villain whom I have encountered as frequently in melodrama as infrequently in life.

In a previous issue I said that I had never heard of Sarah Smith, or of her novel, "The Doctor's Dilemma." Well, just as I expected, I have since heard several times of both. I am informed that the famous Hesba Stretton (of whom I had heard) was none other than Sarah Smith; that there is sufficiently complete information about her in the Second Supplement of the Dictionary of National Biography; that her novel, "The Doctor's Dilemma," was published at London in three volumes, 1872. Could any two authors possibly be more unlike than Hesba Stretton and Bernard Shaw? Yet he did not disdain to borrow from her. He must

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have borrowed his title, for to suppose the contrary would be to imagine that there was one thing in the world of which he had not heard. Of all the letters I have received about Sarah Smith, the following, from Justice John S. Dawson, Topeka, Kan., is the most interesting:

DEAR SIR:

Probably some of your readers will volunteer more information about Sarah Smith than I can give, but I'll tell you what I learned about her from her brother, a fine old English gentleman who emigrated to western Kansas and became my neighbor and revered friend until his death some ten years ago.

Sarah Smith, born "somewhere" in England, was one of five children,—Harriet, Eleanor, Sarah, Benjamin and Alice. She early showed some literary aptitude and was encouraged thereto by Charles Dickens. Owing to the plainness of her name, she adopted a *nom de plume*, Hesba Stretton, the word "Hesba" being made from the first letters of the Christian names of her sisters, her brother, and herself,—H, E, S, B, A. I never heard of "The Doctor's Dilemma," but many years ago I read some of her books, "Paul's Courtship," "Cobwebs and Cables," and I think some others which my memory now confuses with the writings of E. P. Roe. Their style and trend were much alike, as I recall.

But the most interesting incident concerning Sarah Smith, or rather Hesba Stretton, for I was not aware that she had published any books under her own name, hangs around her little story, "Jessica's First Prayer," which could be read in half an hour, just such a story as used to appear in Sunday-school leaflets a generation ago, and neither better nor worse than most of its kind.

It chanced, however, about the time of its publication, that Sarah Smith was prominently active in relief work for famine sufferers in Russia. As an appreciation of her work, the Czar ordered "Jessica's First Prayer" translated into the Russian language, and a copy of it placed in every public library in the empire. The notoriety thereby occasioned caused a great demand for the little story, with the result that Sarah Smith made quite a bit of money by it. But that is only part of my tale. Some years later, Sarah Smith wrote an article for a London paper, containing a scathing denunciation of the Siberian exile system. This so greatly enraged the Czar that he ordered the little book to be taken from the libraries of Russia and burned by the public hangman! This caused another world-wide demand for "Jessica's First Prayer," and ere it subsided, Sarah Smith was on easy street for the rest of her life.

Professor Charles A. Beard, who, just before the catastrophe, returned from a year's stay in Japan, and upon arrival in his Connecticut home was immediately summoned back to assist in the proper restoration of the city of Tokio, which invitation was a high and well-merited compliment, writes me that he is now "amid the greatest scene of desolation in the history of human calamities. But the human spirit rises indomitable. More than 60,000 houses and shacks have been lifted from the ashes in one month and the whole city is a hive of industry." I think the name should be changed from Tokio to Phœnix.

Last year I wrote elsewhere the careless remark that after the fall of manna ceased in Old Testament times, it had never been heard of since. Which shows how little I know about it; for Robert T. Pound, of Labina, Mont., writes me that the *Scientific American* for July, 1922, says: "Washington has received from Bagdad samples of Turkish manna. This manna falls like dew during the autumn months, hardening into the form of grain. It is supposedly the same substance used by the children of Israel. . . . It is a good substitute for sugar and honey, and sells for 45 cents a pound." Thus it is literally the bread of heaven, and the old Jewish historian knew almost as much as some of his critics.

Those who are still worried about the younger generation should attend to the following story, which I assure them is literally true. Not long ago an undergraduate told me that he personally did not like to drink, and did not drink except when home on vacations. "Even there," he said, "I do not really want to drink. But what shall I do? I can't bear to hurt father's feelings."

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THERE was a young artist in New York who wanted to place his work before the public. Forthwith he called on a dealer with one of his pictures to ask if he might have an exhibition. Quoth the dealer: "I don't see how that can be managed just yet. You are not known." The applicant naturally wanted to know how he was to become known. "Through an exhibition," the dealer gravely replied. In my mind's eye I have ever since seen that young artist travelling around in a circle, waiting to gain by some miracle the reputation that will enable him to gain a reputation! Incidentally the picture has set me to thinking about the whole matter of exhibitions. In them, quite as much as in the studios, the history of art is written. The author is unknown until he is published, the composer is unknown until he is played. The artist is in the same box.

There is some curious light thrown upon this subject by Thomas Cummings in his "Historic Annals of the National Academy of Design," printed in Philadelphia back in the sixties. Americans were interested in art a long time ago, and as early as 1802 there was talk in New York of founding an institution which by 1808 succeeded in obtaining a charter as an Academy of Arts. What appears to have been its first exploit as an exhibiting body was academic enough to have congealed the blood of even the most æsthetic citizen. Robert Livingston, our ambassador to France, sent over a number of casts from the antique. These were set up in a building on the east side of old Greenwich Street, which had been erected for a circus or riding-school, and the New Yorker was told that on the purchase of an annual admission ticket for $5 he might come and gaze his fill. Probably there was a smaller fee for a single admission, but it did not matter. The casts presently went into storage and the Academy itself lapsed into a kind of hibernation. It lay dormant for nearly fifteen years, but in 1816 it was revived and Governor De Witt Clinton, though resigning as president, marked the occasion by an interminable and gorgeous address. Cummings thought well of it, saying: "This was probably the first address delivered before any Academy of Arts in the United States. It was delivered before the citizens of the first city in the first State of the Union, and it will not be objected to that it should be said that it was by the *first* man in the State."

With all due respect to Mr. Cummings, I fear that some of the governor's hearers must have gasped over his eloquence. Here is a specimen, too sublime to be overlooked:

> There are certain mighty pillars which support the complicated fabric of society, and there are distinguished ornaments which beautify and embellish it. Upon agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; upon science, literature, morality, and religion, all associations of the human race must rely for subsistence or support—but the Fine Arts superadd the graces of a Chesterfield to the gigantic mind of a Locke. They are the acanthi which adorn the Corinthian column—the halos which surround the Sun of Knowledge: they excite labor, produce riches, enlarge the sphere of innocent amusements, increase the stock of harmless pleasure, expand our intellectual powers, improve our moral faculties, stimulate to illustrious deeds, enhance the charms of virtue, diffuse the glories of heroism, augment the public wealth, and extend the national reputation.

If the folks in 1816 believed all that, they could have believed anything. They must have been a little sceptical, because the permanent collection that the Academy got together proved but a dubious magnet. Cummings mourned over the failure of the institution. But he was a shrewd old boy and put his finger on the cause of the Academy's ill fortune: "It was to be found in the unchangeableness

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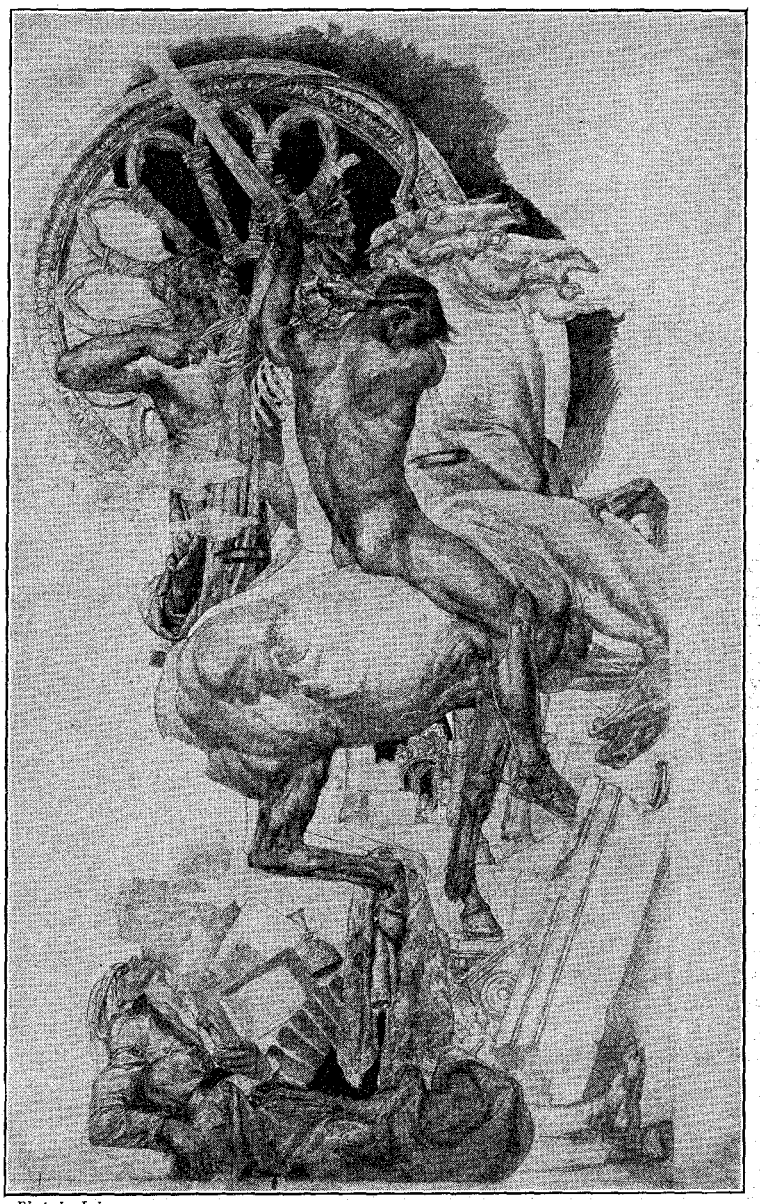

Photo by Juley.

Fragment of "Recessional."
From the drawing by Eugene F. Savage.

in its exhibitions, which was not suited to a novelty-seeking public. Its permanency of material was its death. A daily attendance of often not more than two or three persons, art vigilists, mourned over its expiring moments. The yearly receipts were insufficient to meet the doorkeeper's salary—a very moderate item." Nor was it the public alone that was responsible for the ultimate fall of this "mighty pillar." There was some pretense of permitting students to draw from the casts I have mentioned, but even when the young artist sought the privilege at the canonical hour he was uncertain of admission. He was frequently insulted,

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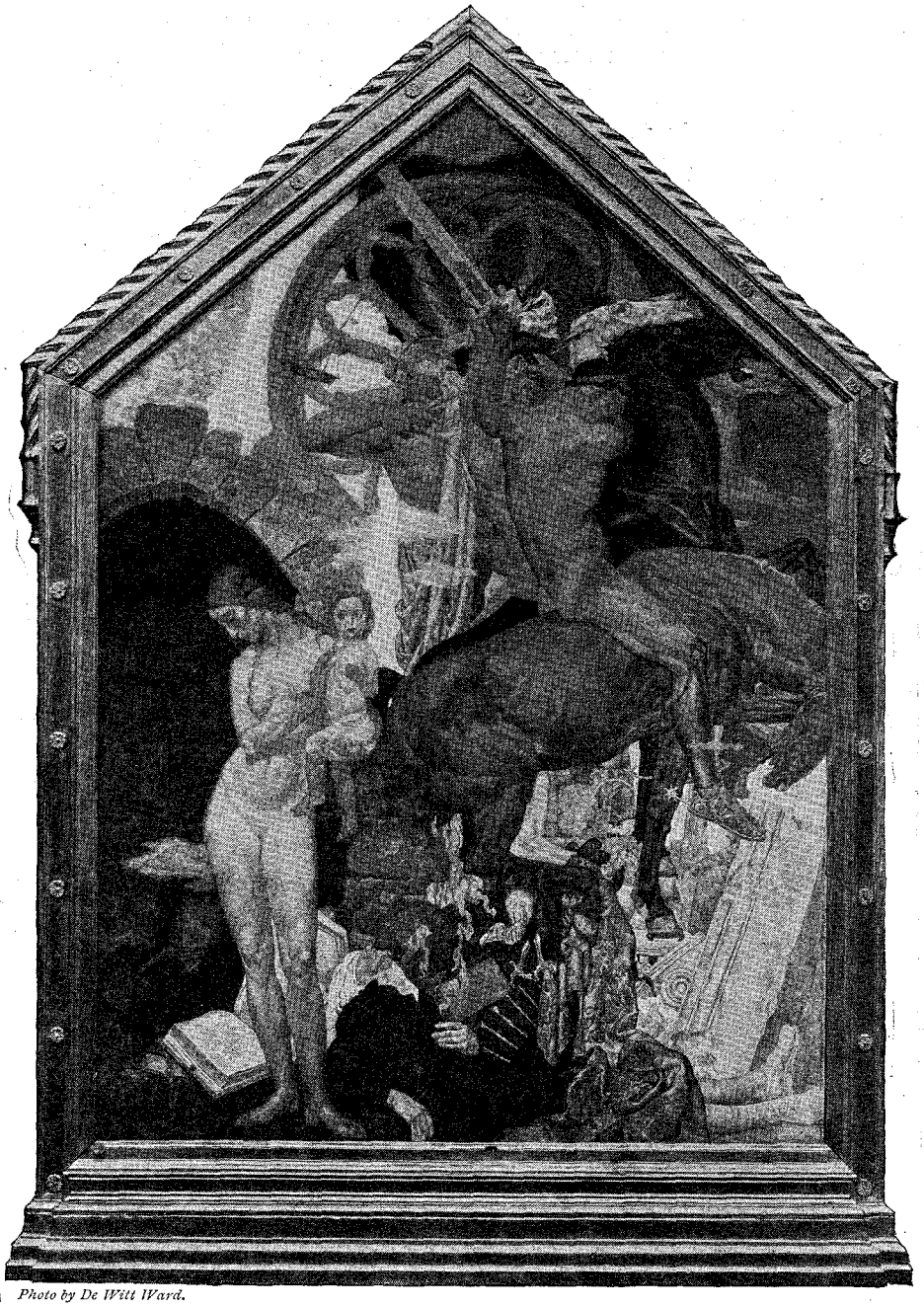

Photo by De Witt Ward.

Recessional.

From the painting by Eugene F. Savage, awarded the second Altman prize in the Winter Exhibition of the Academy of Design.

and he was absolutely certain of this if he had the presumption to knock at the door! Dunlap has told what happened once to Cummings and F. S. Agate when, on turning away from their rejection, they encountered John Trumbull, then president, and complained. He backed up the curator in his assertion that he

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would open the doors when it suited him, and went on to deliver this astounding speech:

> When I commenced the study of painting, there were no casts in the country. I was obliged to do as well as I could. These young gentlemen should remember that the *gentlemen* have gone to a great expense in importing casts, and that they (the students) have no property in them; they must remember that *beggars are not to be choosers.*

Poor acanthi! Is it any wonder that they rebelled, formed a Drawing Association of their own, and finally, in 1825, brought into existence the National Academy of the Arts of Design, an institution to be untroubled by the laymen who had largely bedevilled its predecessor, but to be governed exclusively by artists? There is a world of meaning in the slogan of the new body, announced in large capital letters, A DIFFERENT COURSE WILL BE PURSUED. The exhibition as a halo surrounding the Sun of Knowledge took on increased luminosity.

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IT took about fifty years for the halo to shrink and grow cold, but there is no question about its subsidence. In 1877 discontent with the Academy led to the foundation of the Society of American Artists, and if that didn't last quite so long it at all events enjoyed a fairly protracted existence. I remember it in its prime. Its exhibitions literally made history. The best years of the Academy, surely through no fault of its own, were hardly the best years in modern American art. They represented the rather pedestrian mood into which we had relapsed after Stuart and our brief eighteenth-century harvest. The group of masters born before the Civil War, men like Inness and La Farge, was not large enough to leaven the lump, nor were we, as a school, as yet aware of the newer European influences. The Society of American Artists came in with these, and its exhibitions worked a positive renovation. Then, little by little, they began to slip and, after twenty-nine years, in 1906, the Society went back into the fold, uniting with the Academy. I sat beside La Farge at the dinner that marked the occasion, and I could not gather from his talk that he regarded the merger as being other than inevitable, one more demonstration of the eternal nature of things. It is of the philosophy of exhibitions. They wax and they wane, no matter who runs them. There are always malcontents, secessionists. I have witnessed their operations in Paris, London, and Munich, in Italy and Spain. They succeed, they wax, and then they wane in the approved fashion. Only recently here at home we have had further instances of the restlessness of the artist where exhibitions are concerned. The Society of Independent Artists was started in 1917, and annually has shown the works of its members without the intervention of a jury. In 1919 we had the first of the yearly exhibitions of the New Society of Artists, a group of about two score men more progressive in their ideas than the Academy is supposed to be, though some of them still exhibit there. Sometimes these groups last. The Ten American Painters held their first show in 1898, and only of late years have seemed to be lingering with no particular function upon the scene—as an organization. There lies, in fact, the nubbin of the whole situation. In organization, as regards exhibitions, lie the fairly certain seeds of decay.

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THE strength of a chain, we are told by authority, resides in its weakest link. The efficiency of a jury—and juries seem to be inevitable, the Society of Independents to the contrary notwithstanding—resides in the average mentality of its members, and this does not seem to make for the breadth of view which is essential to the maintenance of a high standard in exhibitions. I carelessly alluded, just now, to the philosophy of the subject. I am not really so sure that there is any such thing, unless it lies in the rather obvious principle that the good exhibition is only to be expected when you have a good crop of artists. That was the principle on which the Society of American Artists subsisted. It is for this reason that I cannot sympathize with the conventional judgment on the latter-day proceedings of the Academy of Design. It is generally assumed in this judgment that the Academy had definitely adopted a reactionary

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policy, directed with a kind of crusading zeal at the mortification of youth and the repudiation of all new ideas. The effort to maintain something of a decent standard and the refusal to coddle every "independent" dauber are interpreted as insensate opposition to progress. What moonshine this is! This winter's Academy had in it a respectable number of good pictures, some of them sent in by men identified with nominally superior organizations. When I walked through it with an open mind I could not but come to the conclusion that its deficiencies were to be explained simply on the hypothesis that, as I have already hinted, there aren't enough good artists to go round. Especially when you begin to reckon with the one-man show.

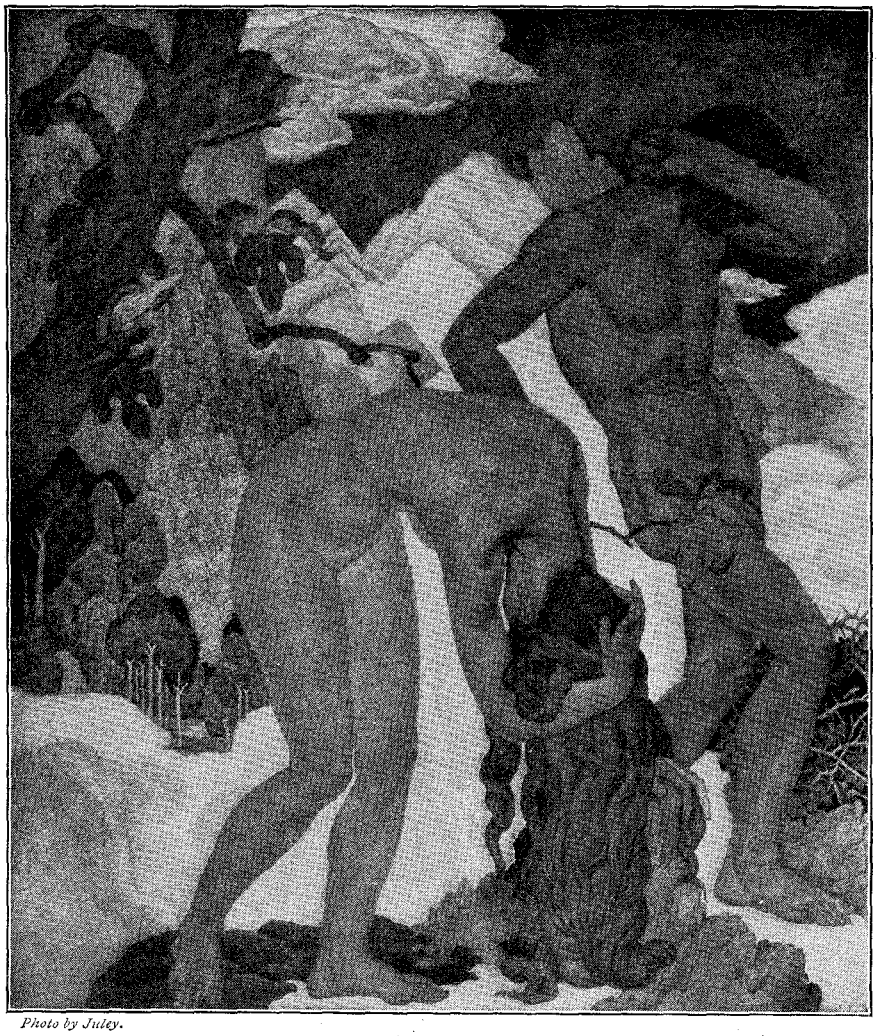

Photo by Juley.

Expulsion.

From the painting by Eugene F. Savage in the City Art Museum of St. Louis.

It is the one-man show, I think, that has done more than anything else to pull the large miscellaneous exhibition down from the level on which, haply, it may have started. This isn't altogether an opinion either. It is more a statement of fact. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the

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one-man show happened now and then, but you saw everybody that counted at the Academy or at the Society of American Artists. More and more these men went off on their own. I used to annoy artists I knew by asking them why they weren't loyal to their organization, sending their best pictures to its walls, and I've seen some of them wriggle. They couldn't say just why, and yet I don't see why I shouldn't say it for them. In the one-man show, the artist comes right out on the top of the world for all men to see. He has a well-lighted, well-appointed room to himself, he is under the auspices of a dealer who will move heaven and earth to sell his pictures, and if he is a good artist he will, by this process, raise up a public for himself in a tithe of the time usual under the usual conditions. The one-man show gives him, in short, an uncommonly good chance to earn a reasonable living. Who can blame him, then, if he sacrifices the organization to his own interests? As a mere matter of economic self-preservation it is hard to see why he should do anything else. Yet there is a distinction to be drawn. The one-man show ought not to drain the Academy to the extent that it does. Since some men find it possible to exhibit in more than one place, why shouldn't more of them do so? I may cite at random a single good example, that offered by the distinguished landscape-painter, Mr. Charles H. Davis. He is addicted to the one-man show, but he sent to the Winter Academy one of his best pictures. Men win admission to the Academy, get the initials A. N. A. or N. A. to add to their names, and then, in more or less short order, quit. To use the English phrase, it isn't cricket.

Besides this question of a sportsmanlike attitude to the Academy there is the question of the artist's involvement in the duty of that institution to the public. I wonder sometimes how much the artist thinks of the large, patient, long-enduring public. People are asked to "support" art, to give it countenance, to examine, and to buy. One would think that, with this idea current, artists would make every effort to appeal to the public in the right way, to "get up" exhibitions so good that the public couldn't resist them. But if half the unwritten tales are true, this is the last thing they ever think of. Is there any solidarity among artists? I don't know, for I haven't a statistic in me, but I doubt it. If it figures anywhere it is among the little groups, and even about these, strange rumors of domestic infelicity sometimes get afloat, and I think the detached observer may be forgiven if sometimes he stands, watch in hand, with an eye on a given group, wondering with a chuckle how long its harmony is going to endure.

One cheering fact emerges in this world of exhibitions. What with the organizations and the dealers who give the one-man shows, the American artist gets his chance full measure and running over—despite the sad plight of the unknown whose quandary I mentioned at the outset. It had seemed from the bewildering number of exhibitions in New York that nothing more was needed, yet Mr. Walter Clark went to work and formed the National Association of Painters and Sculptors, in which the subscriptions of the lay members and the works contributed by the artist members carry a great set of galleries in the Grand Central Station and add one more to the innumerable agencies for the sale of American works of art. As I write there opens in the Sculptor's Gallery in East Fortieth Street, formerly the studio of the late Charles Cary Rumsey, an exhibition which Mrs. Rumsey has assembled with the aid of a committee of artists. It presents the works of studio assistants of promise, beginners who have no other way of approaching the public. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney has for several years shown the same generosity in placing exhibition facilities at the service of the tyro as well as of the man of experience. I don't suppose that anywhere in the world the artist, regardless of his talent or of his lack of it, may be so sure of a public audience, so to say, as in New York. We talk of the miles of canvas in the Paris Salon. New York, in the course of a season, beats the French mileage by several parasangs. The circumstance has its sorry aspects. New York sees in the course of a year quantities of the worst works of art, so-called, in all Christendom, piles of the feeble stuff of immaturity, the tastelessness of vulgarity, and, most de-

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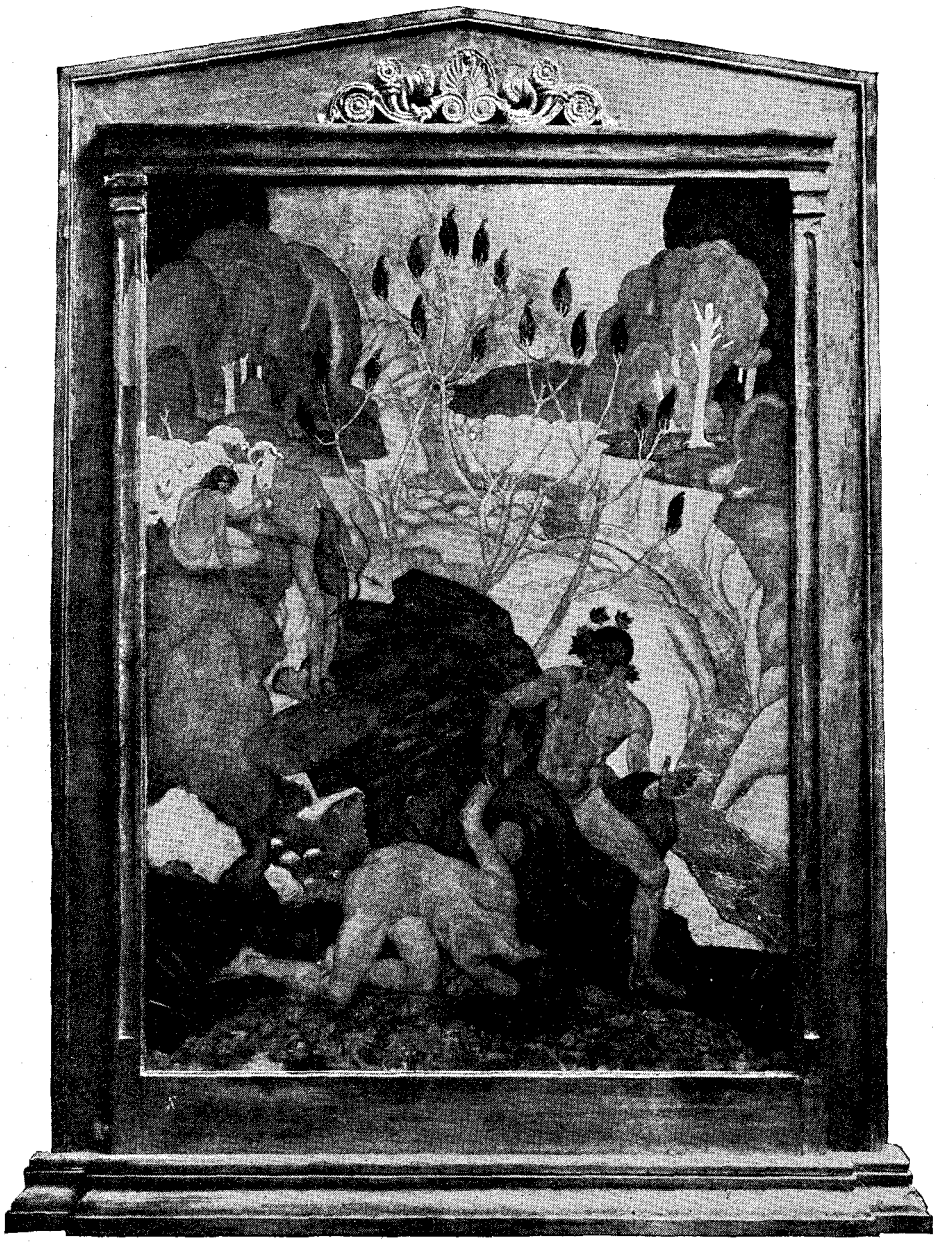

Photo by De Witt Ward.

Bacchanal.

From the painting by Eugene F. Savage.

pressing of all, the respectable dulness of mediocrity. But along with this, so vigorous and so varied is the present state of American art, New York sees some of the finest painting and sculpture that are done anywhere.

I CAN justify that boast, as it happens, by referring to one of the first of the one-man shows held in New York this season, the exhibition at the Ferargil Gallery of works by Mr. Eugene F. Savage. The test of a true artist is his possession

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of individuality, his having a view of life and art that is personal and new and beautiful. Mr. Savage has such a view. Besides painting he thinks. He has ideas. He is interested in themes that have a scriptural or symbolical and imaginative significance. He sets the horses of the Apocalypse plunging across a canvas with a world in ruins beneath their feet. It is a pageant of death and destruction, but in the foreground of this "Recessional," as he calls it, there is an image of living motherhood and behind the horsemen you glimpse in a rose-window the ever-revolving wheel of the church. There is allegory here, in this as in all of his pictures; in his "Stabat Mater," in his "Expulsion," in his "Bacchanal" there is a play of mind around some theme touching the universal sympathies of mankind. In that alone, in his elevation and poetic seriousness, Mr. Savage achieves distinction. But what also brings him to mind as illustrating the force with which modern American art from time to time challenges the supremacy of European is this artist's mastery of his craft.

He knows how to draw, and there is kinship between his draftsmanship and his ideas. He draws with a free, flowing line, a line that has strength and dignity, a line that has upon it the accent of style. Obviously he is a careful student of nature, but he draws with the touch of a man concerned to lift realistic truth to a higher power. He gives you the fact, but he gives it to you ennobled by art. His color is the pure color which we associate with the Italian Primitives, and he recalls them also in the frequency with which he introduces passages of flat gold. Like the pioneers of the Renaissance, he proves that a picture having a kind of sweet solemnity may also be innocently, almost naïvely, bright and gay. We have never had a more instinctively decorative painter, and if I owned that fearful wild fowl, a king's ransom, I would promptly use it to obtain from Mr. Savage the embellishment of some such vast spaces as were handed over to the early masters in Florence, Siena, and Assisi. He would, among other things, make them glow. What he had to say would be recondite and possibly obscure, but it would convey its message even to beholders not much given to abstruse reflection. If they felt nothing else they would feel the beauty implicit in this artist's conceptions and in his fine workmanship.

The beauty in his work, the unmistakable authenticity of his art must be taken first of all as testimony to nothing more nor less than an inborn gift. Mr. Savage strikes me as the kind of painter who would have triumphed over any fortuitous circumstances. But that is not to say that he has evolved his work in a vacuum, that he owes nothing to external influences. On the contrary, he owes a heavy debt to the American Academy in Rome, where he spent three precious years. When the late Charles F. McKim founded that institution he meant it to benefit just such a man as Mr. Savage. Realizing how Rome was saturated in beauty and enveloped in grandeur, he foresaw that if the young American artist of imagination were harbored there during his formative period he would draw unforgettable inspiration from his environment. His belief has been repeatedly confirmed in the architecture of John Russell Pope, in the sculpture of Paul Manship and C. P. Jennewein, in the mural decorations of Barry Faulkner and Ezra Winter. It is confirmed again in the paintings of Eugene Savage. He has not painted pseudo-Italian pictures. He has not wasted himself in the effort to echo Raphael or Michael Angelo, or any of the lesser types of the Renaissance. But contact with them all has spurred him to a keener sense of the rectitude of his craft and has deepened his insight into beauty. From tradition he has caught something of that secret elusive air on which imagination is nourished and through the magical power of which a man's dreams take tangible form. McKim would have rejoiced in this disciple of his ideal.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 19.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

The New Year and Its Financial Possibilities

UNDERLYING INFLUENCES WHICH MAY SHAPE THE HISTORY OF 1924—IMPENDING EVENTS IN EUROPE—AMERICA IN A PRESIDENTIAL YEAR

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

SOMETIMES the very first weeks of a new year give a distinct clew to the financial future, perhaps even reversing predictions and expectations with which the old year ended. In a measure this was true of 1923, when the rapid forward surge of finance and industry, very unusual in midwinter, took Wall Street completely by surprise. It was notably true of 1920, when January's collapsing stock market and extreme money stringency followed immediately after December's excited rise in stocks and the year-end prophecies of easy money.

In the First Month of a New Year

But these were the exceptions. January markets are usually uneventful; the business community will have pasted the year-end forecasts in its scrap-book and have settled down to await their fulfilment. The rather frequent outcome is that the later course of events will give an entirely new direction to financial expectation. The rather long series of mistaken predictions, stretching from the spring of 1919 to the autumn of 1923, provoked occasional inquiry as to whether, in the present altered condition of the economic world, financial prophecy may not have become a lost art. But if the art is lost, it is not for want of practitioners.

PERHAPS never in our financial history has the future been foretold so continuously as it is to-day, so confidently and with such wealth of detail. The extremely numerous wizards that peep and mutter in Wall Street vary in personnel from high economic experts and established bureaus of information to the "wire service" of Stock Exchange commission houses. Their field of prophecy ranges all the way from prediction that prices of commodities will decline during 1924, or that business will recover in the spring, or that the money market will tighten next month, to information that a reaction in stocks will begin at 2:15 P. M. to-morrow. But each of them has his own particular opinion, and the result, as might be supposed, is not only surfeit of prophecy but conflict of forecasts which leaves the anxious inquirer more confused than he was before.

Wall Street and Its Prophets

That is undeniably true of the present efforts to construct the horoscope of 1924. In a very considerable degree, such confusion of judgment as exists is a consequence of divergent interpretation of the past. Reasoning from the deadlock of reparations, the financial collapse of Germany, the strain on the Entente, the Labor party's successes in England and the farmers' agitation in the United States, one group of people with prophetic instinct will perhaps have concluded that, on the whole, matters are worse now than they have been at any time since the armistice. Prophecy based on this view of the past (which is just now more prevalent in Europe than in America) will easily foresee complete and hopeless ruin to Germany in 1924, shaken public credit in France, breakdown of England's foreign trade with Labor and its capital-levy programme in control of the British Parliament, our own State Department

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putting the screws on foreign debtor governments, and the constructive legislation enacted at Washington since 1918 torn up by the "Radical bloc."

Reading the Future by the Past

THERE will also, however, be another group of prophets, whose view of the future will be governed by exactly opposite interpretation of the past. These people's minds will have been impressed primarily by the fact that the "Bolshevism" which was about to overrun all Europe, five years ago, has faded into the remote political background—in Russia as unmistakably as elsewhere; that even Germany, under the severest test, has shown unimagined cohesive political instinct; that hard work and energetic production, the lack of which in 1919 was declared to be the one obstacle to Europe's economic reconstruction, has since that year so far altered the situation that some of the lately belligerent states are exporting a greater quantity of products than in 1913, and that all of them are now raising such harvests as largely to shut American wheat out of the Continental market.

Importance will have been attached by these observers to the fact that, whereas Continental Europe seemed in the first year of peace to be chiefly engaged in evading taxes and running the government with paper money, some of these governments have now increased their tax collections 50 per cent over even 1920, and that, as against the bungled public finances and paper inflation of 1919 and 1920, most of them are reducing public expenditure and many of them have cut down their paper currency 10 to 15 per cent. When, in the view of such observers, these aspects of the foreign situation are deemed to be supplemented and emphasized by fulfilment of the war-time prophecy of the United States emerging from war the most conservative nation in the world, their prediction for 1924 is naturally bound to take a cheerful color.

PRUDENT forecast will take account of both sorts of precedent, of good and bad tendencies alike; any prediction which is based on one kind, to the exclusion of the other, is pretty certain to miss the mark. I shall not undertake to prophesy, even on the basis of all the forces at work in the New Year's situation. But it is possible, even now, to consider those parts of the situation in which it would seem that a change of some sort must be witnessed in 1924. There will be unexpected and unforeseen events. That has been true of every recent year. Neither the sudden revival of Austria in 1923, nor Germany's outright default on reparations in 1922, nor the rush of our investors into European securities during 1921, nor the overwhelming success of the Republican party's conservative platform and candidates in 1920, could have been foreseen in January. But it will probably be agreed at the present moment that distinct and important developments can hardly fail to occur this year in Germany's economic situation, in the reparations question, in British trade and public affairs, and in our own country's attitude toward home politics and international finance.

What May Happen in 1924

It was at the very opening of 1923—on January 4, to be exact—that the French and English delegations at the Paris conference split apart on the question of the German default and the occupation of the Ruhr. A good many people, chiefly in England, still hold the opinion that this disagreement, and the subsequent seizure of the rich German fuel-producing district by the French, lay at the root of all Europe's financial and industrial disappointments during the rest of 1923. The inference is a pretty broad one. England was actually helped industrially by the Ruhr embargo, to the extent of a 17 per cent increase in her coal exports. France, whose monthly iron production fell from 486,000 tons in January to 306,000 in February, wholly because of lack of Ruhr material, was turning out 514,000 in October, the largest monthly production since the armistice. Absence of the usual Ruhr supplies was undoubtedly a serious loss to the German iron industry, but Germany produced so many other causes for reactionary trade that the Ruhr blockade figured only as incident.

Nevertheless, the Ruhr dispute was in other ways an undoubted occasion for financial and political unsettlement. It

(Financial Situation, continued on page 61)

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THE HONORABLE MRS. CHARLES RUSSELL.

From the portrait by Sargent.

—See "The Field of Art," page 345.

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